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Letters to the Editor

(Larry Caudill's article on poverty in Eastern Kentucky begins on page 13 of this issue. The following is an excerpt from the letter which accompanied his piece.)

Blackey, Kentucky
October 21, 1964

Winter is upon us. I find, visiting around, that among our families the need for clothes for the wee ones (just before school age) is most acute because the family resources are devoted to those of school age.

The chief need of the little ones is *shoes*. This is rough country and shoes take a beating. Sometimes, outside Samaritans send us clothes but never very much in the way of shoes.

Incidentally, if it develops that your readers want to send us things, I am probably the most available means of distribution. Our schoolteachers are dreadfully overworked, and I could relieve them of such a charitable task.

Yours,
Larry Caudill

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Bernard E. Richardson
Managing Editor
The North American Review

Witnessed by:
Helen Anderson

ANARCHIST'S DICTIONARY

Columbus Day —
A celebration of the first mistake.

Education —
The quest for truth, free from the corrupting influence of church, state, newspaper — and economists.

General —
Future president of a company with defense contracts.

Homosexual —
An innocent party in the population explosion.

Humphrey, Hubert —
The Humpty-Dumpty of American Liberalism.

In God We Trust —
The slogan on the coins of an armed camp.

Loot —
The Congressional payroll.

McCarthy, Joseph —
President of the U.S. in the early fifties.

Normalcy —
A state of Alarm.

Penny —
Cheapest reproduction of Abraham Lincoln.

Philosopher —
Male, single, and of German origin.

Poet —
Ancient — A Philosopher in verse.
Medieval — A Theologian with style.
Modern — A frustrated novelist.

Red —
An aggravation to bulls and a certain House Committee.

Wallace, George —
A high-ranking German Shepherd.

DAVID O. RANKIN

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is revived with the cooperation of
The Honorable Claiborne Pell, Senator from Rhode Island.

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The North American Review

New Series: Volume I No. 4 Old Series: Volume 249

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AFTER THE FALL

There is deep irony in the gradual rise and sudden demise of Presidential candidate Goldwater. It is now clear that the heroic effort to give the voters a "real choice" left the majority with no meaningful choice whatsoever. Perhaps the trauma of November's political upheaval will cauterize the myth which afflicts both Right and Left in American politics — the unexamined presumption that grand ideological alternatives can be relevant in a stable society.

Goldwater kept insisting up to the end that the issues were reduceable to simple doctrinal opposites like Free Enterprise vs. Socialism, National Government vs. States-Rights, and Democracy vs. Communism. He deliberately rested his case upon these ideological generalities. The consequences were predictably disastrous, not only for Goldwater himself, but also for many wiser Republicans who could not free themselves from his tragic political destiny. One wonders whether those who led the stampede at the Cow Palace last summer realize that their political fling has broken the balance of power in Congress and numerous state legislatures and, for good or ill, ensured the enactment of more liberal legislation than all the Democratic powermongers and reapportionment put together.

Thoughtful Republicans, and others who value a viable two party system, are now asking whether a party leadership that has proved itself capable of political suicide can succeed in locating a vital center back in the political mainstream. Is there a practical conservative principle which will prescribe a constructive role for national government domestically and internationally — a principle upon which Republicans can rebuild a program competitive with Democratic liberalism? I contend that such a principle is close at hand.

Conservatives are supposed to believe that power corrupts and must be decentralized. When will they begin to take this idea seriously? Consider, first, its relevance for the future of our federal system. Clearly, any head-on confrontation between an all-or-nothing States-Rightism and the compelling social problems of an urbanizing economy will simply accelerate fiscal centralization.

American Conservatism needs to understand that the odds for local government can be drastically improved by a turn towards cooperative federalism. This means that Republicans ought to be striving to strengthen state and local government, not to weaken it; to transform the power structure of those Southern governments which have perpetuated blatant segregation for a century; to find ways of deploying national tax power through local governments in a sustained attack upon critical urban problems, including educational opportunities; to create a farm program which has some relevance to rural poverty.

In short, when will the Republican Party come to grips with the pressing substantive issues of a dynamic economy by devising effective methods that are consonant with conservative principles? As long as Republicans are content with heck-

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ling from the sidelines, the field will go to those warm-hearted liberals who, too frequently, tend to confuse what is desirable with what is possible.

Consider now the implications of this same principle for foreign policy. If conservatives seriously believe that power corrupts and needs to be restricted, doesn't this have to include the power which is exercised between nations, even by honorable democracies? I have the distinct impression that the conservative image of the ideal national government has been one which would show a powerful face to outsiders and an impotent face to its citizens. Is it not remarkable that the traditional conservative sensitivity to the domestic use of national power should become a rather indiscriminate acceptance and even glorification of this same power in international life? It is time that Conservatism stepped back to reconsider the inconsistencies in this schizophrenic combination of States-Rightism on the inside and Nationalism on the outside.

Why, for example, do conservatives refuse to recognize the incontrovertible fact that disarmament is the only foreseeable way of reducing the economic power of the federal government? Since about two out of every three dollars of federal spending are for military purposes there ought to be at least a slight statistical embarrassment. More fundamentally, the incongruity of this Janus-faced concept of government is dramatized by a brutal fact of atomic life: that military power now depends upon the comprehensive and perpetual mobilization of a nation's human and material resources, and that this military-industrial machine demands the concentration of more power in the executive branch than all welfare programs multiplied many times over. The real political barrier to disarmament is the dependency of communities and businesses upon defense contracts, not the threat of depression.

But the split in conservative thinking runs even deeper. There seems to be a psychological inability to accept the fact that characteristically the national state has acted coercively and destructively towards other peoples while typically promoting order, cohesion, and equity in its domestic policies. Perhaps there is a need to think through the Mazzini dictum: "Above all nations is humanity." If this means national sovereignty is becoming obsolete, an authentic Conservatism should be leading the reappraisal rather than playing the proverbial ostrich. Certainly if conservatives really believe that the classical interplay of mutual interests is superior to coercion, there ought to be no ideological objections to multilateral disarmament or to surplus wheat sales and enlightened boosts for the struggling economies of impoverished peoples.

If this shattering defeat forces Republicans to re-assess their place in our political life, the long-run effect could be salutary after all. Maybe twenty-six million voters "can't all be wrong" but they will never carry a presidential election either. A political party like any other private institution is in a competitive battle for the allegiance of men; if it becomes unresponsive and irrelevant to their problems and aspirations it will atrophy. There is now an urgent need for a meaningful Republican agenda as this battered old party begins the painful climb back toward moderation and responsible leadership.

DC

SCIENTISTS ON THE MOON

The questions of what research is to be done, when, by whom, and to what end will always be with us. Naturally, much of the decision-making in these areas will be controlled by those who hold the purse strings in an immediate sense. For the vast majority of basic research in the United States, this means the U. S. Government. It cannot be expected that companies which depend on profits for their existence will devote any large share of their funds to work which does not have good prospects of reward. Certainly no single company, even the largest and the most benevolent, can afford the research programs associated with the multibillion electron volt atom smashers let alone our enormous space project.

It is to be hoped that the necessary decisions in these matters will be carefully and wisely made. But it should be pointed out that such decisions are extremely difficult to make and to justify. It is almost impossible to predict what ultimate good may come from any given piece of research. Furthermore few scientists approach fundamental research from such a point of view. They and their peers, who will evaluate their work, concern themselves primarily with

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the question, "Is it good science?" That is, scientists are concerned with increasing our knowledge about the universe, deriving basic relationships, and evolving powerful predictive theories. Their basic drive is the interest potential of the research in which they are engaged.

It is doubtful whether any significant share of public funds would be allocated for research guaranteed to be useless to society. But there is no such guarantee for any basic research in the sciences. What has been fully demonstrated is that all new progress in science and technology today rests firmly on the solid foundation of yesterday's basic research. There can be no doubt but that this will continue to be true. For example it is clear that our society, if it is to continue to progress or even to survive in anything resembling its present form must perfect new sources of power. Our fossil fuel reserves are limited. We now have about 40 years of known petroleum reserves. We will certainly discover more, but the supply will dwindle and vanish within a few hundred years. We have used only a small percentage of our coal resources, but these too will disappear all too soon. This basic need for more sources of power is made more evident by the realization that the world power consumption is presently doubling every eight years. Our utilization of water power cannot be increased indefinitely. And, although there is an abundance of uranium for atomic reactors, this power source will probably be depleted in less than a thousand years.

Even though the projected time of depletion of our present sources of power seems exceedingly remote, it would require an almost complete vacuum of social conscience to suggest that this problem is no concern of ours. Obviously it is our concern, and much research is being carried out in this area. Two suggested sources of this power are direct conversion of radiant energy from the sun and atomic fusion. The fuel for the latter process is the deuterium to be found in the "heavy water" of the lakes and seas. Although the fraction of natural hydrogen which is deuterium (heavy hydrogen) is only about one part in six thousand, the vast quantities of sea water and the enormous quantity of energy obtained from a small amount of deuterium make this source almost limitless.

However, the fusion process by which deuterium is converted to helium and energy occurs at temperatures far above a million degrees. Since no known substance can tolerate such temperatures the obvious question is how may we obtain the reaction. The best prospect appears to be a "magnetic bottle." According to this idea the reacting materials are held in position, sufficiently removed from material walls, by carefully regulated magnetic fields. The problems are extremely difficult and complex, and scientists are a long way from success. Yet the way has been indicated by much fundamental research in the nature of magnetic fields and the behavior of charged particles in these fields, research which was, originally, totally unrelated to the energy problem. Those scientists working in these areas could not possibly have foreseen the present turn of events.

The billions of dollars of public funds currently being spent in space research certainly give cause for serious questioning. Many scientists have labeled the man-on-the-moon project an "engineering stunt." In a recent AAAS (American Association for the Advancement of Science) poll, it was found that the majority of scientists thought that far too much money was being spent on the space program and that the crash nature of the moon-shot project was unjustified. The majority were of the opinion that the space budget was excessive by a factor of two or more. About half thought that the primary value to be obtained was an increase of scientific knowledge. Considerably fewer saw military aspects as the primary goal, and prestige was a distant third on the list. But the space program consumes more than 40% of the governmental research and development budget, and there is little doubt but that those who voted the lion's share of our research funds to the man-on-the-moon were more concerned with possible military and prestige advantages than they were with scientific advancement.

That considerable progress in basic science will result from the space program there can be no doubt. Nor can one claim that this will be the first time that a common good was evolved from a project promoted for the wrong reasons. There is certainly great interest potential in such an adventure, and anyone who did not thrill to the successful televising of the moon's surface last summer is missing some critical part of his make-up. When the National Aeronautics and Space Agency recently issued a call for scientists to become astronauts over 500 men with Ph.D. degrees signed up almost immediately. It is expected that several thousand will have applied before the deadline on December 31. The inclusion of scientist-astronauts greatly increases the potential of the project. Unfortunately, they were included only at the instigation of the scientific community following a con-

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ference at the State University of Iowa in 1962.

It is good that politicians and the managers of our vast governmental enterprises can be educated. It is regrettable that they can see fit to insist on a crash program thus promoting much waste. These lost funds could profitably be used in scientific areas now receiving insufficient support or none at all. What is needed is a reevaluation of the basis for support. We must greatly reduce the requirements of immediate benefits and emphasize the totality of science.

It is doubtful that any of the sciences are as poorly supported as the humanities or the social sciences. But adequate support of these latter areas will not come until those who control the appropriations can conceive of the support of science for the sake of science itself.

UNREQUIRED READING

China may foster the birth of a new spectator sport in the United States during the next few months as we watch initial efforts to establish licit relations between those inscrutable Orientals and us scrutable Occidentals.

★

An indigent immigrant oyster
Who longed for a dry desert roister
  Hitched a brief ride
  On the eight-o-five tide
And ended up in a stew even moister.

★

Every pre-election group seemed to be a confluence of ribald rancor and robust righteousness while the post-election atmosphere is dominated by wrathful reproofs and rigorous responsibilities. Secretary of Defense McNamara glitters as an example of the latter. Let us hope that Mr. McNamara holds to his goals until most of the swords have been beaten into plowshares, or, more aptly, the air bases have been returned to citrus groves or bird sanctuaries while surplus shipyards are being converted to yacht clubs for us proles. To attempt this giant step forward is a foolhardy act by a man trying to serve the Public Interest. The man calling the tune will need all the support he can muster to eliminate these pork barrel subsidies to political and military sidewinders because devotion to the retention of these sacred featherbeds borders on fanatic religious idolatry. Even if you are tone deaf, this would be a propitious time to join McNamara's band.

★

Many enthusiastic scribblers scrawl recommendations of books that readers ought not to miss, and I resist the impulse to remind you about such books as R. C. Hutchinson's *Shining Scabbard* (1936) and the very funny ones of Ira Wallach. Even an ordinary book intrigues, stimulates and keeps me awake. After one to three nights, the book is finished and another takes its place as bedtime reading. Some nights I cannot afford to be stimulated by books. I am tired. I need rest. Sleep must be courted quickly. Yet, I have never had to invest in a single sleeping pill. My bookshelves contain many soporific substitutes for sleeping pills. At least one soporific title always shares space in my stack of books waiting on my bedside table (truthfully, it's a chair). A single soporific volume may serve my needs for months. *Catherine of Aragon* by Garrett Mattingly holds the present record of 11½ weeks. Some nights, reading a paragraph of *Catherine* triggered sleep. On truly restless nights, two or three chapters might have been the dose required before my eyeballs glazed and deep breathing lulled me off. What made Catherine a soporific for me? Why, unread, did its 477 pages occupy 1½ inches of my limited shelf space for years? Because it is an example of handsome bookmaking with a slightly offbeat dimension packaged in a rugged, textured fabric of my favorite color; and because I harbored a casual, undefined interest in Tudor England which I felt I ought to satisfy someday. *Then what made Catherine a soporific?* Trying to clarify the point, I began to list some of the titles which shared this quality for me: *The Cantos* of Ezra Pound, *Finnegan's Wake, The Power of Positive Thinking, Kristin Lavransdatter, The Robe* — the start of a long list of familiar titles. Why should books which seem to enchant thousands bore other thousands to sleep? The answer is a compound but simple enough: pedestrian writing either/and/or overwhelming details: I was offered more details about Catherine than even Henry VIII could have known, Ezra Pound presumes to know more about everything than anybody needs or wants to know, and I think that even I know more about being really positive than Norman Vincent Peale. Throw away those prescriptions! Smash the bottles! Go to your bookshelf! Select your own soporific! Good night, and sweet dreams.

BER

A VIEW OF THE POET

This garret stood a sound garage. Then came
the eager owner lugging stove and door
and carpentered it lame: he quit before
the walls were done and left the roof the same.
But though he doesn't live here any more
his snickering word-bird rambles the gritty floor
and rattles its beak against the warping frame.

William Brady

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Pot . . . . . on the Fire

OUR SANITIZED HALLOWE'EN

In a letter to the local paper at Hallowe'en time, a mother in Kalamazoo, Michigan, complained that the lighted jack-o'-lanterns she had set out on the porch had disappeared. "How dare we leave our own pumpkins on our own porch?" she asked rhetorically. She meant that witches and goblins have no business abroad at Hallowe'en, and she is right. We have sanitized Hallowe'en into a night of planned parties at public schools where kids judge costumes, toss rings, and at Comstock Western Elementary pound nails — but not into anyone or anything valuable. And now the kids trick and treating collect pennies for UNICEF in one bag and candy in the other. For God's sake, let us help the underprivileged children of the world but at some other time, and in broad daylight.

Last year in Indianapolis, Indiana, while thousands of parents sat in a skating rink with their children observing Hallowe'en in the accepted modern manner, gas from a popcorn machine exploded and sent bodies hurtling through the air. Unexpected, frightful forces have always been at work in our world and in ourselves. We have not by sterilizing Hallowe'en exorcised evil.

Like others of my generation I have for twenty-five years sat around smugly as the night of witchery and pranks was slowly debilitated and its heart finally ripped from its body. And I felt good, never asking myself why. Now I realize that I simply felt safer: no little boy was going to throw garbage on my porch or remove a wheel from my car and place it on the roof of the church. Yet when I was twelve I understood the function of Hallowe'en. Everyone did. It was the night when you could commit nasty, hostile acts, and play jokes that remained standing in the light of morning for everybody to see. A night to let the steam out. I didn't have to take anthropology to understand that societies employ such rituals to free the urges that can never be killed in man. On Hallowe'en I knew I could get at the old witch who lived in the tan corner house, the woman who shouted at us when we walked on her lawn and confiscated my baseball when it rolled into her yard.

Maybe we were unfair to some of the citizens. Motivated by nothing more than rumor I threw a whole can of garbage on one woman's porch. I had the feeling she had been mean to me once, but I couldn't remember a specific incident. I had heard stories. So she suffered. Injustice? Maybe, for one day in the year — although children's designations of witches are usually based on some fact — but what a release for me! My brother was spared a dozen beatings on the head because of that old woman's suffering. She was angry, I'm sure. But when I think hard about it, I don't know that she suffered. We believed that she sat behind her etched glass door through the long night, with the hall light extinguished, hoping to hear our footsteps on the porch and leap out and scare the hell out of us. But we came in stocking feet. She *was* a witch and it was a lovely Hellish night, on which both the good guys and the bad guys could be bad.

Ken Macrorie
Kalamazoo, Mich.

WHISTLE STOP, 1964

Monday afternoon, the President is to speak in downtown Hartford. I've come here to witness: to be a substitute for the crowds in Dallas the day Kennedy was shot. In front of the newspaper building on the square, all red, white and blue streamers, and photographs and platforms of newsmen. Cameras and suits and pads of paper everywhere. Cops. A voice floats to us saying something I can't make out. It is late. Kids standing or running. Old women talking about their past. Rumblings of dark terror about the opponent. I find myself thinking up assassination jokes.

The sun is really out now, the short puffy clouds which found the edges moments ago have disappeared into the clear air. Leaves have turned red gold, orange, some are deep green, some blow across the street, between legs, up over the curb, to swirl into a corner. Across the street, a Good Humor truck. A vendor walks by, tanfaced, with his lips stretched back into a perpetually patient professional's smile, his whole face transformed by this meaninglessness. The edges of impatience eat at people. They shuffle, cross the street to the Good Humor truck, talk and move more. Kids begin chasing each other or looking around. Busses have been moving up and down the street, empty.

"Kennedy wasn't this late in '60," a man says to a man in a blue suit.

"He wasn't President, either," the other says.

Suddenly there are five motorcycle cops on either side of the street and noise and pushing everywhere, people running past me, a tremendous cheering down the street. Everything is torn apart with this something that has been found. The boredom and waiting have succumbed to the spectacle. Up on my toes, looking down the street, I can see a car, a mound of people on it, a hand waving. Waving again, a little limply. Everything is stopped now. Kids twelve or thirteen or fourteen years old leaping and dashing by, occasionally squealing. The carnival of vendors and spectatorial detachment is now gone. Everyone is caught, whether he wants to be or not. The police are bewildered. They are watching the kids run by. There's an old woman. The kids stop and jump up and make a squealing sound, run on. I imagine rough haired brutish boys with girls' shoes and tight shiny suits, or rough headless crowds of yelling, bitter Negroes, intent on avenging years of in-

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competence, but there is only a pile of middle aged people on top of a Cadillac down there. A policeman gets everyone back. Ready to go again. It's been five minutes, this cheering, running, leaping up at the car to touch a hand. Up on the marquee a man in a suit with the cop now. It begins to move. My sense of the sun is gone. All noise and pushing, the air and the street and my tired feet disappearing into the crowd, obliterated not by the man but by the mob and the cops. All motion and a man behind me saying something about Rhode Island this morning. Not excited, but carried into it all, no one excited, all driving. Hard. Lots of cops now. Smoke and dust and exhaust rising up from the street or from the depths. This pushing around me is not love, but hate, like a rape. The glow in the eyes hides this desire, but it's there. Tight and cramped, we're pushed up and it all is moving by us. All around the car are big fat and tough men in uniforms and suits, on motorcycles, in the cars with cameras, hanging onto the pyramid on the car. They are all quite visibly frightened: by the crowd, the numbers, by the potential to death, by the terror of the past year. Scared. And so am I now, not by the chance of another assassination but by the feeling either that it would make no difference or that this eyeless fear, so very animal, is the pit around which we all gather. The car is in front of me now, and all I see is Agents, yelling and pointing, an anger over their fear, yelling at the cops over there to get those kids down who are pushing through, looking and reaching up. The man at the top, waving them down, tan and under the tan a grey look. It's in his eyes. And I don't blame him. It is all so desperate and undeserved, that one man receives this much from so many here. The pyramid of bodies on the car is momentarily the Iwo Jima flag raising that I saw rendered in the Rose Parade in flowers on television.

It's past. Kids swarming by me, I'm getting over to the sidewalk. They run after the car, it turns and is gone around a corner toward the square where he'll speak. It's comfortable and polite again, wasn't that something: the carnival again.

I get over toward the platform. TV cameras everywhere, one seems to point at me. Cheers over there, like a wave, a tide, a flow of sound or sand or rocks, covering over something. Over here, we're untouched. Some students by me talking about what the cops did. Innocent. Now the introductions begin, a little late we are and so they're quick. He comes out of the building behind the rostrum: a tremendous rushing out of sound, hands raised triumphally, unaware that something in the desire and love of that crowd wanted to kill him, that the crowd always wants blood and sacrifice. "This great state . . . welcome . . . the President of the United States. . . ." The band plays "Happy Days Are Here Again," "Deep In The Heart of Texas," "Hello, Lyndon." They're almost together . The speech begins. The voice offers me kindness, though indirect and not personal. It offers not courage but judgment and reason, not daring but caution. The fear is still there, though muted, passing. What I hear is that he is not talking to me, and others seem to hear that too. What we hear are statistics, boasts, cajoling, intonations, and restraint. A word, "responsible" is frequent.

Everything will now go back to a schedule of some sort. The spectacular or indeterminate is now safely carried into time and space. So they begin to leave: eighteen to twenty-five, or thirty-five year old people. The kids are nowhere to be seen. Later by the bus stops or in the shops or walking around. The vendors stay, the girls with red, white, and blue hats and canes, and those who crowd up to the stand. The press eats them alive. Film goes like water. When I get around the corner of the building, I can see a lot of people sitting around, almost out of earshot, though machinery amplifies his slightest whisper magnificently. They're sitting, listening to the sounds. Some reporters at the corner catching men in suits to ask them questions. When I drove by it was still going on and when I got home it was still coming out of the radio.

Thomas Taylor
Hartford, Conn.

LETTER FROM INDIA

I have seen a length of his hairy leg under a microscope; I have seen a magnified section of the malevolent eye of this creature. His littleness and the gauziness of his wings evoke no compassion in me. That God made him makes me wonder about God.

He walks right into the eyes of lepers. With hands worn to stumps they try to clear their vision and to manipulate a bell of warning . They must not pollute the air of those more blessed of God. But flies make short-shrift of quarantine. From lepers' sores they go straight to trays of food.

The dog pound has known a day of exterminations. The carcasses of rabid animals lie around waiting for the untouchables unclean enough to attend to them; in the meantime the flies take over. The ooze from the dogs is pure manna for them. They walk between the exposed teeth. They extract the last sweetness from the feces.

Fatalities from cholera wait in rows on the veranda of the Contagious Diseases Hospital. Flies cover them in a black pall as they drink up the body fluids.

Typhoid patients are nearby. Some are in a coma and cannot brush off flies any more. Some thrash about in delirium and think the devil is tormenting them. The flies hurry to the old men's tubercular ward — a very heaven of rich phlegm — thence to clay pots of drinking water. They swarm to the open drains. There are other opportunities — garbage and dung and sore eyes and boils. Maimed beggars are always good for spittle or weeping eczema or bits of food. Their copper coins are sticky with dirt.

They rush to cover the faces of sleeping infants, infesting their eyes and nostrils. They scrape their feet on lips and hands.

Holy men in saffron garments preach the sacredness of life. They preach and preach, and still I kill flies. I kill and kill.

Helmi Diol
Dowagiac, Mich.

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BOURBONS ON THE ROCKS

It is said of the Bourbons that they learned nothing and forgot nothing, and the same could be said of their American counterparts in the national elections recently celebrated. For years, the Bourbon branch (or Mossback, Neanderthal, Know-Nothing, etc.) of the Republican Party has been saying that if only the party of Lincoln would nominate one of them, it could capture the Presidency. Fortunately for the Republican Party, its Convention, although liberally laced with Bourbons, is composed ordinarily of reasonable men who realize that the Republican Party is the nation's largest minority group. Knowing that a Bourbon candidate had little chance of winning an election, they wisely evaded the Bourbon demands until this year, when their prudence collapsed, and they were forced into the uncontrolled experiment which has just run its course.

And so the Bourbons received the opportunity they had for so long solicited, and the country sat back to await the test. As predicted by a whole army of pollmasters, the fraction of a faction took its party down to a defeat of such shattering proportions that only the numbest of heads could have ignored its significance.

But the Bourbons did precisely that. It was as if Napoleon had stood hip-deep in the wreckage of Waterloo and maintained that what had just happened was not an end but a beginning. The excuses and rationalizations proliferated like intent hares: "We were misunderstood" (except maybe in the South); "Goldwater didn't communicate his message to the voters" (likewise); "We will run a better candidate next time"; "It's all the fault of Liberal Republicans like Rockefeller"; "The campaign didn't give the American people a clear choice"; and "This was certainly no repudiation of Conservatism."

Of course it was not a repudiation of conservatism. The basic point, which up to now appears to be lost on the Bourbons, is that they are not Conservatives, however diligent they may have been in appropriating the label to their use. They are, rather, a quaint kind of Restorationist who would somehow mystically dispel most of the Twentieth Century and take us back to a Golden Age of anarchy which never really existed in the first place. Conservatism is something more than uncritical opposition to welfare programs, central government, and Negro rights. Conservatism involves an attitude which would temper the more extravagant plans of Liberals without rejecting entirely the Liberal impulse. It involves a deep sense of history and a feeling of political community, qualities which no person has yet discerned in Barry Goldwater for all his other virtues. Finally, unlike the Bourbons, the true Conservative is not an ideologue, but a man who prefers to deal in practices rather than theories, and in specifics rather than generalities. The real Conservative is, above all else, a realist.

Now, even though the Bourbons are not a breed notorious for their sensitivity, they ought at least to know when they have been run over by a steamroller. Excuses and rationalizations are one thing, but the present protestations of the Bourbons exude more than just a faint air of unreality. This would be bad enough even under ordinary circumstances, but it becomes all the worse in the wake of an election which has opened up divisions in American society perhaps as great as any since the Civil War. It becomes extremely difficult to patch up these divisions and to get on with the jobs ahead when a discredited obstructionist minority persists in being unaware of its defeat. In the final analysis, the most tragic of all the Bourbon deficiencies is their Scotch-guard intellect, totally impervious to rational argument. To expect the Bourbon to listen to reason is like expecting hornets to produce honey.

The main responsibility for the Bourbons rests of course with the Republicans themselves. There has been a great deal of loose talk to the effect that the Republican Party is on its way down the drain. These dangers are both exaggerated and premature, for there is little chance that Republicans will become extinct, provided only that they adapt themselves to contemporary realities.

It is too much to expect the Bourbons to disappear, nor should they, for if kept in their place they serve a useful purpose. They are part of the social balancing process. Every age and every land has had its version of them, and in the final analysis, it is a lot better to live with them than to die with them. The day is long past, however, when the Bourbon can nourish any hope of ascendancy, and it is this that makes the 1964 elections so cruel and unusual. Social security, education, income taxes, rights and a decent life for all Americans have become, for better or worse, a part of the national heritage, as even the defeated Presidential candidate has lately come to acknowledge. And the Bourbons should know by now what everybody else has learned a long time ago, that in this short gasp of time we call human history, the fate of the ignorant is to be ignored.

Joseph B. Board
Mt. Vernon, Iowa

THE BARGAIN-HOUSE

For years it was a parking-lot and before that, I think, a row of rooming-houses. Now tremendous placards clothe the newborn building. "Opening Soon." "Stupendous Savings." "Breathtaking Bargains." "549,738,516 Free Gifts." "Euphemia's Euphorium Emporium, the Supermarket that is a Way of Life in Itself."

It opens today. I join the curious crowds and receive my free chromium-plated denture-holder at the door. I stop at the checkroom. "Leave your willpower and bow-ties here," says the notice. I leave my willpower and bow-tie, and receive a free electric nail-varnisher. I varnish my nails. They sparkle like the aurora borealis. I varnish my teeth. They sparkle also. I varnish myself all over. I sparkle all over. I feel a new person.

I have never seen such a supermarket before. Stretching as far as the eye can see are rows and rows of shelves stocked right up to the ceiling. Between the rows are long lines of trees. I feel I am walking down an endless avenue. I can no longer see the walls.

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"Have your sole read by our chiropodist," pleads a showcard. "This free service is offered absolutely without obligation to every customer who sends in five pieces of chewed Ooey-Gooey gum." I send in five pieces of Ooey-Gooey and have my sole read. The chiropodist removes a sixth piece of Ooey-Gooey from it and tells me I lack willpower and have not long to live. She also says I am wearing two left shoes instead of a left shoe and a right one. I tell her I have two left feet. She says that is terribly interesting and gives me a free piece of second-hand chewing gum. I thank her.

I pass the Multi-Brush booth. "Come in for a free Multi-Brush demonstration," smiles a salesman, pointing a cannon in my direction. I go in for a free Multi-Brush demonstration. "What," I ask, "is Multi-Brush?" "Multi-Brush," smiles the cannon-pointing salesman, "is an ultra-modern time-saving grime-saving cleansing device which brushes your hair, your teeth, your clothes and your shoes all at the same time. Cleans while it preens while it sheens." "Oh," say I. "There is no obligation," he smiles, holding a hydrogen bomb nonchalantly above my head. I buy a Multi-Brush.

" Free psychoanalysis for every can of tripe and turnip soup you buy," proclaims a poster. I purchase a can of tripe and turnip soup and am told I have three complexes. A block further on I see a placard saying, "Trade-in your complexes for a brand-new tubular steel eyebrow-comb." I trade-in my complexes for an eyebrow-comb. "Eyebrows maketh man," says the wrapper.

"Save your Lucky Puce-and-Turquoise Stamps," the loudspeaker commands. I save a hundred Lucky Puce-and-Turquoise Stamps and am now entitled to have a limb amputated free of charge. I select a leg.

"Trade-in your old husband for a recent model," suggests a gigantic placard. "Custom-made. Satisfaction guaranteed." I trade-in my old husband for a new one. Custom-made. I am satisfied. "Children at the next counter," a further placard informs me. I select a pair of matching twins, size 4½.

"Fantastic prizes," a handbill confides to me. "Simply state one reason why Whywash's Whitewash Spray is tops for today's fashion-conscious female." "Certainly," I say. "Whywash's Whitewash Spray is tops for today's fashion-conscious female because it sprays clothes whiter than any detergent can make them." "Congratulations," says the handbill. "You have won a free five-minute trip to the shrunken head counter."

I am wheeled to the shrunken head counter. "Buy fifteen shrunken heads," a salesman whispers, "and take advantage of our fantastic premium offer." I buy fifteen shrunken heads. (They will do for the next five birthdays of my sister's triplets.) "Congratulations," the salesman whispers, "you may now have your sex changed free of charge." "Thank you," I say. I have my sex changed free of charge.

"Miraculous new method of weight control," announces the loudspeaker. "Nutrislush, the new incredible wonder food, is non-fattening because it is fed into the ears instead of the mouth. Guaranteed to make you lose weight at once. Hearing aids supplied free." I buy a packet of Nutrislush and attempt to stuff it in my ears. Quite by accident I stuff it in someone else's. I am momentarily distressed. However, I have not gained weight.

"Visit our Bargain Cremation Basement," a poster urges. "Euphemia's Euphorium Emporium Crematorium offers two cremations for the price of one. Urns kindly donated by the Society for the Promotion of Vegetarianism among Worms." I visit the Bargain Cremation Basement. I step into an urn. There are beige vinyl-upholstered seats inside. I am very comfortable. I am cremated. Suddenly I remember my bow-tie is still in the checkroom. I worry for three and a half minutes. Then I do not worry. After all, it is a trifle warm for bow-ties.

Rita Meredith
Toronto, Ontario

LETTERS NEVER MAILED DEPARTMENT

Farragut, Idaho, USA
May, 1947

The Right Honorable Sir Mark Young, Bart.
Lang House
Winchester, England

My Dear Governor General:

Though you never were aware of my existence, I shall never forget you. It is because I cannot forget you that I recall unpleasant events which you must have collected into a neat bundle, tied securely, and stored away in some dusty cranny in the attic of memory.

Men confined in Woo Sung Prison on the outskirts of Shanghai were indeed strange bedfellows. You, Sir Mark, were the *most* distinctive of us all. Certainly, you were the most illustrious. Being Governor General of Hong Kong placed you far above the rest of us inside those barbed and electrified wires: Sir Mark Young, third son of Sir William Young, Knight of The Grand Cross of Saint Michael and Saint George, Knight Commander of the Star of Israel; molded at Eton, King's College, Cambridge; and at posts as removed and romantic as Barbados and Tanganyika.

Following a pattern, you are probably writing your memoirs. Another's view of your actions in Woo Sung might contribute to a better telling of those episodes because, although we shared the same enclosure inside the electric fences, our prisons were worlds apart. You sat in your private room on an upholstered chair or reclined on your bed which awed us with its honest-to-God spring and mattress and linens. Did you ever part your drapes and peer across into our barracks? When you took your daily constitutional with loping giant strides, you left the impression of a man alone in the middle of the Gobi Desert, oblivious of all but Sir Mark Young's insulated world.

Wallace, that snobbish Tommy, would appear as "my faithful batboy" in the memoirs. Your batboy, Sir Mark, grew fat in your reflected glory and relished snubbing plebian Americans, frequently proclaimed his belief in fascist methods and ends and took care to

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impress upon us the fact that the Fascists were destined to victory. If he profaned his lips by mentioning us at all, the version of us which he passed on to you must have been a strange one.

Do you remember the size of that small room in which you were confined? Thirty-six of us squeezed into a room twice that size. There were no beds, no chairs, nor drapes in our rooms, no furniture at all. There were men: thirty-six men.

Do you recall days when you might have dropped your book and shifted restlessly from chair to lounge to bed in an effort to defeat monotony? Did you ever balance your ennui against the hours of slave labor we endured, ever prodded to work harder and faster by the omnipotent bayonets?

No one who existed as long as we did on it could ever forget the flatulent insult which was our diet. Perhaps you never realized that the rations for you and your batboy were the same size as those required to feed nine men in our prison beyond your room. Those same rations which you pecked at, labeled inedible and rejected, enabled batboy Wallace to hire two hungry Americans to do that work for you which he was supposed to be doing.

In 1942, on a miserable, gray, late-winter day in Woo Sung, the Japanese drove all of us out into the compound between the inner barbed wire enclosure and the outer electrified fence.

The wind whistled. Camp Director Colonel Otera's staccato speech in Japanese was longer than usual. The interpreter's explanation still grates in my ears. Ishihari bellowed for us to form a single line and file past the table at the head of the assembly, and, in passing, to sign an ignominious statement abjuring our right to attempt escape. Ishy made the alternative unthinkable: a constant lockup without food or water until we had a change of mind and signed. If you noticed, Sir Mark, that some of us shivered as we waited for a cue from our leaders among the prisoners, it must have been because the makeshift, scanty clothing we wore was no match for the cutting wind which swept across the Yantzeepoo. We knew that without food or water we would not have the energy to attempt escape.

We knew that before Major Devereaux explained it. He stood before us, not much of a figure in comparison with you: a tiny man, thin and bald and sick, and surely sick at heart for what he was saying, and told us that failure to sign was a death warrant. He took the pen from arrogant Ishihari and put his name beneath the pledge made even more of an insult by the way our language had been corrupted.

The man ahead of me in line wrote his name, stepped back from the table and handed me the pen at the instant you chose to act. I hesitated as I saw you lope to the front of the formation. I stood spellbound as you denounced the Japanese in clear, ringing tones, an aged and weather-beaten outpost of empire, hollow-cheeked, stoop shouldered, facing our captors with defiance. The sharp, gusty wind whipped your sparse hair. The skirts of your overcoat flapped about your lean shanks. In querulous, clipped accents you delivered the peroration, "I presently have no intention of escaping. Nor do I anticipate an attempt to escape in the future. However, the right to attempt escape is sacred to all war prisoners. To sign this infamous document is *incompatible with honor.* I refuse to sign!" Then the Japanese converged on you. They hustled you and your batboy and a score of other British prisoners away to a little coop with no windows and no light and no furniture. They locked you up in there just about long enough for the rest of us to finish signing that infamous document.

In the awed moment of silence that followed your words, my being quivered with admiration. A lump the size of a ration of rice formed in my throat, threatening to strangle me. I couldn't say it. I could only think it, "There is a *man.*"

Ishihari jogged my arm and pointed ominously to the paper and the dreary dullness of despicable, precious life revived my senses as the touch of the scratchy penpoint to the indecent paper punctured the balloon you had so skillfully inflated. Then I dropped the pen and fled back to the barracks, ashamed not for myself and the other men who signed, Sir Mark, but shamed for you.

It was dramatic. It was impressive. Hollywood with all its skill in concocting fantasies could not have improved on the scene in any way, nor on your impeccably correct performance. You were an unheralded contender for the Oscar Award of 1942 because your scene was not substance but shadow. You were an actor who had been rehearsing for forty years, perhaps even before indoctrination began at Eton. When the opportunity for enactment arrived, you entered center stage, on cue, timed perfectly, and gave a faultless, dramatic rendering of the lines. But it was incongruous, like a bit of Gilbert and Sullivan popping up in a modern tragedy. It was the right scene, but the wrong play.

You wore the officialdom of the British Empire like a suit of armor, bastioned by personal fame and diplomatic immunity. You could have kicked Colonel Otera's ass at the end of your speech, and no real harm would have come to you. But what of us little men who had no arms, no armour?

Something, training probably, made you mouth the lines first rehearsed at Eton and polished by your roles of Colonial Secretary in Sierra Leone and on a dozen other stages, the Gus Van circuit for outposts of empire like yourself. You were a tag-end remnant of a Kipling romance.

A news item told me that you resumed your post as Governor General of Hong Kong after a long recuperation from the rigors of years in Japanese prison camps and that you have now retired from diplomatic service and reside at the family estate in Winchester. How will you describe this scene in your memoirs? Will you hint that similar actions by other outposts of empire like yourself helped to crumble the Empire about you, Sir Mark?

I remain, my dear Governor General,
Respectfully,
Ex-POW, Woo Sung, #1746

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Sweet Kentucky Babe:

Record of Poverty

Forced by illness and personal misfortune to end his career as a reporter with the Atlanta Journal *and* Courier-Journal, *Larry Caudill returned to his native Letcher County in Kentucky. He lives in a two room cabin on an isolated creek near Blackey, and writes of poverty and depression there.*

This is a series of articles he wrote for The Mountain Eagle.

POOR OLD MA

A tragic and particularly poignant phase of the phenomenal population imbalance in Letcher County and the rest of Eastern Kentucky is the widows.

There are a lot of them.

They are the mothers of us mountaineers, no matter how far and wide we may be scattered over the face of the earth.

Due to the out-migration of over 15,000 of our best Letcher County people in the last decade, the remnant population consists of the too-old, the very young, and the malfits who had no future to start with. The ages of the widows edge into the borderline of irresponsible senility — from 65 to 84. Because of the high percentage of elderly, sickness is a major problem.

There, isolation enters the picture. Communication is at a minimum. There are half a dozen unhandy telephones for 200 to 300 people. Within the sound of voice are half a dozen widows, living alone. The chances are high of death alone in the night.

Transportation is at a minimum. Three bus runs pass through Blackey daily. But unfortunately sickness does not strike in accordance with uncertain bus schedules, thus the sick must find a good Samaritan neighbor and arrange transportation — or die at home.

Medical attention is at a minimum.

It is foreign to us mountaineers to criticize the doctor any more than the preacher, but it is not harsh to say that the medical profession is neglecting the community because it can't pay.

One doctor, however, has taken a frank look at the health status of such communities as Blackey. He has known the people for a quarter of a century professionally and all his life by

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heritage. His report, intended for limited circulation, is remarkable for the medical profession. It has insight and sympathetic understanding. He notes "the increasing number of elderly who have no nearby relatives or have been abandoned by their children or have rejected their children."

These are our mothers, the widows. To be brutally frank, they are the widows of men who worked themselves to death in the mines. Whether the man (this is our father or grandfather, mind you) died under a rock fall or succumbed to silicosis or tuberculosis (miner's asthma), he was a victim of what my friend Kelly Roark, who actually died of heart failure in the mine, called a "brutish occupation."

The widow, often the mother of a large family, lives on. But her children have abandoned her — not by choice, but by economic necessity. They had to go elsewhere to live. There they have established themselves, have created their own careers and live their own lives.

Poor old Ma is illiterate. Her experience is limited to the head of the hollow where she was born and raised, and raised her family. She cannot adapt to the fashion of her children "off yander."

Poor old Ma, perforce, is left to her own fate.

FACING UP

Sometimes it is as difficult to face an unpleasant fact as it is the dentist, but we might as well face some.

The suggestion is prompted by a plaint: "What can we do to get the people to improve their education and information by using the books" in the bookmobile and libraries such as that at the Blackey Craft Center.

It is a rather remarkable collection of literature in volume and variety, ranging from *Les Miserables* to the simplest do-it-yourself manuals.

But few people use them. This grieves Josephine Whitaker, Irene Kinneer and Mary Ann Adams, devoted and undiscourageable volunteer sponsors of the library in conjunction with the craft center's rugmaking business. They sought to encourage people by holding small gatherings to give guidance on what is available and what they might enjoy reading.

After the first invitation just one person showed up. A total of five of us became interested.

"The sad fact, lady, is that we don't read because we can't. We're virtually illiterate."

There are statistics. But figures lose their human appeal, and statistics are of no interest to the person who can't keep a book on the dime-a-day for the week's soda pop.

Last year a few counties in Eastern Kentucky, including Letcher, were grouped in an educational survey. The educational level of the people of the group was given in the 1960 federal census as 3.8 years of schooling. The data, of course, was gathered in the years before 1960, and by the time it was published in 1960 was badly out of date.

Economic and social upheaval were under way. For years the coal economy had been slipping away from us, due to automation and a declining market. Whereas a decade ago coal was providing for ten people, now it was providing for two. The other eight, shut out, had to leave. The out-migration from the coal fields became a flood in the 1950's.

There was a coal strike in 1959. It ended in violence and blood-shed — and failure for the miners. Any interested observer could see that here was the dying gasp of the coal economy as we had known it in the era of $24.25-a-shift wages.

The out-migration swelled, and continues to mid-1960, into many other states and is limited only by the fact that there are so few others to go.

The outmigrants, of course, were and are our best people. Our educated people were siphoned off from the top. Now we have left

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only the very young, the very old, and those who never had a future to begin with.

These old are the relics of an era in which education meant little. As soon as a boy was big enough to wield a coal scoop, he went into the mines. A girl of like age married him. And they lived unhappily in brutish occupation and slavish drudgery and raised a family, mostly too large by any set of standards. These old folks are left with us. The children have long been gone.

Ask the grocer how few of them can write a "store list." Ask the bank teller how few can make out a deposit slip. Ask an official how few can sign their names to a public document.

One of the duties of the rural postmaster is to write brief letters to the faraway kin of these feeble, illiterate old.

Loss of our educated people has pulled our educational level below the 3.8 level. So we are, en masse, illiterate. We CAN'T read the books, lady.

So the fundamental task of the Appalachian program lies in basic education. A bill which promised to be barely adequate was presented to Congress, but the political rats are gnawing away at it. One Republican congressman after another, from California to Kalamazoo, nibbles at some part of it that he thinks will give him a better image in his own little district.

But we can still hope. Both Sen. Johnny Cooper and Congressman Johnny Cooper think we eventually will get a good bill out of it. Meanwhile the volunteers at the library center must keep trying and hoping. It would be wonderful if they could convert a large number of our women to gainful silent reading and away from scandal-mongering, gossiping, and just plain lying. Experts agree that this devotion to the baser side of human nature derives from ignorance.

The ancient custom of female communication over the back or side fence prevails. There is daily monotonous report of mopping, waxing, bedmaking, and putting a pot of beans on the stove. From that to lower-voiced discussion usually colored by dislike, of the moral erosion of a neighbor. A small incident of real or invented misbehavior is passed along. And by the time the tale has passed over various neighborhood fences, it has acquired elaborate and horrendous detail, and somebody's moral reputation has been shattered.

This is vicious ignorance.

It is depressing to hear a mother of small children using, from habit and background, a

vocabulary too vulgar to print even in *Webster's International Dictionary*. This is from lack of education in printable vocabulary.

This is illiteracy, friends.

A few of us tried to get a college for Letcher County. A frank educator told us finally that such an institution must get the effective support of the community, but the educational level of our community was so low that the people would not understand and appreciate, much less support, such an institution. Maybe we should forget about it.

It has been said in open meeting: "Why do you bother with those people? They're not worth worrying about. They won't even try to help themselves." We refuse to accept this. The more fortunate, the better-than-thou may thus turn their backs on us. It's the easier way for them.

The facts are harsh. Yes, we are uneducated. Perhaps even our educators need to realize just how desperate is the need for education. The sponsors of the Blackey library center learned about it — the hard way.

HAND TO MOUTH AND DAY TO DAY

Outlanders seem not to believe and some of our own dislike to admit, that life is rough for many of us mountaineers.

But did you ever try to cook a meal for yourself on a discarded old cookstove, using flattened-out tobacco tins to stop the holes in the top to create a "good draw?"

You cook what is available, not what you'd like.

You drop into the grate shavings whittled off pine slabs you toted on your shoulder a half mile from a nearby sawmill. You scratch a match to the shavings. Add larger kindling to the flame. Add some small chunks of coal.

You carried the coal in a poke on your back from the mine tipple where you work at cobbing jobs for $3 a day a couple or three days a week.

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The fire catches up. You put on the battered old enamel coffee pot with the aluminum top from another less durable pot. You add some water and a heaping tablespoonful of regular-grind coffee to the grounds of yesterday. It may not be the brew, but it'll do. Who needs cream and sugar?

You rub some more rust out of the little old skillet, dip in a little lard and fry a couple of eggs.

The oven door has to be propped shut with a stick or stove-wood, but the oven quickly toasts a couple of slices of bread.

There is a ripe tomato from a good neighbor's garden.

You, dear fortunate reader, probably took it for granted and never paused to ponder the fundamental feeling of security from a roof over your head. This one leaks and in only one place, and that's on the porch. You toss food scraps on the porch roof and several kinds of birds peck at it. Maybe the busy beak of a jaybird caused the leak.

The house, knocked together long ago from used scrap lumber, has two rooms.

There is a grate, broken but usable, for heat when fall days turn too cool.

The iron three-quarter size bed is sturdy, but the mattress is mustily ancient. There are two tattered old quilts. A piece in one of them is a remnant apparently of a woolen dress still bearing decorative gilded metal dots in a butterfly-wing design. Under the bed are stored boxes and bags of clothes and rags. The better garments are hung on nails on the wall, encased in plastic covers against the inevitable flies.

In the chimney-corner closet are worn tools: hoe, maddock, sledgehammer, pick, singletree, tracechain, clawhammer — relics of a hard life in a field, forest, and mine.

No longer can this feeble old frame effectively use these tools. Both tools and body have passed their usefulness. An era ends, and automation goes forward.

Life is from hand to mouth and from day to day.

The September sun breaks through the heavy morning mist, and it feels good on the aching old back resting on the porch.

Might as well redd (sic) up the house a bit, sweep, and mop the patched, scabrous linoleum with a rag tied around the stub of a worn-out broom. Wash the dishes: two platters, two cups, four spoons, two forks, a butcherknife (reminder of hogkilling days). Put tops on the water jars. Discourage the flies.

Sit on the porch and scan the little world.

Traffic is rare on the creek-gravel road in front of the house. The weed-grown yard shows signs of once having had care. Beside the front gate half a dozen anemic stalks of corn stand in brave array. But time has caught up with them . They will not bear fruit.

Smartweed's pink spikes are shedding off to brown weeds, beloved of chickens and birds. If you chew some of the brown seeds you'll wish you had eaten some pepper instead. But if the birds like them they must have some value.

The afternoon shadows lengthen. Time for supper — potatoes boiled on the breakfast fire. An onion. All the tomatoes necessary to fill up. Stale ends of bread.

Folks from across the road come to the well for a bucket of drinking water. Their well is sulphur-tainted, and only half a hundred yards from this one.

As the sun sinks you ponder the imponderables. Has life been wasted?

You have done as little harms as possible to any man. There is no hatred, no resentment, no remorse. No self-pity.

Perhaps the world considers you a failure. Perhaps you deserve your fate, brought it on yourself. You do not envy.

Perhaps you could eat better on welfare food. Or even obtain a welfare check. But that is charity. There is such an intangible as mountain pride which gags at charity. Perhaps this is it.

You sit in the dark and study the stars. Or you go to bed in the dark because you have no lights. You have not asked for electric service because there is no assurance there would be money for it when the "juice-card" came. Perhaps it is just as well to go to bed. You must hobble to the mine tomorrow for another laboring day.

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In the secluded coves of these Kentucky hills waits many another like you, whose future is all in the past. But you have launched another generation, and they are doing well — elsewhere.

With the heart-pang of loneliness at the thought of the children and a small prayer for their welfare, you would turn out the light — if you had one.

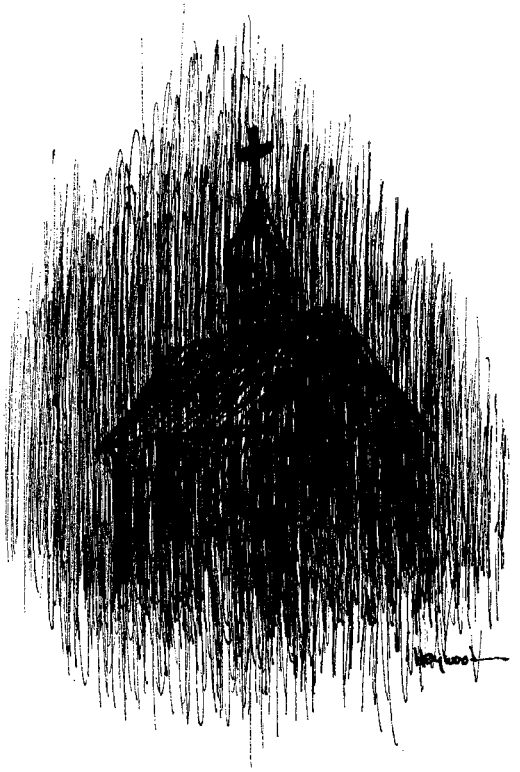
A SAD DAY FOR BLACKEY

The Presbyterian Church at Blackey again is without a minister. The Rev. Robert Henry Bullard and Irene and little Mark and Bobby have gone to a church at Crocker, Mo., after several years here.

"A sad day for Blackey," remarked a merchant as the moving van, followed by the Bullard car, crossed the bridge to main highway and rounded the curve out of sight.

The departure of the young Bullards points up another tragic facet of the plight of Appalachia and Eastern Kentucky.

It means spiritual poverty.



It is not untypical of many other communities in Eastern Kentucky. In addition to our economic, social, and cultural deprivation, even the church is being starved out.

At a symposium of the Council of the Southern Mountains, a panel of experts had thoroughly aired the problem of the mountaineers.

"It is deeper even than we here realize," I had to get in my two cents worth.

"The thing is, what can be done about it?" asked a panelist sociologist from the University of Tennessee.

"Education is basic," I told them. "But we don't want education without moral principle — religion. Therefore it is up to the teachers and preachers. Even our religion has gone to hell."

"He's agnostic," exclaimed a panelist.

But the Rev. Tip Carroll of the Hazard Christian Church came to my defense.

"No. He's being realistic as well as emphatic. The prevailing religion in Eastern Kentucky preaches more hell and brimstone than Christian charity."

I said, "I'm sorry to say it, but I'm suggesting that the church has let us down."

So Bob Bullard has gone, and Blackey is spiritually poorer.

A handful of the faithful is attempting to carry on at Doermann Memorial Presbyterian Church. The church is named for a good and great lady in Cleveland who gave most of the money to build it, about 1925. Men of the then-thriving community gave their labor as well as cash. Now nobody is around who remembers Mrs. Doermann's first name.

The congregation has always had to depend on support from the southern Presbyterian Church. This support has never been too liberal. Churches of the other denominations all over the mountains have had similar experiences. As the mountain area became more depressed, when church support should have increased, it dwindled. The great churches outside did not realize what was happening to us mountaineers — if they cared.

Bob Bullard worked hard here in the last few years.

But would you ask the most devoted Christian young man to give his life to such a hopeless situation?

Blackey has four churches within sight of each other. Bud Adams is pastor at Blackey Baptist Church. I. D. Back is moderator at the Mt. Olivet Regular Baptist Church. A Presbyterian committee is looking for a minister. The Pentecostal Church stands empty, unused.

As late as three years ago, the four churches would fill on summer Sundays. Now a dozen or so people constitute a congregation. Only the schoolhouse on the hill is overfull — some 150 children in desperate need of basic education.

Have the great churches, too, abandoned us mountaineers?

You religionists answer that one.

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. . . A DAM FOR ENGUANO . . .

. . .

. . .

. . . Michael O'Connell

When the Foreign Minister of Enguano and his retinue arrived in Washington to seek technical assistance they were thrown into jail. Two patrol car policemen had spotted the big dugout canoe and its brilliantly tattooed naked crew paddling with surprising speed up the Potomac, and radioed an alarm to the river police. As a patrol boat came alongside the canoe, the Foreign Minister, an old man whose shrewd Voltaireish face was surmounted by the outstretched wings of an albatross, raised his arms and chanted some twenty vowels and a consonant.

Beside him a huge young man with a red beard stood up and translated: "Like take us to your chief executive."

"Boy," said one cop, fastening a line to the bow of the canoe, "these fraternity initiations are getting wilder every day."

The next thing he knew he was splashing in the river while an intricately carved oar nudged his ribs and an oarsman leaned over him, giggling. The feathered Voltaire chuckled while redbeard scrambled down the canoe, seized the oar and rumbled, "No boombo bimbo, I told you!" He held out a hand to the magenta-faced swimmer.

"We in our land are playful," he said, smiling a large, worried smile. "Please do laugh." Then he perceived the policeman's expression. "To boot, we claim diplomatic immunity!"

He was still claiming it three hours later from a cell where the Foreign Minister sat crosslegged on the top bunk, smiling benignly, or as benignly as teeth filed to dagger points allowed.

Upstairs, a property clerk put down his pencil, rubbed his forehead and said, "It comes to five human skulls complete with jawbones, nine chicken feet, ten rolls of bark with some kind of painting on them, six blowguns and a batch of darts I'd hate to touch the points of and back in the canoe is some fishnets and paddles. What do you make of it, Sarge?"

The Sergeant scratched his ear. "Well, it looks like college kids all right, but maybe somebody better check with the State Department."

At State, the official who answered the phone had never heard of any country or territory named Enguano, but promised to check. When the Sergeant rather smugly informed redbeard of this the young man gently spread the bars apart to see better and sighed, "Truly, it was there when we left."

At that moment the police station telephone rang and in trembling tones the Undersecretary of State pleaded that the prisoners be shown every possible courtesy, he was on his way personally to tender the most extreme apologies.

In a speeding Cadillac the Undersecretary turned to the balding, flustered expert beside him and shouted over the accompanying sirens, "What did you say the name of this place is?"

"Enguano, sir," said the expert. "At least, that's what the Spanish explorer, Cabeza de Chiva, called it. From the birds, you see."

"And why does the Secretary consider it so important?"

"Location. It is highly strategic, sir, because it lies between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans with the North Pole to the north and the South Pole to the south. And it's reputed very rich in resources. We aren't certain just what they are."

"Then why the devil haven't we heard about it?"

The expert cracked his knuckles nervously. "Well, the peculiar geography of Enguano makes it almost inaccessible and the natives are very capable of defending themselves. . . . 'a playfull, aesthetick people yet in Warfare a most Beastly Crewe' is what Sir Francis Drake called them. At the old League of Nations there was talk about putting an item on the agenda to talk about putting it on the map, but nobody wanted to call Enguano an independent nation and everybody wanted the trusteeship. Then various other matters came up and I guess everyone forgot about it."

The car screeched to a stop in front of the police station and the Undersecretary jumped out, then paused and asked coldly over his shoulder, "Just why have you kept this information to yourself for so long?"

The old civil servant looked ready to cry. "Sir. My title is Special Adviser on Enguano

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Affairs. For twenty-five years I have waited for someone to ask me a question about it."

Inside the jail the Undersecretary delivered apologies with all the sincerity with which a lifetime in the world's embassies had equipped him. He waited, poised and breathless, for the answer. The Foreign Minister gazed at him thoughtfully and demanded, in redbeard's translation, "Why are there no paintings in this reception hall?"

The Undersecretary hesitated only a few seconds. "They are all out for cleaning, Mr. Minister. Now, if I may assist you to the car?"

The crew followed them outside with the skulls, blowguns and other things, did a short dance of Respect-Derision Before a Strange Contraption and entered another car behind the Undersecretary's. The procession roared off to sumptuous quarters in a luxury hotel which had resigned itself to making money from such guests in the name of the national welfare. A security guard was posted, the captain in charge tactfully suggesting that they leave the blowguns in a closet ("to save darts").

There the Undersecretary learned from redbeard that Enguano was in urgent need of help and the US of A was the place to get it. Why? Because the speaker's own father had come from there (from Minny-Soda) years ago in a great red bird, a Cessna fitted with extra fuel tanks. And he had often told them that the US of A had goodies for everybody. This, naturally, was after he had convinced some of the status seekers that a redbearded head just wasn't worth the trouble.

The Undersecretary assured Mr. . . . ah, that requests for aid would receive most careful and friendly consideration. The huge young man delicately peeled the shell from a coconut (compliments of the management) and looked bashful. "Be not formal," he said. "Call me like my father, Sven the Red."

These words rocked the State Department. A Communist had infiltrated the Enguano dele-

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gation! With typical effrontery he even spoke the language. Soviet technicians might be moving in by the troika load.

Before the error was cleared up the wheels of government began to turn, rumbling in their chairs, and the next morning the Foreign Minister and Sven met with straining foreign aid officials. (The six oarsmen were in a newsreel theater critically watching a rowing regatta.)

A brisk, dapper man with silver hair addressed the Foreign Minister: "Now this of course is subject to approval or modification by your government, but for a first step we are thinking along the lines of a super highway, four lanes each way, six stack clover leaves near major industrial centers (projected) with one terminus the capital city and the other the major seaport. Enguano does have a coastline?"

Sven translated and the Foreign Minister gave his inimitable ice pick smile. Indeed his country did have a coastline, with wonderful rocks and shoals across which the sea broke white as bones. Why, the many artists of his land — and in his land everyone was an artist — had portrayed it often.

Sven brought forward a roll of bark and spread it on the table. Whorls of squirrely white curls raced inside cages of handsome, candy-bar browns and ochre.

The aid officials glanced at it and nodded. "Very pretty," said the chief, a ruddy man with a front gold tooth. "As a starter for general manufacturing we feel that a typewriter assembly plant would be ideal since the nearest possible competitor is over five thousand miles away. As well as the nearest typewriter."

The Foreign Minister bent his head and said a few words. "It is a gift," said Sven.

"Oh, not exactly," said the official. "But don't worry about the financing. That will be worked out. Naturally, the typewriter factory can be expanded shortly to produce calculating machines and with good sales techniques you can drive the abacus people to your north right out of business."

"He means the painting. It is a gift," explained Sven.

"Oh." The official smiled. "That's very kind. Thank you very much." He nodded to an assistant who rolled up the bark and placed it under a table across the room. "While you perhaps feel that, agriculturally, crop rotation or the introduction of a new plant — sisal was big last year — might do, we are convinced that a radical change in cultivation technique is necessary. Within the week twenty thousand ultra sonic plows will leave New York for Enguano."

In the afternoon talks began on military assistance and a three star general outlined a program for completely remodernizing the Enguano army with everything from radar equipped tanks to beautiful new field latrines.

The Foreign Minister looked embarrassed. "Enguano has no army," he said. "If we are attacked everybody fights until the enemy goes away. Then we stop. Except for maybe a little fighting with ourselves over who did most."

A vice-admiral who had entered surreptitiously with four aides (to the trilling of a bosun's pipe) protested bitterly. What this country needed was a good navy. What was the use in building an army if you didn't have a navy? The general told him. The admiral replied with a taut, nautical phrase, voices grew loud and in the uproar the Foreign Minister and Sven slipped out and spent a couple of hours looking at an exhibit of modern American art sponsored by the CIA in a show of cultural strength.

"You see," said Sven, pointing to the white paint in an enormous black and white abstraction, "no bird lime. Truly the US of Aers have many ideas which we can use."

"This may be." The Foreign Minister stepped back and looked up far to the top of the painting. "But our trees are too small to give such a big bark."

"Never fear, these generous people will supply us with what we need." Sven swung his head gently in the Enguano gesture signifying Intention of Humor. "Their bark is better than their bite. This is a US of A joke."

When they returned, the conference room was empty except for a security agent collecting the doodles on scratch pads. The bark painting gift was still lying under the far table. They turned to go, and faced a *whew* of relief from the Undersecretary. The program, he explained, had been declared Crash, Accelerated and All-Go and a group of specialists was at that moment flying to Enguano to inaugurate it.

"There is one point." The Undersecretary hesitated, then asked quickly, "Does Enguano have an airfield?"

The Foreign Minister looked puzzled. The Undersecretary explained. No, the country had nothing like that, but in the north there was a splendid level plain. The Undersecretary permitted himself a grin. Criss-crossed by ravines hundreds of blowtube lengths deep with beautiful flowers growing at the bottom, added the Foreign Minister.

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DISCRETION

What I discern shall be my own.
Let him who cannot be alone
Be comforted, for he shall heed
Only what answers to his need.

My thoughts, I find, discomfit me;
But they are still good company,
And I could now almost forego
All company to keep them so.

But caution says, *Be more discreet;*
Good judgment whispers, *Self-conceit;*
Then I, not affably, admit
Discretion will have none of it.

Not affable; but if he finds
No heady meeting of the minds,
He still requires much give-and-take.
I do it for discretion's sake.

from INSIGHTS

Cursed be the man whose higher seriousness
Thinks no joke can survive, disdains finesse:
May he meet all his life dry, witty bitches,
Succumb to one at last, and die in stitches.

Catherine Davis

It was decided that the experts would have to parachute in and a message was radioed to that effect. Economists, agronomists, city planners, PX experts, political scientists, industrial consultants and publicity men floated down along with a snowfall of machines, tools and vehicles. Two assembly line experts and a remedial reading teacher refused to jump on the grounds that their contracts specified first class transportation all the way.

For two weeks nothing was heard from those who had dropped although a portable radio transmitter had parachuted down with them (another example, as the Undersecretary pointed out, of the foresight necessary in planning an aid program). Then a ship nearing Enguano with the first load of Brahma bulls picked up a transmission. "How," asked a voice plaintively, "do you say left-handed thread in Enguanoese?"

When this was relayed to Washington the Undersecretary was incredulous. "Do you mean," he asked Sven, "that no one in Enguano speaks English?"

"Not when I am here," said Sven. "My father just teach me, nobody else see any use to learn other language."

A few hours later Sven was flying home along with the Special Adviser on Enguano Affairs who had persuaded his superiors that it might be useful if he saw the country too. A landing strip had been constructed near the capitol city of Oö-Oö, and Sven gasped when he stepped out of the jetliner. The glass and aluminum structure which would be the airport administration building and cocktail lounge was nearing completion and off in the distance the girders of a huge billboard were swinging into place.

"So this is Enguano." The Special Adviser surveyed the scene with approval. "Looks just like home."

They walked through extravagant foliage surrounded by calls of birds wheeling to the nearby wheeze and thump of a pile driver. Presently they came to a rise and looked down on a clearing arranged with longhouses marvelously carved and painted in reds, blues and white. Near the center sunlight glared off the metal sides of a quonset hut.

"Oö-Oö," said Sven.

On the way down Sven was surrounded by a laughing crowd of welcomers chattering about the strange things that were happening, while an Ancient shook his incised Fibia of Authority toward the airport and demanded if Sven had seen what they did to his yam patch.

Copper-skinned officials greeted Sven impatiently. "Let's get the show-place on the road."

He was hustled off to help clear the fishing reefs so they could be blown up to make a harbor, then he showed a road gang which end of a jack-hammer went in the hands (after he was shown), explained what wages were, translated roughly the nomenclature of the machine gun and explained (even more roughly) can openers, vitamin pills and aspirin. In turn, Sven attempted to explain to aid officials why the AnaAna river did not seem a good place to build a dam, but the chief engineer replied tersely that he knew a dam site more about it than Sven.

The next day Sven noticed several short, bulky men in floppy suits conferring, in the language, with the King and Council of Ancients. Aid officials discovered to their horror that the Russians were building a steel mill. When reproached for such folly, the Ancients replied with surprise that they had found it simpler to accept whatever strangers were determined to offer.

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The dam builders worked like beavers and finished the job almost ahead of schedule. On dedication day the populace listened curiously as aid officials made many speeches describing how the lake rising behind the dam would bring untold benefits to their land.

Generators began to whine and then it was found that due to a lag in other projects (Sven couldn't be everywhere at once) there was no place to send the electricity. A tentative offer to sell it to the Russian steel plant was brusquely rejected. Colonial power! sneered the Russians and hooked up to one of their heavy cruisers which just happened to be anchored offshore.

Unabashed, the Americans improvised a kind of gigantic Christmas tree, covering the side of a mountain with colored lights.

"Now they are getting somewhere," confided the King to his wife.

Soon after the steel mill was also in production and the people gathered to hear more speeches and run wondering hands over the steel bars, after they had cooled. "Stalinism," sneered the Americans.

Unfortunately, the AnaAna river stopped flowing overnight. Water level behind the dam sank rapidly, the generators stopped turning and dam tenders found themselves gazing out over a vast mud flat. A few miles away the Russians looked over from the steel plant and guffawed.

"Have no mind," consoled Sven. "Every three years this happens. The river will flow again."

He was right. The river began to flow, backwards. The entire contingent of aid officials gathered on top and watched, numbly, as water began to rise against the wrong side of the dam.

The Russians were now rolling among the cinders and coke, helpless with laughter. One finally sat up, wiped his eyes, stared and pointed a blunt, shaking finger. *"Nyet!"* he bellowed. The first trickle of water was rippling over the metal sill.

In the weeks since then it has become a custom for families to walk through the woods of an evening (where myriad birds chitter and cheep undisturbed) to a hill overlooking the lake. There they squat by the hundreds and gaze down at the huge, dark structure on the bottom, then up the lake to the deserted dam with a sheen of water spilling over the top. These marvels had sent the aiders home again and they never cease to wonder that so much work had accomplished only that. Was it a game, they think, that both players grew tired of?

But Sven knows more. He spoke of it to the ex-Foreign Minister one recent evening. "When the great canoe of the commonests raised its tubes to blow at the lake-building the USers warned them it would mean the start of the Big One. This I heard."

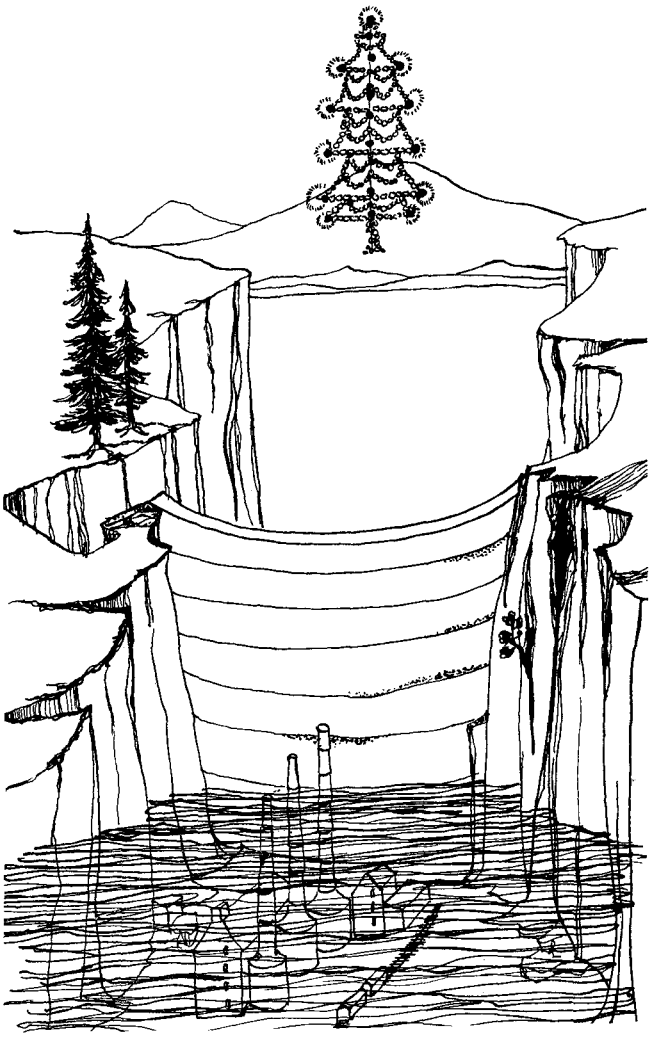
"Great ideas," said the ex-Foreign Minister. He waved below. "To us these things are big enough."

"Then they made the paper together that all must leave, and leave us alone. I was sorry. They brought us much entertainment."

Silently they considered the surely useful structures down there.

"One aider told me they were leaving a wonderful thing," said Sven. He took a vast breath and exploded the words. "THE ONLY JUNGLE STEEL MILL UNDER WATER IN THE WORLD. A great tourist attraction, he called it."

The ex-Foreign Minister did not seem to hear. His bright old eyes were watching a melon-bellied toddler whose father was helping it to walk. The father let its feet touch the ground.



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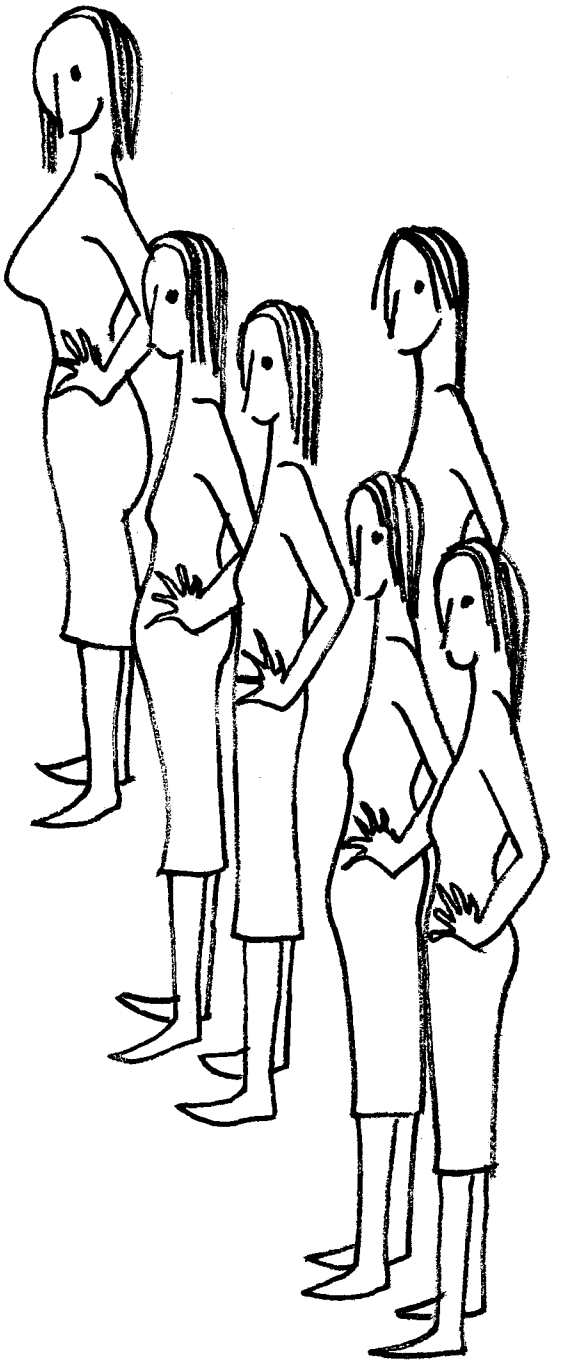
The Composite Wife

Margaret Bennett

EVERY TIME I OPEN A MAGAZINE THESE DAYS I COME ACROSS AN ARTICLE CRITICIZING ME — THE AMERICAN WIFE. IT SEEMS THAT I AM NEGLECTING MY FAMILY AND THE COMMUNITY, WASTING MY INTELLIGENCE AND EDUCATION, LETTING MY PERSONAL APPEARANCE SLIP, AND MAKING A COMPLETE BOTCH OF MY SEX LIFE.



They tell me that if I don't start living up to my responsibilities in all of these areas, my marriage will certainly wind up on the rocks. This is such a frightening thought that I have spent a lot of time figuring out how to counteract my deficiencies. I think, at last, that I have found the only way. Since no wife can do all that's expected of her in modern marriage, why not have several? Why not return to polygamy?

What I envisage is a kind of polygamous package deal of six women, each having different talents and interests, each a specialist in her particular role. Altogether they form one perfect, composite wife about whom no one can have complaints. The package includes a homemaker, a mother, a career girl, a companion, a responsible citizen, and a lover. Let us examine the package component by component.

First, there is the HOMEMAKER. She always wears a crisp gingham frock and reeks of freshly baked bread. On fifteen dollars a week she prepares meals to rival Maxim's. She has such a flair for interior decoration that with a hammer and a half-pint of shellac, she can make an orange crate look like Chippendale or Herman Miller. Although dainty, she swings a Stillson wrench around a leaking pipe with the expertise of a member of Local 106. Her Sun Bonnet Sue quilts regularly take firsts at the county fair. Each morning she pops out of bed an hour before anyone else, lays out a freshly ironed shirt with all buttons intact, and serves the husband breakfast in bed.

Wife number two, the MOTHER, an advocate of natural childbirth and breast feeding, spends much of her time chauffeuring a station wagon full of twelve children — all eating chocolate ice cream cones. Each morning she comes up with the correct change for seven school lunches at thirty-nine cents apiece. She unflinchingly and with scientific exactitude answers all questions on sex. She is president of the elementary school PTA and chairman of the high school dance chaperone committee. An expert diagnostician, she can identify measles before the spots appear. She disciplines the children herself, never saying, "Just you wait until your father gets home!" Evenings, dressed in her maternity capris, she acts as a consultant on sentence diagramming and algebraic equation balancing.

Wife number three, the RESPONSIBLE CITIZEN, is a dedicated and vigorous woman. Her congressman waits for her letters of counsel before he acts upon any important issue. She pours herself into civic campaigns such as the one to bring the Mona Lisa to town for the centennial celebration. Every Arbor Day she plants a tree. She gives a pint of blood to the Red

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Cross at twelve week intervals. A sworn enemy of pornography, she regularly checks the community newsstands for obscene comic books. She is a major in the WAC Reserve and momentarily expects reactivation.

Wife number four is the COMPANION. It is her responsibility to participate in the husband's social, intellectual, and athletic activities. She is tall, slim-hipped, and long-legged. She looks boyish in sports clothes and fashionably gaunt at cocktail parties and the opera. She is an expert at skin diving, yet her Mr. Kenneth coiffure is never mussed. At a moment's notice she is ready to slip into a Balenciaga for an evening of entertaining her husband's business associates, whom she charms with her elegance.

Wife number five, the CAREER GIRL, is required to make a significant intellectual contribution to the world, and, incidentally, to help support the menage. She is a recognized authority in an emerging area of biochemistry. While studying for her second Ph.D., she works eight hours a day in the research laboratory of a dairy products company and teaches classes two nights a week at the local university. In her spare time, she turns out monographs on such topics as, "Atherolipid Numbers."

The sixth wife, the LOVER, gets off easy. No diets or permanents for her. She is an ample, pink and white Renoir woman with warm, flowing cascades of scented hair. Her wardrobe consists of seven negligees in shades of lavender. Her reading is confined to Havelock Ellis, novels of the *Peyton Place* genre, and Ann Landers' column. She is soft, submissive, and *always* at home.

There are many advantages besides the obvious ones to be gained with this composite wife. Economically, it is sound, for if two can live as cheaply as one, wives should be still cheaper by the half-dozen.

Polygamy will undoubtedly lower our divorce rate, too, because everyone will be happy. Husbands will have all of the services they expect, plus the variety they crave, while women will have the respite they are crying for. Then, too, if a husband wants to divorce one wife, he can be required to divorce them all — and what man can afford six alimony checks a month?

I'm really quite anxious to try out this plan. In fact, I intend to ask my husband to start interviewing candidates for the other five wives right away. I just have one little problem to work out first — I can't seem to decide which job I want to keep for myself.

CHINA CHINA CHINA CHINA CHINA CHINA CHINA

John B. Shackford

Reminiscences of the 30's

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HONAN THE ANCIENT

In Honan the past is not decaying, but decayed. Time, like the heartless, wandering Yellow River, has levelled before it all that could remind one of real glory, and there remains only a humus of broken fragments scattered over the plain. This was the birthplace of the Chinese race, and here, at Kaifeng and Loyang, are two of the oldest seats of ancient Chinese government. So thoroughly has time done its work that only occasionally is there a fully preserved monument of ancient days, and this after the fashion of a carboniferous fern between layers of coal, marking in its very preservation the ancient date of its death.

Segments of once long avenues, bordered by stone images of beasts and men, leading originally to some now forgotten grave; tombs of the Sung Emperors, modern in comparison with the country around; temples whose roofs and walls have fallen away, leaving exposed to the weather the figures of forgotten gods: remnants all of ancient imperial glory. In the city of Kaifeng there stands the Iron Pagoda, each rusty brown, porcelain-faced brick bearing the image of a buddha. There, rising above the city in a pride that fears not even the dreaded floods, is the Lung T'ing, the palace of the Sung Dynasty, its stone carvings nearly obliterated. Away there to the south of the city squats a massive tope, smacking, strangely enough in this place, of distant India. And in Loyang there is nothing save a few scattered bricks of ancient walls, the very sites of which are unknown. Even those few fragments which remain go back scarcely within a thousand years of the time when the first dynasties fixed in northern Honan the seats of their governments.

The tradition living on here is distilled from a more ancient past than that of Peking. This country is too old to make one melancholy. It depresses the spirit, leaving none of the sweet flavor to the sadness that Peking's new decay stimulates.

But again, such depression of spirits is only for the sad visitor musing over forgotten things. For unlike the vanished monuments of ancient China, the peasants of Honan refuse to perish either at the hands of time, or of the Yellow River, or of quarreling generals and greedy overlords. Here, as in the north, the fields swallow up the entire plain. Here millions spend their lives upon the production and consumption of crops, and propagate other millions to take their places and to worship them when they are gone. Floods may threaten, bandits may exact their toll, feuds may wax furious between quarreling clans, but the relentless pursuit of agriculture goes on.

And though the plain, as we travel west, gives way to a country of loess terraces where many families still live in caves hollowed out beneath the very fields they cultivate, there are still the omnivorous fields and the omnipresent grave mounds.

1933

WALLS

I love walls. I love to come around a turn in a path to find a long pile of mortar-joined grey bricks, black and green with age and moss, deserted but not destroyed, still tracing out in the midst of wild thickets the site of some garden lived in and loved in long ago. What did it contain? Whose thoughts did it embody? What led to its desertion? Was there a plague? Or did a pillaging army end forever its blooming season? How lovely, even in decay, a wall whose lines have been softened, which wild shrubs and flowering weeds have made their own, over whose top bamboos bend their tips, peering out curiously into the world beyond their stockade. What a melancholy tenderness there is about an old wall in whose cracks the sensitive roots of a banyan have found a hold! Tree and wall become one, and the thought of a mind long since passed on supports a bit of that wilderness it once kept at bay. For walls die slowly and render more gentle the inevitable destruction of the works of men.

There are many such walls on Honan Island. Tall walls surround the villages, showing the serpentine gables of houses through crumbling gaps, studded with temple gates whose circular

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windows look down upon the field. There are fragments of walls standing in unexpected places, from whose tops clinging cactus plants hang down. There are walls around temple gardens, set with bamboo-barred windows; and peach trees dangle their blossoms over the top, and far, far above rise the slender trunks of palm trees. There are walls built of clam shells, plastered over with yellow mud, decorated with blue tile, and at places the mud has fallen off.

牆的文化

But the walls are passing — and as they pass, the old order passes, crumbling with each stone, with each brick, with each shell of the walls that protected it. The walls are gradually shattered, and what lay inside them becomes a part of the great confusion outside. No man understands what he sees. A staggering mass of life crushes down upon all. There is no meaning now: there is only existence. New walls? What will the new walls be like?

The tale of the narrowness of life behind a wall has often been told. Behind walls men build themselves a fool's paradise. Behind walls they hide themselves and hope to escape the universe. Walls shut out the glory of the infinite, come between man and man, divide the great stream of life into petty fragments. Walls do all of this. That is why they can but be temporary. But while they last, what protection for the souls of man they give; what opportunities for the expression of his spirit.

After all, the history of man is little more than a story of a succession of walled-in phantasies. Men rush from one walled fortress to another, from garden to garden. And the wilderness through which they struggle when they have been driven from one paradise in search of another fills them them only with sad longings for a lost past and hopeful yearnings for future bliss. But it is only when they have a wall around them that men are happy, and that men can put their minds at ease and their bodies to work.

A wall seen from the wilderness suggests hidden beauties. The wilderness seen from behind a wall is filled with mystery and beauty. But the wilderness without a wall — men are stifled and go mad with the very effort to understand what is around them.

And so I, child of a generation whose delusive paradise has been lost, love these old walls that point to a time when men were such fools that their minds were at rest, so static that they achieved harmony with what lay around them, so ignorant that they believed in their handmade phantasmagoria and decorated them with beauty. Not that I desire to return to them, for their illusion is destroyed and cannot be restored. But they inspire me with the pleasure of nostalgia, and fill me with the hope of new walls, more beautiful and more comprehensive than any yet built, within which man can weave his dreams and look out upon the wilderness with love.

1931

THE LITTLE WORLD OF SHANGHAI

Shanghai has no character, for it has a thousand characters. It does not, like Canton, present a picture of teeming thousands engaged in the final distribution of the products of a rich delta. In Canton there seems to be a meaning for all the sweating and toiling, groaning and straining. But Shanghai is as a very strong man whose personality has disintegrated, and who consequently struggles with himself, wearing himself out in fruitless effort. Shanghai is now one person, now another, and at the same time all of them. At one place it is French, in another Russian, in still another British or American. But always there is the Chinese sub-stratum, continually thrusting itself to the surface and destroying the illusion of French-ness, or of American-ness.

Moreover, there are the blends of segments taken from different ages. Not only are the old and new of the East everywhere obvious, but the old and new of the West here jostle shoulders with an awful familiarity.

It is Shanghai's very ugliness that makes her fascinating. She is fascinating like a cancerous

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上海的世界大觀

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sore to a physician, a freak to the mob, an insane man to the student of abnormal psychology.

Here all the world rubs elbows. Everything is here. Name your tastes, show your money, receive satisfaction. For in Shanghai are represented every trend, every school, every art, every mode of life of the East and of the West. Whether it be in food or drink, in sex or religion, you will have much to choose from. Here there are bookshops bulging with the wares of a print-mad world, imported as quickly as the fastest mail lines can carry them from every country in the world. Here the sportsman may enjoy any sport whatsoever, no matter how freakish. There is no such thing as "foreign" here.

I could take you into the French Concession and visit the cheap bars with their signs in four languages — English, Russian, French, and Chinese — and 40¢ a pint vodka; into the first, second, and third class cafes and cabarets, all with their dancing girls, also first, second, and third class; into the Rues, and Avenues, and slummily cramped and filthy Passages; down the brightly lighted broad streets and dingy dark streets branching off the sides; past theatres and restaurants, among the varied crowds of French, Russians, Africans, Japanese, Chinese, English, and Americans; back and forth in 'rickshas, taxis, buses, trams, limousines, bicycles, motorcycles. Or we could go in a moment's time to a Russian, American, Japanese, French, Chinese bawdy-house, by means of Chinese pimps on every corner, or your 'ricksha coolie could take you there himself.

Again the same motley and impressive sights I could show you in the Chinese City, in the International Settlement, in the Japanese Quarter, in the outlying districts. For in Shanghai there is infinite illustration of the follies of every race of men.

In one spot, near the Japanese section and the International Settlement, the clamor is stilled. Here where once there was the bustling of traffic, where once merchants sold their wares, vendors sang their vending songs, and coolies pealed out their plaintive calls from beneath heavy loads; here where noise was once rampant and confusion reigned supreme — now all is quiet. Long rows of gaunt chimneys stand at attention, silent and grey. Débris of stone and earth, fallen balustrades, ruined temples, bullet-pitted walls, denuded masonry, are eloquent in their silence. In every direction skeletons of buildings stand and seem to fall. Beggarly children play in the ruins, black with soot. Coolies search through acres of brick for something of value. Soldiers stand and look. Only in Chapei is there peace and quiet.

Shanghai is a localization of a septic poisoning given to the world by Western Industrialism and Capitalism. Shanghai is a sore. But it is an interesting sore, for such is its nature that the disease of the world can be studied in all its aspects, nation al or particular, in this one manifestation. In this little world, to change the figure, are represented every nation and industrial class that is known to the civilized world. It is as if every country had set up a miniature of itself here and that these miniatures had entered into conflict with one another in realistic mockery of the world at large.

What is it that we see in this microcosm? We see, first of all, a gigantic struggle for money, and second, the natural consequences of the conflict of nation with nation and individual with individual. We see, for the purpose of gaining profit therefrom, the offering for sale of every commodity from drink and food to ideas, ideals, and aesthetic enjoyment; of every form of service from muscle and brain to the bodies of women. And with this perspective, with this understanding of the supremacy of the Great God Money, many seemingly contradictory things and apparently paradoxical situations ap-

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pear for what they are — the inevitable consequences of this whole-hearted worship.

There is the seeming paradox, for instance, that in a city where there is such prostitution of men and ideals for the sake of profit there should be so many Church enterprises; in a place where there is so much misery, drunkenness and open-whoring, there should be such an abundance of piety. But this too is explained on the same basis. Religion here is no more than an undiscarded relic hung from a well-stuffed money-belt. *1932*

PEASANT BANYAN

Except the bamboo, no one element enters so vividly into the warm beauty of the South China landscape as the banyan. The Chinese peasant is utilitarian almost to the point of impracticability, and he does not permit a soltiary plant to remain upon ground that might be used for crops and grazing land, unless it contribute to to his well-being in strictly material terms. The idea of seeking beauty for its own sake would seem absurd to him were it ever brought to his attention. Any beauty in the landscape of his fields is strictly concomitant and accidental. The bamboo he tolerates because from bamboo stems he fashions everything from dwellings to vegetable baskets.

But the banyan, paradoxically, flourishes in spite of the fact that it serves no apparent practical purpose. Its wood is too spongy and twisted to be used for timber, and its creeping growth is entirely too slow to make it a profitable firewood. It is large, and takes up great space, yet the banyan is spared where pines and willows and all manner of trees with straight sound wood and of rapid growth are cleared away for the ever-greedy fields.

Banyans grow in massive circles outside the walls of villages. They cast dark shade beside green ponds. They crown lonely knolls and tower in bulging masses over the fields all around. There are banyans beside walks where a bend is made, and beneath them stone benches have been placed. Here men stop to chat, and stupid buffalo lie out in the sun, chewing their cuds. Banyans coil their roots over the grey rocks upon which monasteries are built. Temples and way-side shrines they hold in a firm embrace. Even in the villages, they have insinuated themselves between houses and have extended their boughs over the black tile roofs.

For the banyan is the peasant among trees. Gnarled and twisted by the forces to which it submits, it probes with viscous roots every crevice, slowly filling crannies and nooks, patiently, unhurriedly taking the earth for its own. The banyan tree loves the earth from very instinct. With thousands of tendril-like fingers it reaches deep down within the earth, and on the surface the roots writhe with joy in contact with the ground. The huge trunk-like boughs rise reluctantly, spreading out protectively over the earth; and though unable to bend downward, they drop tiny cables and stroke the soil, absorbing the earth by telegraph.

I suspect the peasant has a subconscious feeling of kinship for these great old trees that vie with him for a footing on the soil, and that ride out the centuries with no sign of fatigue. And I suspect that this feeling of kinship plays a part in the unusual tolerance shown for the tree. But there are more tangible reasons why the banyan is spared.

The banyan will grow where other trees would despair of securing a footing. It can abstract nourishment from the most meagre soil, and thrive in spaces of utmost barrenness, provided only that it have water. Then, too, a banyan is hard to kill. Such an accident as being blown over by the wind when a layer of rock to which it is anchored gives way disturbs its growth not at all. Merely, the direction of the growth is changed: Where the trunk touches the ground, new roots shoot forth and attach

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themselves. What were once horizontal branches grow into a series of vertical trees, and where one tall tree once stood, a number of smaller ones spring forth.

Again, its amorphous nature enables the banyan to survive. Throughout it is extremely sensitive to the pressure of objects with which it comes in contact. Its numerous feelers, growing like mole-hairs from the roots, trunk, and branches, detect any opening available for growth ,and are promptly filled out with living tissue to the total capacity of the opening. Unlike the roots of most trees, the banyan's roots will not expand beyond gentle limits. Rocks they will not wedge apart, and pavements they will not cause to crack and bulge when growing beneath.

This sensitiveness of its roots prevents it from destroying the works of the peasants near which or in which it grows. By this means it decorates whatever it touches, but without harming it. It will coil around a stone bench, fix it firmly in position, and yet not displace it. It will fill up the many gaps in a crumbling brick wall, but instead of adding to the disintegration, it actually holds the parts of the wall together.

In addition, the banyan tree is open to persuasion. With but little urging it can be made to grow out over a pond, instead of stretching out over the fields. Thus it is useful to shade the ponds where water-buffaloes cool themselves, without keeping the sun from other growing things.

To the peasants, superstitions are realities, and the utterances of geomancers must be given as careful consideration as the whims of the seasons and elements. Since geomancers maintain that in order to secure the goodwill of spirits of air and water, groves of trees must be placed at certain spots near the village, scientifically determined by consultation of the stars and by the juggling of birthdates, these groves are set out. The banyan tree, because of its vitality, its long life-span, its non-destructiveness, and its excellent shade-casting qualities, is the very tree for this purpose. So it is used, and has become as much a part of the landscape as the peasant and his fields.

The dark green masses of oleoginous leaves rising in seried ranks of rounded tufts like miniatures of heavy clouds close to the earth; the twisted grey trunks, springing gigantic from a tangle of writhing roots; the bewildering forking and branching of boughs and limbs; the intricate outpouring of germinal runners from every portion of the sensitive bark, that take root as they reach the ground or twine over the surface of the tree, grow to the size of serpents, coalesce with the main trunk and add numerous pilasters to the mobile column of the tree: all of these are vivid testimony to the plastic vitality of the tree, to the abundant spirit of incontinent fertility that inspires the tree with a restless, flowing desire to multiply its cells and spread over the surface and into the depths of the earth indefinitely.

The banyan is the peasant among trees. And its beauty, like the beauty of the peasant's fields, is an accident, a concomitant of growth that goes on without reason, from very instinct. The spell that the tree weaves in its growth, the delirious confusion of its never-repeated patterns, and the adaptation of living tissues it makes to the form of its setting, all create an impression of beauty in perfect harmony with the inexorable tide of life around, — a beauty vital and enduring because it grows from the heart of a living thing aspiring only to live with, not above, the earth that nourishes it.

1933

SAM SHUI PROLETARIAT

To the casual traveler whose misfortune it is to make the scant two-hour journey from Canton to Sam Shui, Sam Shui is just one of those unpleasant spots through which it is necessary to pass in order to reach the interior of China. Sam Shui is where the Canton traveler catches the steamer which carries him up the West River to Wuchow in Kwangsi Province.

And if it is his misfortune a second time to have to travel through Sam Shui, the traveler will look forward to his trip with dark memories of his first experience: he will remember the hordes of raving women that threw themselves upon him at the station gateway, nearly tearing him piecemeal until he had allotted his baggage to one of them; he will shudder at the prospect of again bargaining for passage in small sampan to the steamer in the middle of the river. He will retain a vivid picture of the thousands of small boats snarled in huge jams like débris on the surface of a flood, through which his small boat after valiant attempts made headway.

His memory of Sam Shui will be of a place filled with dirty, savage, screaming, unreasonable baggage- and boat-coolies. Never, if it can be avoided, will he visit Sam Shui again.

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The thoughtful traveler, however, will see in Sam Shui certain resemblances to every important center in China. He will recall the mob of coolies that snatched the bags from his hand when he descended from the boat at Hong Kong and Shanghai, from the train in Canton, Hankow, and Peking. He will recall the pleading roar for patronage that arises from the throats of boat-women and 'ricksha coolies whenever a traveler approaches them. And unless he is entirely lacking in philosophical interest, the traveler will wonder about these hordes of bestial coolies who compete with one another to strain their backs to the breaking point for ten or twenty cents.

The traveler will indeed be thoughtless and callous whose mind does not dwell upon the human side of this picture. Where do they come from? Where do they live? What do they have to live for? Coolie competes with coolie to secure a part of the insufficient amount of work available. Twenty cents to carry your grip to the boat. Another coolie bids ten cents. Another gets the job for five cents. After all, it is only a short distance. It takes only a few minutes. Ten, or even eight hours of that will bring the coolie a substantial income. And then you remember how few trains there are a day, and that perhaps the carrying of your bag will be the only source of income for the coolie all day long. Others may get nothing.

It is at Sam Shui, however, that this coolie-competition is at its most intense. Three rivers join one another here. A railway terminates here. Here passengers embark for Hong Kong, Wuchow, Canton, Fatshan. Hence thousands of baggage- and boat-coolies have assembled at Sam Shui to gain work. They have built a city of sticks and grass on the banks of the river. Their flimsy boats clutter up the river. Their rags and claws and fierce, brutish voices personify the city. They are a human nightmare of misery, the epitome of the dispossessed classes of China and of the earth. They are like a pack of ravenous wolves who threaten to tear the traveler to pieces, but whose wrath is diverted for the moment over a struggle for a morsel of flesh thrown them. The ominous murmur of their strident voices floats out of Sam Shui to hover over the cities of China.

Such a stuff does a dying civilization give off. Out of such stuff are mobs made. From such stuff the wrath of the day to come may be forged. A human nightmare.

It was at Sam Shui that I had my most intense experience of the brutality of the motives of the market-place. A howling mob of coolies was competing for my baggage. I engaged a coolie, after much bargaining, to carry my bags from the train to the boat — about a half mile — for ten cents. When the bags were in the boat, the coolie demanded twenty cents. And when, upon being threatened by the coolie, I called a policeman, the coolie remonstrated that he could not live on ten cents a day and support his family. He got the twenty cents. And ever since that day, coolies have been to me symbols of dispossessed humanity, instead of commodities upon the labor market.

Where do these coolies come from? Increasing numbers of them drift into the cities, supply the cheap labor of the new industrial system. Always behind those who have steady jobs are the masses of the unemployed willing to snatch such jobs at the slightest opportunity. Always there is the fear that even the ten or twenty cents a day of the steady laborer will be succeeded by an empty stomach and the necessity for struggling in the marketplace with his dispossessed brethren.

This is the explanation of the teams of women harnessed like horses with ropes to carts of sand or garbage which they, barefooted, pull slowly through the streets of Canton; of the groaning men who strain until their muscles seem sure to burst beneath the burden of gigantic wheelbarrow loads in the busy streets of

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THE LEAP

The only thing I have of Jane MacNaughton
Is one instant of a dancing-class dance.
She was the fastest runner in the seventh grade,
My scrap-book says, even when boys were beginning
To be as big as the girls,
But I do not have her running in my mind,
Though Frances Lane is there, Agnes Fraser,
Fat Betty Lou Black in the boys-against-girls
Relays we ran at recess: she must have run

Like the other girls, with her skirts tucked up
So they would be like bloomers,
But I cannot tell; that part of her is gone.
What I do have is when she came,
With the hem of her skirt where it should be
For a young lady, into the annual dance
Of the dancing class we all hated, and with a light
Grave leap, jumped up and touched the end
Of one of the paper-ring decorations

To see if she could reach it. She could,
And reached me now as well, hanging in my mind
From an orange chain of brittle paper, thin
And muscular, wide-mouthed, eager to prove
Whatever it proves when you leap
In a new dress, a new womanhood, among the boys
Whom you easily left in the dust
Of the passionless playground. If I said I saw
In the paper where Jane MacNaughton Hill,
Mother of four, leapt to her death from a window
Of a downtown hotel, and that her body crushed-in
The top of a parked taxi, and that I held
Without trembling a picture of her lying cradled
In that papery steel as though lying in the grass,
One shoe idly off, arms folded across her breast,
I would not believe myself. I would say
The convenient thing, that it was a bad dream
Of maturity, to see that eternal process

Most obsessively wrong with the world
Come out of her light, earth-spurning feet
Grown heavy: would say that in the dusty heels
Of the playground some boy who did not depend
On speed of foot, caught and betrayed her.
Jane, stay where you are in my first mind:
It was odd in that school, at that dance.
I and the other slow-footed yokels sat in corners
Cutting rings out of drawing-paper

Before you leapt in your new dress
And touched the end of something I began,
Above the couples struggling on the floor,
New men and women clutching at each other
And prancing foolishly as bears: hold on
To that ring I made for you, Jane —
My feet are nailed to the ground
By dust I swallowed thirty years ago —
While I examine my hands.

James Dickey

Shanghai; of the thousands of undernourished men who pull the "quaint" 'rickshas in the cities of China from dawn until late at night; of the endless lines of men asleep in the backstreets of Canton, supine upon the cement, shivering in the cold, covered with rags, stones for pillows.

And as one thinks on about this phenomenon, he realizes that it has not just happened. He realizes that there is a basic cause, rooted deep in modern Chinese life. He sees the breakdown of the old clan system and the drifting of the unwanted, unusable members to the city; he sees the dispossessed small farmer augmenting these city herds; he sees the rich landlords and military squeezers who make up the governing classes draining the wealth from the peasant masses, erecting factories and warehouses, and employing in the working of these enterprises those dispossessed ones who have no recourse but to work for a dime a day. He sees foreign governments clamoring for their part of the spoils.

And the thoughtful man sees the reflex of all this. He sees the meagre standard of the Chinese people slipping down as modern China builds up. And if he allows his mind to dwell on all this very long, he may come to think of the soaring hotels and banks, the modern asphalt pavements, as resting on the bones of a crushed people, mixed with their blood, and tuned to the note of misery that comes out of Sam Shui in an ever-rising crescendo.

1934

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GALLERY: ODETTA

Photographs by Russ Dubois

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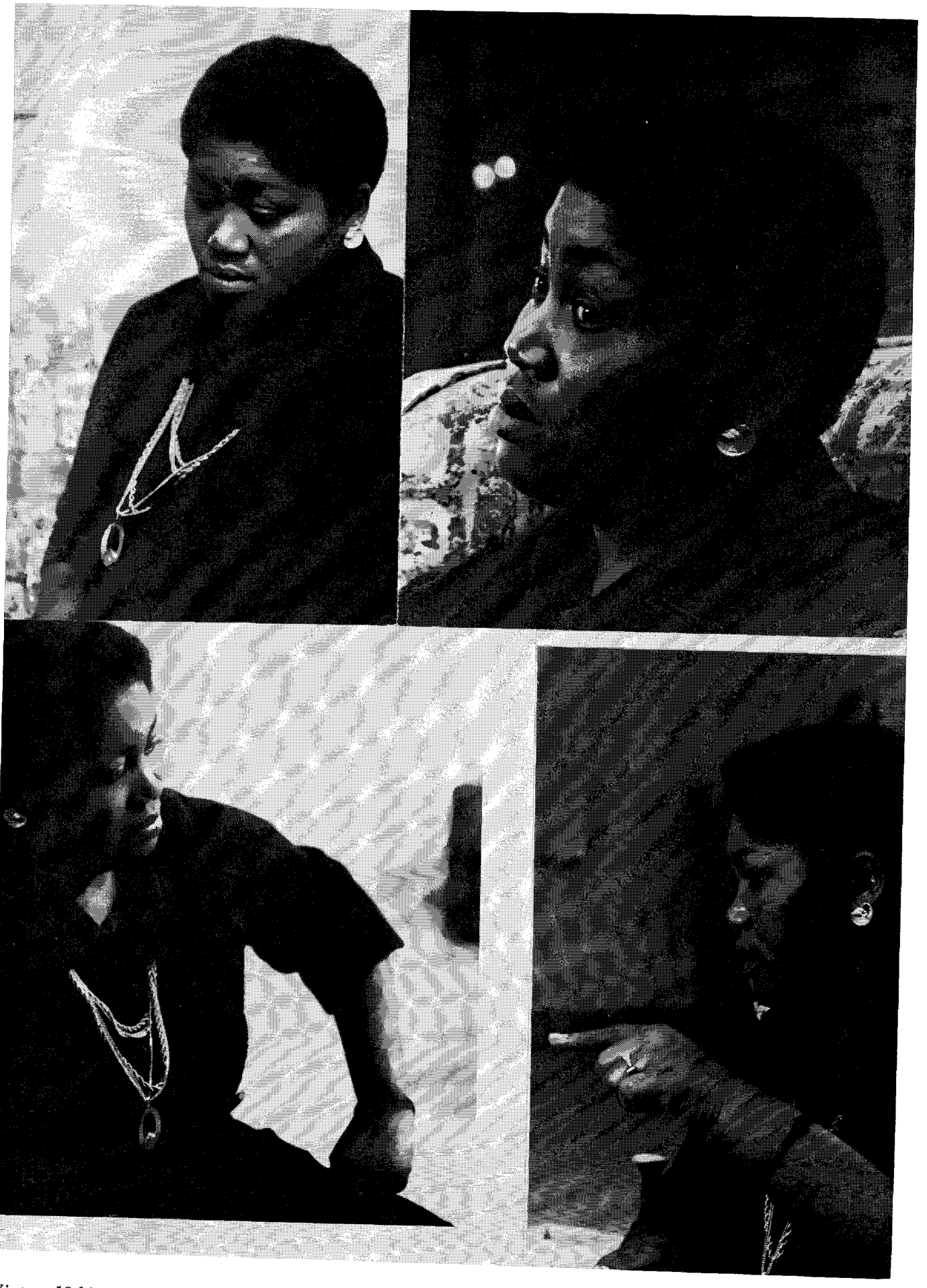

Winter, 1964

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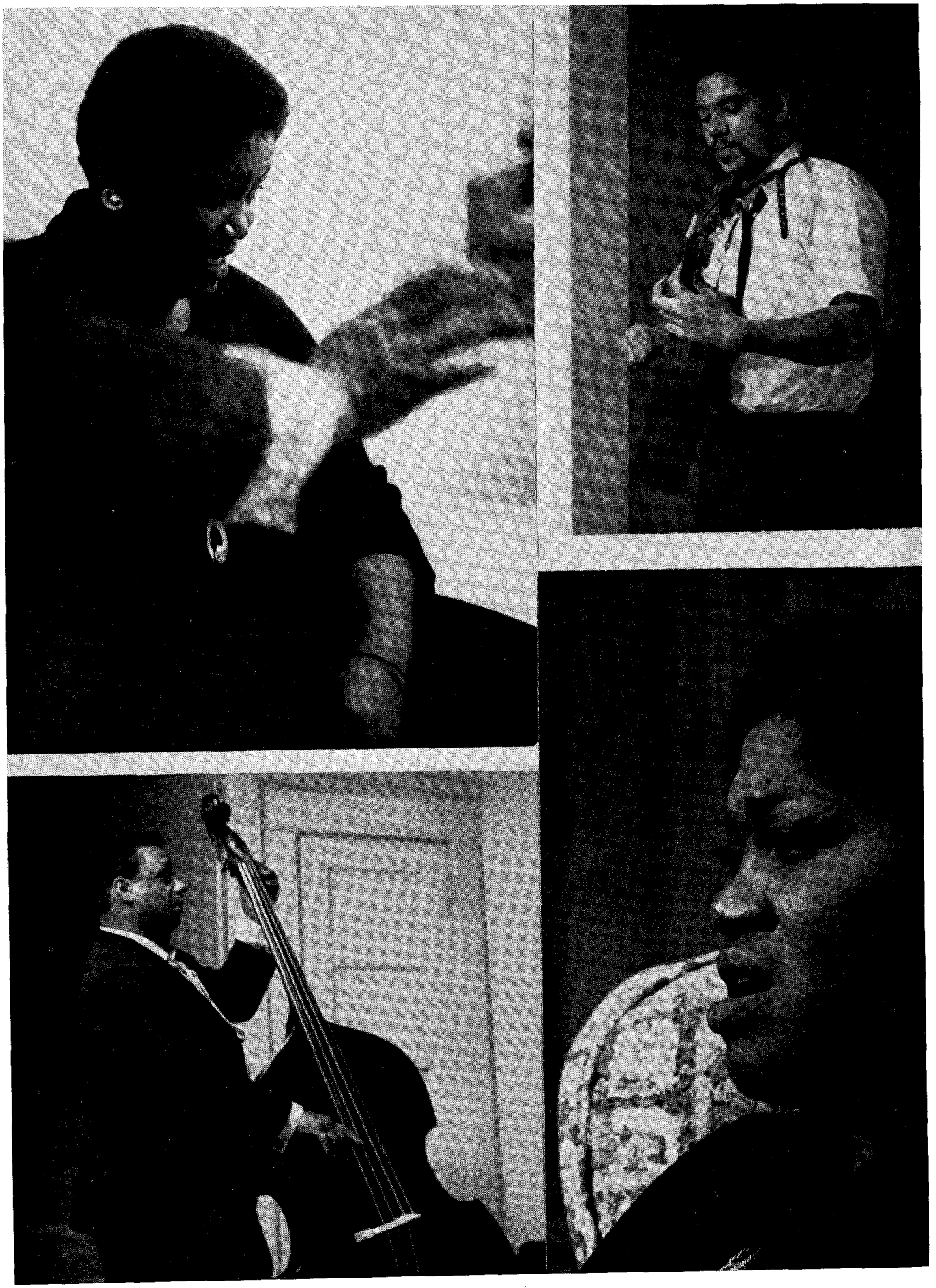

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Odetta was photographed with her musical "family": Bruce Langhorne, guitar; and Leslie Grinage, bass, following one of her concerts in the Midwest.

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Jazz, Freedom, and the Amatuer

Otto W. Fick

HAVING STARTED, LIKE MARK TWAIN'S GREATEST NOVEL, FROM CONSIDERABLY BELOW CULTURAL SCRATCH, AMERICAN JAZZ HAS BECOME IN RECENT YEARS A CULTURAL ITEM TO RECKON WITH AT HOME AND ABROAD. TO THE CHAGRIN OF SOME SOLEMN PEOPLE AND TO THE GREAT SATISFACTION OF OTHERS EQUALLY SOLEMN, JAZZ HAS FOUND (AS DID *HUCKLEBERRY FINN*) A SECOND HOME IN MOST EUROPEAN COUNTRIES, WHERE IT CONSTITUTES AN AMERICAN MUSICAL UNDERGROUND OF QUITE ASTONISHING EFFECTIVENESS. WHERE, FOR EXAMPLE, IN THE EIGHTEEN NINETIES RUSSIAN BOYS FLOATED IN CONSIDERABLE NUMBERS DOWN THE VOLGA ON THEIR RAFTS, TODAY THEY ARE TAKING UP THE ALTO SAXOPHONE AND SMUGGLING IN CHARLIE PARKER RECORDS. NOT ALL THE FORCES OF THE PEOPLE'S DEMOCRACY AND SOVIET SOCIALIST REALISM CAN NULLIFY JAZZ' ENORMOUS APPEAL.

In the United States this appeal has been acknowledged for quite some time, perhaps without its true sources having been identified. And since Jazz has become a cultural item of some standing it has been approached from any number of directions—esthetic, historical, anthropological, economic, and so on. This has not been wholly to its advantage. There was a time when Jazz was not "approached" at all—though many careless people bumped into it—and it may be that Jazz was a more cheerful enterprise in those days. But lately a new breed of sponsors has taught it to wipe that grin off its face—so successfully that in the past decade or so Jazz has not only been approached but adopted by a whole congeries of well-intentioned Miss Watsons and Widow Douglases (theologians, social scientists, existentialists, free-lance intellectuals, connoisseurs of kitsch and culture), all of whom are anxious in various ways to civilize, sophisticate, institutionalize, reconstruct, assimilate, and in general make an organization boy out of an honest-to-God frontier brat. As a result Jazz has become highly profitable to everyone concerned (with the possible exception of the men who play it), and inflated out of all proportion to its real importance.

For Jazz is, at best, a minor musical phenomenon, though not without its unique musical virtues and charms. It would be no more sensible to urge that the world of music become Jazz-centered than it is to argue that society at large should be child-centered. The child, a minor social phenomenon, also has unique virtues and charms which society is apt to override and ignore but which it would be ill-advised to build upon. Like the child, Jazz is incapable of the achievements of the grown-up music that sur-

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rounds it. The moment it begins to ape this music it ceases to be Jazz and turns priggish and insufferable. Still, Jesus was not the only adult to observe that children possess qualities which their elders might at least regret having lost. Good Jazz has qualities which much of our serious music has lost. These qualities are what I want to discuss. They depend in part upon the character of Jazz as a kind of folk art, in part upon its affiliations with popular culture —two matters which have been much dwelt upon by Jazz apologists, usually with more piety than common sense.

Jazz is a sort of folk art because much of it—some would say the best of it—is transmitted aurally and largely without benefit of notation. The separate versions of a given tune that can be heard on records and in night-clubs vary as do the versions of a folk tale, and for the same reasons: the temperament of the performer, his momentary frame of mind, other versions he may have heard, the composition of his audience, and so on. Like the storyteller, the Jazz performer has learned primarily by listening and not, like the classical musician, primarily by systematic study and analysis. If this imposes some inevitable limitations on the product that results, so be it. Nobody would seriously maintain that the folk-tale should compete with the novel. When a teller of folk-tales grows self-important and attempts to do so, he makes himself ridiculous. Some contemporary Jazz is ridiculous for this very reason. But, on the other hand, neither would any sensible person maintain that because the folk-tale is less than the novel it should be excluded from the corpus of world literature. And this, of course, is how much of the doctrinaire opposition to Jazz manages to make itself ridiculous.

Jazz resembles folk art for a second reason: it is consumed by people whose musical cultivation may be minimal—people who enjoy, as do the consumers of folk-tales, the individual variations and styles that individual performers can bring to a tune (or tale), but people who are apt to be ignorant of the main body of musical (or literary) tradition. Once again, in order to attract such an audience the music must be relatively simple, unsophisticated, and non-cerebral —which does not for a moment mean crass, unimaginative, or dull. Jazz, like the folk tale, is simply prohibited any effects that depend upon complexity of structure. It is brief and episodic in character. It resembles the chronicle rather than the history; its form is that of the narrative rather than that of the plot. Its basic unit is a phrase; its phrases aren't likely to be long, and even its greatest successes are not fully articulated wholes. By and large it answers the question "What next?" and satisfies the rudimentary appetite for change. Some workers in the field are laboring to overcome these liabilities, but I think they are mistaken. To my ear the result is too plainly laborious and the sacrifice of the peculiar virtues of Jazz almost total.

It is best, I think, to admit that whatever structure Jazz has (in the sense of musical architectonics) is fortuitous and inessential. Those who expect it to give rise to imposing musical edifices ask it to abandon its distinguishing features to make this possible. Jazz is essentially a matter of spontaneous tropes, transformations, and flourishes; and to this end the simpler the architecture the better. The base need not in itself be valuable for the embellishments to charm. As a matter of fact, some of the pleasure of Jazz derives from the manner in which a cheap, commonplace melody may be made to support a set of ingenious, not to say inspired, variations. Part of the sport is in the transformation of the tawdry into the meritorious. To that extent, Jazz is the justification of those Tin-pan-alley tunes which provide its point of departure and one of its links with popular culture.

Jazz is an associate of popular culture for several reasons. For one, it is not dependent upon the subsidy of a social and cultural elite. For another, it is commonly produced in centers of entertainment rather than in centers of edification. And for a third, the staples of its repertory are those same tunes that everyone has heard played by dance bands at the Trianon Ballroom, on the Hit Parade, in hotel lobbies, maternity wards, cafeterias, doctors' waiting rooms—wherever Muzak, in its various avatars, is manufactured and piped to arouse the senses, soothe the nerves, or modulate a quiet desperation.

Let us consider one of these tunes—say, *Jeepers Creepers*. *Jeepers Creepers* is, or was, plainly a part of popular culture. The success of the song rested, in its day, in part on its brutal melodic simplicity, in part on its arch and mechanical syncopations, in part on its exploitation of one or two phrases in the then-current lexicon of trumped-up slang—the kind that, like a sack dress, must soon perish for lack of any real metaphorical force or appropriateness. When the slang had lost its edge and one or two

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hundred hearings of the tune had convinced even the most insensate ear that enough was enough, *Jeepers Creepers* was through as an article of consumption.

But although *Jeepers Creepers* no longer flows through the pipelines of popular music, it remains, along with *Crazy Rhythm, Nagasaki,* and *Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe,* a part of the standard repertory of Jazz tunes. To understand why is to understand the nature of the distincions between Jazz and popular music. *Jeepers Creepers* remains, in the first place, as the choice of the musician rather than his audience. He chooses it not because of what it is but because of what he can make of it. And his auditors grant him that freedom of choice because they listen not to the music, so to speak, but to the performance, and are as anxious for the performer's freedom as he is to be free. *Jeepers Creepers,* sleazy and ephemeral commodity that it is, is in turn calculated not only to confer that freedom but to make it a matter of musical life and death.

This point may need some clarification. Although people go to the concert hall to hear Menuhin or Serkin, they go *when* they do because Menuhin is playing Mozart or Serkin Brahms. Nobody goes to hear Cannonball Adderly play Johnny Green—however great a blow this may be to Johnny Green. If Serkin is playing six concerts and the concert-goer can afford one, he selects the composer or the composition. But if Adderly is booked into the Renaissance the Jazz buff can go any night. Adderly just plays. He is Huizinga's *homo ludens.* He plays (if you like) play.

Here we have come, I think, to the crux of the matter. It is freedom—freedom from the tyranny of popular taste as well as freedom from the tyranny of high-cultural fiat—that characterizes the best Jazz. The player, as a matter of fact, need not even be a good instrumentalist, just so he is not servile. If he is a good instrumentalist and also free, he plays more ingenious, deft, or complicated Jazz. But his virtuosity, his instrumental sophistication, is not the main thing. So long as a better command of the instrument liberates him, fine. It liberated Charlie Parker, for instance. But it can become just another means of his incarceration. A friend of mine once said, after listening to a trombonist of truly astonishing virtuosity, "Man, can he play that horn!" And he added, sadly, "If only he could play music, too." There are those, in other words, who counterfeit freedom and get by on pure technique. But in Jazz neither technique nor the lack of it essentially signifies.

MEDITATION

One more night I try
to take what comes, playing
the mad watchman
of the neighborhood.
There are portents everywhere:
signs written in the sky,
storms threatening.
But the doomed households
sleep, each man patrolling
his own sector of darkness.
And a few, like me, stay awake —
my dim comrades: the fisherman
taking worms prisoner
on the park lawn;
the worrier, my brother,
holding the severed world
together with his frown;
the real watchman
keeping doors locked
with his flashlight.
And on the highway
travellers move through mist,
dreaming themselves
from town to town.
Busses churn by
with destinations printed
on their foreheads like wishes:
Los Angeles, Salt Lake, Denver.
Faces are pale thumbprints
behind tinted windows.
People arrive and leave
or fight toward sleep
in the thick dark.
I sense the immensity
of private lives, the secrecy
of the dying man's coma.
This is a time for tears.
For the sleepers on their
dangerous journeys,
for the travellers bound up
like luggage within their dreams
of motion, for all
the innocent who must die.

Vern Rutsala

Freedom (or irresponsibility, to give it its other name) is the hallmark of Jazz—just as responsibility and constraint are the hallmarks of serious music. Having arisen

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THE RATS

"When you know the shadows are the rats you're through."

Edgar Poe

Because of the great press
of steel on steel
I cannot hear the shadows hunched
under the machines. When the power
fails, the machine stops,
and the lights go out
I am listening to myself
to my breathing and to
the noise my breathing makes.

They are moving, the shadows,
out of time, out
of sight, somewhere out
there in the darkness, and
when the lights
come back they are no longer
where they were.

Someone who never stood
next to me has poisoned
the shadows. They are dead
in the stairwell or under
the floorboards, darker
than ever and more compact
and moving in the sweet air
sweetening the air I breathe.

Later I will be in
the parking lot looking
for my car or I will remember
I have no car and it
will be tomorrow or years
from then.
It will be now.
I will have been talking
sitting across from where
you sit at ease on
the outrageous, impeccable sofa
I have admired,
and in that quiet that comes
in speech I will hear them
moving at last and see them
moving toward you in the light
bringing their great sweetness.

Philip Levine

and developed under some of the conditions that govern a folk art, Jazz shares some of its simplicity, naivete, parochialism, and verve. Based upon popular music, Jazz embraces only to transform those characterless and derelict little tunes that might otherwise perish unredeemed. Equipped with independence, energy, humor, and a minimum of high-cultural responsibilities, Jazz works from within popular culture to save its squalid soul.

However, Jazz would be unable to get on with its missionary work if it were practiced with the same punctilio as is serious music. In an increasingly engineered and rationalized society, Jazz is cheerfully lacking in professional scrupulosity and foresight. It remains the property of the rude and idiosyncratic individual who would rather blow his own note wrong than somebody else's note right. Jazz is free and irresponsible rather than responsible and constrained. And there are other ways of putting it, some silly and some sober. Jazz is a music for adolescents rather than adults, for bachelors rather than for family men, for the sports car rather than the sedan. Jazz is personal and flighty; serious music is impersonal and rigorous. A Jazz performance is essentially expressive; a performance of serious music is essentially interpretive. Jazz is hasty; serious music is deliberate. In serious music one distinguishes between the music and the performance; in Jazz they are the same. Need I add that none of these distinctions is a simple one?

But the contrast between Jazz and serious music suggests still another distinction—the distinction between the amateur and the professional. I will not be irrelevant to conclude by sketching in its salient features, for it is crucial —not only in music but in life at large.

Briefly, a professional is one who works systematically to acquire the sum of the available techniques and resources comprising a given discipline with a view to the consolidation and development of that discipline—to which he is, in a sense, married, totally responsible. An amateur is one who draws at haphazard and whimsically upon whatever techniques and resources of a given discipline he finds personally useful or charming with a view to adorning his personal life. He is a libertine and a dabbler—a lover, not a spouse.

Now most Jazz musicians have established this private and self-indulgent relationship to the corporate body of musical knowledge and tradition. They are amateurs. So are most people in their truly inventive moments. And so are all genuine artists. In their relationship to tradition, artists are pilferers rather than custodians—at least nine parts tomb-robber to one part archeologist. They cannot, of course, dispense with the past, but they conserve only such of its artifacts as they have found appealing

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and intend to absorb into their own works rather than preserve in the museum or *in situ*.

Furthermore, Jazz musicians, like all amateurs and all artists, are ill at ease in institutional surroundings. A profession is an institution. Like any other institution, from mental hospitals to universities to the civil service, a profession is a trap with conveniences. Membership in a profession minimizes the chances of getting hurt and curtails the opportunities to injure others. A profession secures a maximum of order and rationality in life and a minimum of confusion and blind risk. It guarantees that within very generous limits, the professional will be judged by his label and not by his contents. It guarantees that to the degree the profession commands due respect, the professional will receive his share of it for life—provided only he does not go whoring around outside the walls and performs his share of the maintenance.

But amateurs, artists, and Jazz musicians are notably dissident about their institutional chores and strikingly willing to dispense with institutional conveniences and guarantees. They are childish. They supply their own jejune measures of value and insist upon satisfying only themselves. They forage in the professional's preserves as though there were no signs posted. They put his domestic utensils to unprecedented uses, muss up his drawers, roller-skate on his quartered oak floors. They take all the liberties of the bumptious, the ignorant, the under-instructed.

For what the amateur requires is the license to fool around unpenalized and, if necessary, unemployed and unapplauded. (This fooling around may, wholly incidentally, earn him a living; but if it is his chief end in view, he is no longer an amateur.) The amateur has, furthermore, no need of a teacher or an audience. Both are professional agenda—part of the machinery that manufactures and maintains the professional. The amateur should neither be imposed on by a teacher nor impose himself upon an audience. The genuine amateur is happy to dispense with both. Spokesmen for decorum just embarrass him. For one thing, the amateur loves his own mistakes too well to put up with the spirit of seriousness. Nor does he want it pointed out that what he only recently discovered for himself was already common knowledge in his grandfather's time. Such "discoveries" are his *raison d'etre* as an amateur. He launches himself from a platform of ignorance into the unknown. All in all, his lack of *savoir faire* is his most precious gift.

What is true of the amateur is true of the player of Jazz. He annoys many serious musicians and patrons of music the way an indocile child annoys its parents. Or better, the way an unblushing bastard annoys the legitimate heirs. "It is to the bastards that the future belongs," Andre Gide writes in *The Counterfeiters*. "How full of meaning is the expression 'a natural child.' The bastard alone has the right to be natural." What an affront to the legal offspring who know their rights perfectly and are securing them by their unexceptionable behavior! Nevertheless, Gide is right. Amateurs, children, bastards, artists, Jazz musicians, and the whole lot of the disaffiliated are the repositories of the spirit of caprice and unabashed experiment. In music at large, this is the spirit of Beethoven in his most audacious flights and most brazen grotesqueries. It is a spirit that has almost vanished from the serious music of the "real professionals." "Beethoven rejoices in improvisation," Romain Rolland writes; "It is then he comes to grips with the element of the unforeseen in genius; the unconscious forces are unchained and he must subdue them." "Whoever has not heard Beethoven improvise," said the Baron de Tremont, a contemporary, "has no idea of the depth and total power of his genius."

There are few improvisors among serious performers today, and there are no Beethovens in Jazz. But it is to the best Jazz that many people turn when they wish to hear the adventurous, risky, unlicked, live voice of the creative unconscious rather than to the carefully rehearsed and fully underwritten voice of musical tradition. Only Jazzmen, and by no means all of them, still "play" music. It is to them we listen not only for pleasure but for fun.

There are signs here and there that perhaps Jazz is being attacked by the spirit of seriousness—the professional's moral and characterological blight. Some Jazzmen have seemed ready to assume the manner of the public functionary and behave as though they occupied a position high up in the civil service. But there are a large number of Huckleberry Finns among its practitioners still. Let us hope that when they feel the Widow Douglas's discreet and civilized hand reach out to collar them, they will react like their imperishable original and light out, ahead of the rest, for the territory.

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To Put A Maggot On The Moon

Curtis Zahn

If you go down to 39872 F Street that night, the night they have it, you'll see it, if it happens to be one of those nights. The rabbit, I mean, the rabbit doing it.

The nights there are darker inside than out, but once inside, you will see all kinds of people from the outside with this one idea: the rabbit. It is darker inside than out because 39872 happens to be MacElroy's Tahitian Tavern with all those coconuts and fishnets or imprisoned glass balls and practically dark except for colored lanterns cleverly hid. As to the rabbit; of course it doesn't always — do it, I mean. Sometimes the little female falls asleep and there is nothing to do except order more drinks and talk about something else or play the machines or watch the game on TV. The reason the female falls asleep is because Syd Blair is a golf caddy and often too tired. (to walk over to the AP and get the old lettuce from Frank Osaki) Not always but sometimes. A lot of golf has to do with baseball, I mean how much. Golf. If the team is winning, or even Koufax alone, they'll watch TV instead of play. (golf) Therefore, Syd Blair who incidentally is wed to my sister won't be too tired and the rabbits will do it, being fed the lettuce. But now if Blair caddies 54 holes or hell, 72, the female falls asleep every time. On MacElroy's bartop made out of teak. But this is approaching the problem negatively. You will want to hear what happens when nobody's playing golf. What happens is the rabbits are being conditioned for the moon which so far as anybody knows there is no lettuce. It is exceptionally important then that the rabbits have a kind of Last Supper as Fran says who types 50 words a minute irregardless what they tell about her at night. This is highly important (supper) because suppose the Russians have already got there first with those dogs? A dog can gnaw out of his space suit and eat a rabbit, especially these rabbits who have been raised in the Free world and are trusting. There is also this problem they have no legs which have been mercifully amputated to save weight and space in the capsule. And, who will be there to give them their shots when they land, nobody.

Actually this is unimportant because once on this moon they have to look out for theirselves anyway. As a matter of fact it is even more complexed than that but will explain.

I refer to the coyotes.

Coyotes are actually very surprising when you get to know them. That is, they can meet new situations such as the moon, namely. Eddie Forbes works right along with them cleaning the cages and knows, although he seldom makes it down to 39872 nights because he sleeps days. "There is sure to be an American coyote on Mars some day," he will tell you unless you don't ask, especially since they passed this new 22 billion dollar budget for Space. He eats the rabbits which is simple even with no gravity since they haven't got their legs.

"But what happens after he eats all the rabbits, Eddie?" I asked.

"They still got their little vitamin kits," he insists.

"Sure, but what after that?" you go on, prodding. What comes after that is an imaginative thing the boys down at *Bofark* have figured out exactingly. Everybody works there so it is not secretive if you're one of the group.

But as to Syd Blair's rabbits do not feel sorry for they are rejects.

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Actually, they were thrown away because they failed their response tests. Officially they are dead but *Bofark* won't sign out anything because of the contamination. Yet, Henry likes to tote things and felt sorry so they are kept in Syd's back yard where also are these three tampered racoons and a wingless duck that failed the Jupiter problem. You see, Eddie was the maintenance man at Genocide but didn't have the stomach for it and they feel sorry for him

and let him. (Tote things) Also, janitors are hard to get now with this Emancipation and Equal Rights trouble. Frankly, Syd has got several of these mice that were shorted-out so they run backwards. He brought two of them down to the Tahitian Tavern one evening because my sister suddenly got the night shift and he had to stay home with the kids. But they wouldn't go either way because of the whiskey. Alcohol, actually. Because the boys in the Lab keep getting high on this 95.8 alcohol for live specimens in order to perform the experiments. Even though it is to help keep the world Free, you hate to do it. Therefore, when the mice smell whiskey their reflexes start up and they stop; all they would do on the teak bar that night was urinate which gets MacElroy sore. He hates having anyone or anything urinating where food is being served.

But what I started out to mention is rabbits down at 39872 F when Sydney is loaded. With lettuce.

The reason I am not, yet, is certain things retaining to *Bofark* and MacElroy's which is the nearest place you are allowed to. (drink) If you are an outsider that wanders inside, you will meet half the people because we are democratic and outgoing, though carrying the burden of protecting the Universe from enslavery. Once inside, you may feel outside, but that is purely imaginative since we are a friendly Family with just one idealistic ideal, which is to put a thing on the moon before They do.

"I don't care what we put up there," Dr. Fricke will tell you if he will tell you, "whether a mouse, an elephant or a daffodil so long as it is alive and American!" It so happens I put the little animal corpses in the furnace yet because we have this single goal and are therefore equals, a man like Dr. F. F. G. who is actually in full charge of infinity calls me Jack and I call him Dr. F. Dr. F will come into 39872 for a beer and go right up to Charlie Fow who is absolutely Chinese and kid him about his genitals. (Charlie administers the DDG-Ax-F2/45 in that same part of the gibbons. While the scientists observe.) At the same time, Miss D, which amputated that duck will break down and have a martini with Helmut Danforth who makes space suits for mice. Once I met Dr. Wolfgang Meisterschott in the Contamination Vault and he said hello, first. Despite that he came from Germany and started out correct. The reason is, we are all in this thing together surrounded by a world that don't care. In fact, frankly, Congressmen and people that just pay taxes are constantly acting furious because we are behind, and all that money. If you go down to the *Tahitian Tavern* do not therefore feel discriminated. It has nothing to do with color, communism or religion. It is because you won't probably understand what we are talking and thinking.

Dorothy Xanathopulouski is an example. Not to be confused with Dr. Dot that gets the wings off the ducks because Dorothy, although doing her part for civilization the same as anyone else is still on a starting scale, yet is absolutely in love with *Bofark*. You get fat all day typing but on her it hardly shows being five foot eleven in stocking feet as the saying goes even though she doesn't. (stockings)

"John," she said, "you ought to tear yourself away from work some night and tuck me into that little '59 Impala and just drive and drive and drive."

"You name it and I have it," I answered, joking backwards of course.

"You mean to stand there and tell me you got to be asked?"

That's what I mean about ourselves.

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Of course, it's terrible about the animals. But if it wasn't them it'd be us, as Dr. Fricke points out. He lost his hair the time of the accident so wears this hat at all times. So even if it is cruel for God's inferior creatures, remember we don't get off so easy either. I could tell you about this blotch the size of a grapefruit on S——— simply because someone forgot a two-headed cat can bite, especially when contaminated. I don't feel so good myself since the dart-gun misfired, yet, as Dorothy says, you'd feel a lot worse if the Russians got there first and then sat down and laughed. With the future at stake, you can stand a few discomforts in unmentionable places. As Dr. Volk told me when I hated to burn this cute chimpanzee that kept twitching even though guaranteed to be completely dead, "We are all equals down here. A man may shovel gorilla shit or he may perfect a chemical capable of wiping off the face of the earth! It don't matter! We are all humble servants in the employ of God!" You think about a thing like that and it makes you grateful with a lump in the throat. Also, note that Dr. Volk modestly didn't mention that it is he which invented this wonderful chemical like you put one ten-millionth a drop in Lake Superior and the bottom would fall out of every boat, yet has a dachshund who he treats like *people*. That describes us — kind and friendly. Take Dr. F. F. G. again, who just happens to be in charge of the Universe. His Mercedes-Benz ran out of gas that raining night and along came Henry in his overalls who happens to be a person of inferior color. Henry didn't know whether to stop his '61 Cad convertible which incidentally will be paid for May 19, 1968 since he got this insurance money, or pretend he didn't see. But six miles is a long walk for a scientist that can't see so good any more on account of this incident last year in the orientation lab. So Henry took his chance. If you knew *Bofark* you could guess what happened; Dr. F. F. G. didn't hesitate at all. Sat in the front seat right besides him.

But to tell the unbelievable story of the rabbits which is the goddamndest thing you ever saw unless you've seen it. I keep thinking of Dorothy Xanathopulouski who, although white, pulls down only 334.58 a month.

Because once she came in I was petting this wingless duck that all it could do when it wanted to fly was vibrate. Frankly, its feet are grafted together too and since there are three, it always walked sidewards. Dorothy gave this cry of horror, not knowing it wasn't radioactive or anything.

"John!" she screamed, "you should be more careful!"

"I am careful," I said, "in bed."

At that moment we were very close together although far apart. I put Sophia Loren on the stainless table which is her name (the duck) and said I would wash my hands if that would make any difference.

"No! No!" Miss Xanathopulouski said, "I haven't got time for anything! I came to warn you about Mata Hari."

"Whom?" I said. Whereupon she pointed to Sophia who was walking toward the vault door, sideways.

"Mata Hari," she added repeatingly, and pointing, "that's a code 34 duck you're playing around with and it cost $34,852.48. I only typed it up just yesterday."

Meaning of course, she meant the duck had been specially rebuilt for Venus.

"You're crazy," I said, "it's Miss Loren who isn't even going to make orbit."

Now with this curious look Dorothy said, "John — how come you got past the security police with that bird?"

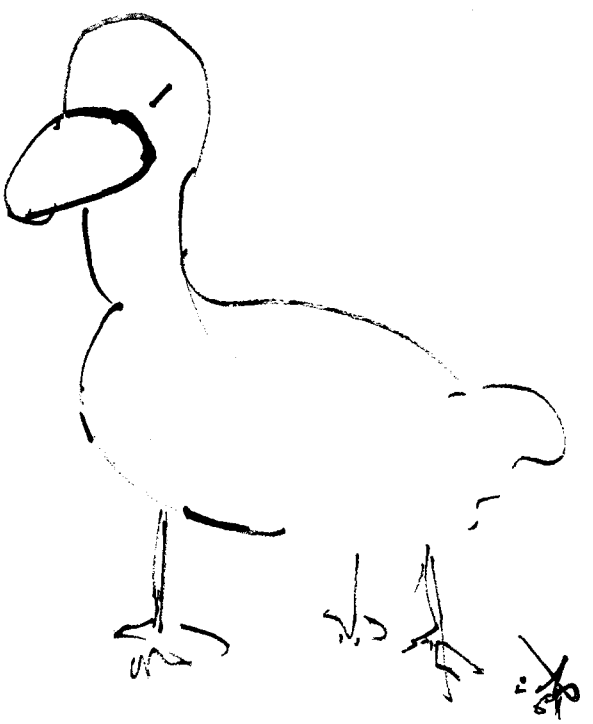
"Out having coffee," I told her.

"Not *all* of them!"

"Sure, Dot. Besides — cleaning the cages I got unrestricted run-around of the plant."

"But I thought you were a superintendent?"

"I am! But the cages got to be cleaned, don't they?"



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Instantly, Miss Xanathopulouski said nothing.

She turned and looked at my shoes, then at Mata Hari who I still know for a fact is Sophia. Then went. Out.

Maybe this is what keeps me from forgetting to remember not to forget to finish telling about the rabbit. I know that you are busy. There are these other unfortunate people that need seeing. Nonewhatsoever, I keep remembering Dr. D with those soft brown eyes despite the college degrees with her dart-gun loaded and very preoccupied. Because Dot D and Dot X both have one thing in common: women. Do not ask why but both remind me of these fixed Orangoutangs that masturbate every time you try to get them into their space suits. It used to be embarrassing because ladies present. Even Dr. Fricke would chuckle until tears came out, then his voice would go high pitched and he shouted, "Stop!" (Incidentally, *Planned* Apes are perfect little gentlemen that never drop their pants when women are present. Also, they never suicide-out, like moles or squirrels when they're up there alone.) So, there are always a few uneasy moments at *Bofark* when a fixed Orangoutang picks up a telephone and pretends to call its mother, as Dr. Dot says. I never understood what she means, yet here it is. And of course they do talk two-way on that closed circuit while orbiting in order to take instruction from John Glenn or anybody at Mercury. Why do I think of Dorothy X or Dr. Dot when I see this fouled ape running amok? Because of the coyote? The coyote, which I was going to discuss before hopping back onto the rabbits, weighs only 23 pounds since they cut off all unnecessary moving parts.

Although he is named "Saviour Sam" he cost *Bofark* $145,000 which almost bankrupt us and made a southern senator wild. Yet he will save the taxpayer millions since our rockets don't have the fire power like Reds. The Communists use people instead of rats because cheaper, but still have more push. — rockets. But it costs more money to train animals because in many ways a man like Gordo Cooper is superior; for example, Cooper knows *why* he is going into orbit whereas a rabbit, say, has got to take our word for it. He don't believe space is a matter of life or death. Even a coyote you tell not to eat its pellets now because he'll be hungry later don't give a damn. Or, at least he don't plan ahead. Tell a monkey the eyes of the world are watching him up there and he'll make

an ass of himself; puke or crap on camera. A duck with no wings will still try to fly, even up where there's no air. So it is man against animal except for the weight. Remember Professor Diamont in charge of Planetary Purification during that senatorial investigation. Tall and dignified. "We must first blanket the moon with chemicals," he said, "kill every living thing. Otherwise, American rodents will fall prey to disease. Better start with a clean slate." On the other hand, Major Muntz argues that there wouldn't even be a blade of grass to nibble on, provided there is grass on the moon. How do you know? My own theory is forget about the moon, simply blow it up so the Reds can't get there first, then go on past to a better world that is more cooperative. Once Professor Diamont asked Lt. General Fitzbaugh (who once he switches to bourbon is out to make a night out, inside MacElroy's) "How come they put all these big slobs in rockets instead of midgets or jockeys? We'd save ten billion bucks and go ten times as far!" Also, he added, little men are probably healthier and eat less in confinement. General Fitzbaugh shrugged. It is the Pentagon wants to have this Image, such as tall Americans in order to impress inferior peoples of other lands. "All right," Professor Diamont said, "so you can't get a man to the moon! Instead, it's got to be rabbits! Has a rabbit got prestige?"

Naturally I'm not paid much to think.

However, are they so sure if you sent some jockey like Willie Shoemaker up there that weighs only 78 pounds, maybe, it wouldn't have world famous publicity? But since he isn't an Army Colonel and gentleman they never invite him.

Actually, I see now I'm getting round to the rabbits after all.

For even if the enslaved people only put a

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mouse on the moon it is a sign of our own national weakness. Frankly, national morale goes lower whenever they go higher. Now with those Red girls up there last year the entire bottom has dropped out of space. I said we should of immediately sent up a child TV star or a Quiz Kid if not too old. That would of put us back into the initiative. Yet when I mentioned to Dr. Meisterschott the night they invented the *Tahitian Cooler* which contains rum, gin, bourbon, wine and three parts Scotch over grape juice he shook his head.

"John," he told me, "I'll just go on figuring my space diets and you just keep on with your shovelling and we'll get there."

Yet people are grouching. They feel ill at ease with fanatics sailing overhead. There's this controversial talk. Old ladies write to their Congressmen and demand to impeach Kennedy. The natives in Japan or Europe become restless because we're behind. Maybe there is new trouble in Viet Nam. The U. S. Embassy in Chile gets stoned. An American cannot row down the canals of Venice without getting razzed. MacElroy (unless the Yanks are doing better) gets moody and tells Erny not to slop it over the jigger when he pours.

Yet, despite, the spirit of our animals is high compared to those in the captive worlds, according to Dr. Mantle who is in charge of Universal morale. 1-a okay. They got confidence in our system and are ready. I will never forget to remember his inspiring words the night of the Open House I took Miss Xanathopulouski to when the coyote caught fire, which although somewhat terrifying, nobody actually was killed. He said we must pray as only Christians pray, and just when things looked darkest we would pass up the non-believing atheists. It

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might be this humble gopher that had sensitive transistor equipment where his eyesockets used to be, or the cat we're outfitting with a special exterior stomach. No matter how lowdown, they are all God's creatures. Frankly, I always get a funny feeling in my stomach about the cat, for supposing one of the tubes got jolted loose, or his stomach floated off because of no gravity? Anyway, when the coyote caught fire this is what actually blew up the gibbons, causing the cops to evacuate Rolling Hills tract although it proved unnecessary after the Geiger readings. People are always complaining on one hand, yet professing no sacrifice is too great. Actually the lake is still quarantined because the fish died but to hear some, you'd think *Bofark* was a menace to civilization instead of saving it.

I know you're in a hurry for me to get on. I have seen the expression before when they strap down an Exceptional Dog.

The coyote, though, has to do with the Open House and Dorothy and the rabbits and everything including why I am in here instead of out there. The *Open House* they have lots of demonstrations and exhibits. The Bikini goats which are usually locked up are on display, to kind of show that human people aren't the only ones making a sacrifice for liberty. Also, the goats have been reconstructed exactly as they were found by the mop-up crews after the tests. For instance, one has his head blown back where his tail was, so that with these horns he appears to have three tails. Another is all naked, but not loused up, since he was 32 miles from target. I happened to be escorting Miss Xanathopulouski to the Open House and there were several Kooks in the audience since it is open to anybody who is sincere and not a red, but one was tall and leered when you weren't looking and kept making remarks.

"It's a hell of a way for a Christian to behave," he said almost entirely to Miss Xanathopulouski, "they ought to be ashamed, sacrificing a goat! It's like a pagan ritual!"

"Did the flock fail to answer when the Lord called?" she replied, smiling, quick as that.

"Nobody called and asked these goats if they wanted to die," he came back, "especially Jesus Christ!"

Just then the security guards got all around him because we don't go for profane language in *Bofark*. But Dot asked them away, saying the man had a perfect right to say what he believed since this was America not Cuba or anything.

So everybody moved along, looking at things, especially the petrified monkey in her little space suit that would of gone into orbit hadn't she died in childbirth. We came to the actual life-size photos of the Hiroshima victims which always takes long at *Bofark* because here the people really want to know, and you could see *everything*, nothing was retouched. It made you glad to be working with a cause which was going to prevent anything like that happening here. Also, sick.

"It's lucky God was on our side!" a voice says, but loud and insincere. It was the Kook, but he had removed his hat, revealing him to be as bald as Khrushchev or Dr. Fricke.

"What do you mean," Dot said.

"I mean what I say. Just that."

He was looking at these two Japanese man and woman who had sort of melted together. Now he said, "Wouldn't it be more worthwhile if we spent all this money to help people in the world?"

"What money?" Dot said, or rather Dorothy Xanathopulouski.

"This space money."

"And let predatory atheists that are socialistic pollute the universe! Have you no sense of honor! No pride!"

The reason it happened because at the exhibit ahead Henry is supposed to take the coyote and Dr. Mantle out of the cage, simultaneous. The indoctrinations run on the half hour but Henry was listening hard. Therefore, the coyote walked out and Henry swung the door on Dr. Mantle who has the dart-gun just in case. Several people screamed. The coyote bolted. But not before quick-thinking old F. F. G. threw a match. Naturally the chemical emulsion on him (this coyote) is highly inflammable. He burst into flame. From the cage, Dr. Mantle fired but the dart hit a bar and glanced, then passed straight through this $56,000 cat with the $20,000 stomach that had only last week won the right to be the first American to reach Jupiter provided she lived until 1976. The coyote raced screaming down the steps and bumped into the gibbon cage. (which exploded) That of course cracked the thermonuclear vault in number 44, causing the alarm to go off while Dr. Fricke still had a few words left in his annual speech. We never saw the man again although the FBI has his hat and is working on it. Of course, there isn't any actual way to prove sabotage, yet, like they say, a few words are mightier than the sword. . . .

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Now you're actually going to hear about the rabbit this time.

Frankly, in the first place, they don't do what you usually think most rabbits usually do to most rabbits.

If we are ever going to dominate Space and keep it free, it won't be these Astronauts like Carpenter yet for awhile because of obvious technological problems, no, and this is where rabbits come in. But rabbits are merely (in a manner of speaking) fuel. That is, they ride along in the capsule for the coyotes to eat if you don't mind my being frank. By the time the coyote nears the moon he is in the final stage rocket, alive and well fed, but the rabbits, well, they died for a cause.

For that matter the coyotes don't make it there either.

After all, what would he eat once he landed inside those cold craters? No, he, too, is a martyr. Even if his parachute works. But there is always a life within a life, so to speak, which I shall immediately explain later.

The thing the rabbit does to the other rabbit if you go down to 39872 on that night, the night they do it, is to eat its refuse. Frankly, you have seen these pellets they feed rabbits that look almost like the pellets that come out the other end of the rabbit? This is where space science has come up with just one more brilliant stroke. Dr. Fricke has experimented days and nights.

Finally, after 20,000 rabbits, by selective breeding and gradual indoctrination, he has gotten one to do it; I mean, frankly, when one rabbit eats lettuce, it pushes out these here little fresh green pellets and the other one eats them. Especially since it is a legless rabbit and can't move.

It is quite an amazing thing to see while sitting in a bar, drinking.

Obviously you can carry only so much lettuce to the moon so if you have twice as many rabbits with half as much weight, the further the coyote can go. But before you start feeling sorry for the rabbit like some, please be advised about the coyote. After all, even if his parachute opened and he never chewed out of his space suit how long could he eat or breathe? Humane thing to do is kill him on impact. And here's where *Bofark's* thinking is as limitless as the universe! Frankly, just before the count-down, he has been injected with these living worm larva that feed on him the whole time he is making history. So finally when comes that historical day he lands, splat, on the moon, there is a new life all ready to carry on for Old Glory, so to speak.

To some, you're thinking, this may seem disappointing. After spending 67 billion bucks and all we got to show is this little American insect crawling around up there. I thought so likewise — That's why I set fire to Dr. Dot's skirt. (although for personal reasons too, as they insist in here) However, I now agree with what Dr. Meisterschott said that night at 39872 when drinking *Tahitian TNT's* which happen to be 18 parts gin stirred into laboratory alcohol with a dash of beer, and floated on coconut juice.

"Never think you got to apologize for what *Bofark's* doing, John! Just remember — one goddamned little maggot is as important to the world as space travel itself."

Which, of course, can be confusing if you look at it the wrong way because of not being on the inside.

THE WALK

The horizon like an open mouth,
we step off the road to discuss
its meaning. A feeling grows
against going ahead. We turn
around to retrace our steps.
It is daylight but the way back
takes us towards the dusk.
It deepens around us.
We mill about, touching faces
and bodies, trip and fall and trample
each other; cry out and run
towards light and in the light
stand thinking, until dusk
moves up on us. We start slowly
the walk again, facing
the distance.

TREMBLING

So when you find out your father
spends his days looking at nude photos
you yourself feel so happy and relieved.
Your stomach quakes, your head thick
with whispers, your legs trembling.

David Ignatow

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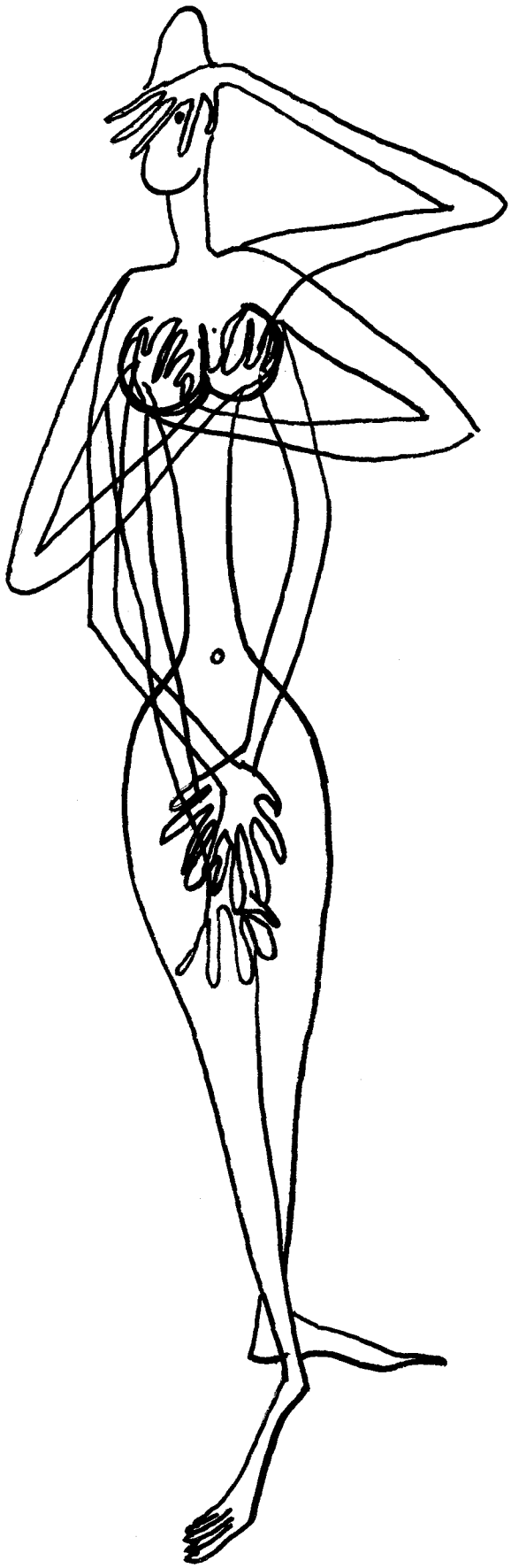

"Laughter is healthy and has the power to heal. But there is also the laughter of madness and sickness."

Pornography and the Lion's Share

Raymond P. Ewing

If a visitor would pick up any one of many best sellers in our bookstores, he would conclude that the brains of the American male are located in his gonads and that a woman's virtue is determined by her ability to tell the truth in the lowest common anatomical terms.

It has reached the point that if the action of some contemporary novel is not stitched together by an endless thread of four letter words, the reader feels compelled to comment on their absence. If one takes the trouble to browse at random through the collections at news stands, department stores, or book shops, he cannot help but reach the conclusion that some giant publishing combine, a sort of "Pornucopia Press," must be working day and night turning out this river (or sanitary canal) of low-brow, middle-brow, and high-brow trash.

The tide of porn, as its collectors call it, has not begun to ebb since the Supreme Court tore down the wall that once protected the public. The court seemingly laid down a simple rule to replace the double talk of the past century. The new rule asks: Does the book appeal to prurient interests? If the answer to this question is yes, then by extrapolation, the answer is no to the publisher and bookseller. If the answer is no, the book may be floated on the mainstream of popular bookselling regardless of any suggested or explicit act of obscenity which the book may incidentally portray.

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Now that the dike of prudery has been breached, a new tidal wave has appeared on the horizon. Its aim is to engulf the Supreme Court's last dictum. On its crest is the message, "We have the right to have our prurient interests appealed to — and even tickled — if we wish."

The fact that a case can be made for having our prurient interests tickled does not make it moral or socially defensible, any more than Schopenhauer's "Essay on Suicide" removed the moral stigma from that act or altered the timeless prohibition laid down by most religions.

No one argues with the thought behind Somerset Maugham's statement that every judge should have a roll of toilet paper on the bench before him when he pronounces judgment on a fellow human being . This reminder of fallibility and connection with the common life would be a valid and useful thing in the life of our judiciary. However, it is a long journey from that position to the position of many contemporary writers and their apologists who would place a pail of excrement on the bench — and on the coffee tables in our living rooms.

One does not have to be a sociologist, semanticist, moralist, clergyman, or psychiatrist to see that the language of the gutter is not appropriate to the living room. This is apparent to most people, except to certain publishers and authors.

We can go with Nelson Algren to a crib in New Orleans and be hypnotized by his descriptions of semen-soaked bed sheets, masochistic naval officers, and marginal men and women "who have had their chance" before the court of law and "don't deserve another" — men and women whose soul and very being have shrunk to the nerve centers between their thighs. The question is whether these people should be allowed to parade through our living rooms or into our studies, even though we admire, as in the case of Algren, the author's writing skill.

Putting aside the related, but overworked question of whether these books corrupt youth, the real question here is do these accounts contribute to the delinquency of adults? Do they have the effect of encouraging them to avoid performing their duties toward their fellow men in our civilized society of the Christian west? To extend this chain of questions, do these naturalistic accounts of psychopathic and defeated persons serve the purpose of acquainting us with the human condition of men and women we otherwise would never learn of or do they appeal to our prurient interests, gorge us with gossip, appeal to the latent sadism that seems to lie half hidden in mankind, confirm our hysterical bent to hedonism, which would pitch us headlong into the abyss of detachment and solipsism?

I think the question of intent is relevant here. There is a big difference between a Harold Robbins, say, who scraped *The Carpetbaggers* from the walls of public toilets, and other books by a writer like Irving Shulman, for example.

A reading of Robbins' book leaves one with the distinct impression that he intended to pander to the readers' fixations about the male and female pudenda, money (that other symbol of sex), and sadism. Fifteen years ago he would have been hailed into court as a pornographer. His book would have been suppressed and it would have enjoyed a brisk trade among a few hundred — or perhaps thousand — onanists who need assistance in preparing for their favorite diversion. Instead, it has flooded the land like hot copies of *Tobacco Road* a half generation ago and has been made into a movie for those who cannot read.

I don't think there is any question but that Robbins intended to be a sort of modern-day Zane Grey or Max Brand, but with this difference — he wants to take you below the belt where all the action is in modern fantasy. This is literary pandering and the authors and publishers who are engaging in it are becoming legion.

A writer like Shulman, on the other hand, although equally merciless in the use of profanity and obscenity, has the intent of portraying the basic social milieu with integrity. Although one can argue with the extent of the coarseness of his books, one can't argue with the seriousness of his intent. In a discussion I had with him last summer, he reminded me of the Chinese moralists of Confucius's day who believed in the doctrine of "the rectification of names" — those disapproving elders of Chinese society who felt everything would be righted if there was a "rectification of names" and fathers would act like fathers, sons, sons, leaders, leaders, etc. Shulman has almost a mystical belief that if we call all organs and acts by their gutter terms, instead of their medical terms or the more elegant variations middle-class society uses, the nation's mental health and basic integrity would be improved. Thus, he and a growing army of others, including Paul Krasna who edits *The Realist,* are dedicated to giving social mobility to gutter terms.

(One writer I know views this intent with alarm and is thinking of forming a Society for the Protection of Dirty Words. He argues that

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if all profanity and obscenity are introduced to polite society, we will have the gigantic task of inventing a whole new vocabulary of dirty words when some overpowering circumstance of life requires a choice expletive.)

Robbins *et al.* are writing books for the lip readers who suffer a mental hernia every time they try to pick up an idea any heavier than those found on the funny pages of their daily paper.

Laughter is healthy and has the power to heal. But there is also the laughter of madness and sickness. In which category does a book like *Candy* belong? Does *Candy* as a publishing event represent a perfect example of symbiosis — of a publisher's venality and of a reading public's concupiscence? Or is it, as some contend, a book of great satire and, as Nelson Algren says on its jacket, a book "we need"?

Neither *Time* magazine's jaded reviewers nor the leading book review supplements of our top metropolitan papers were influenced by the "great satire" argument. *Time* refused to call *Candy* anything but a "dirty book" and the papers have refused to accept advertising from Putnam, the publisher. If it is humor, it has all the humor of Bellevue or the mental ward of a state hospital. It reads like a conversation between two hopeless inmates as they head for their electric shock treatments. How can a novel

be judged humorous by any contemporary standards (except by those of nihilists) which depends for its climax on sadism, sacrilege, and incest — and incest on two levels simultaneously, with her earthly father and, symbolically, through a statue of Buddha, with her heavenly father. This last is the jest of two cosmic bad boys, Terry Southern and Mason Hoffenberg: man, the living end, the ultimate, to have their heroine buggered by Buddha. Like two retarded adult delinquents, each seems to be howling, "Hey, looka me, God. Ain't I wicked!"

In discussing a similar aspect in Salvador Dali's autobiography, George Orwell wrote twenty years ago:

> The point is that you have here a direct, unmistakable assault on sanity and decency; and even — since some of Dali's pictures would tend to poison the imagination like a pornographic postcard — on life itself.
>
> Obscenity is a very difficult question to discuss honestly. People are too frightened either of seeming to be shocked or of seeming not to be shocked, to be able to define the relationship between art and morals.
>
> It will be seen that what the defenders of Dali's are claiming is a kind of *benefit of clergy*. The artist is to be exempt from moral laws that are binding on ordinary people.
>
> One can see how false this is if one extends it to cover ordinary crime. . . . And, after all, the worst crimes are not always the punishable ones. By encouraging necrophilic reveries one probably does as much harm as by, say, picking pockets at the race tracks.

Today, producers of current pornographic ephemera are still defended by professional apologists who shrug and say such works are harmless — *books* never corrupted anyone. The argument that books don't corrupt reminds one of the cigarette-cancer controversy. As Jack Mabley, the widely read columnist in Chicago's *American* newspaper, has pointed out, every sex criminal that is apprehended is found to harbor a cache of hard core pornography in his room. Vice and homicide detectives from coast to coast verify his observation.

Many defenders of the freedom of the publisher argue that this is not proof that the literature corrupted the man and turned him to sex crimes. It is only proof that people with a propensity to commit sex crimes also collect the stuff. This argument is akin to the tobacco industry's pious acts of public handwashings, saying there is no proof that cigarette smoking causes lung cancer.

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It is legitimate for theoretical physicists and those thinkers, like Rudolph Carnap and the other logical postivists, who work with probability theories to say we should not, strictly speaking, talk of cause and effect, but only describe the sequence of events and the probability of one event being followed by another. They are working with a theory they find to be useful in their attempts to unify the sciences, a theory they will scrap the minute its usefulness ends. In short, it is an abstract viewpoint designed to keep the mind open when new data demand new theories and the rejection or modification of the old. However, in the complex arena of life, where it is no longer possible to abstract one portion, but one must try to navigate the whole universe, the theory no longer works. We must act as if we can cause ourselves or our environment to respond to our real or imagined needs. Indeed, we do this automatically, for life extracts from us the basic belief in cause and effect.

To believe that the recently legitimatized pornography will not egg on, at the least, vast groups of our society into acts of adult delinquency is incredibly naive. The very fact that these books and other material are legally or quasi-legally available in many large communities itself creates an air of permissiveness that rots the core of social stability, which every civilized society needs to succeed itself into the future.

Finally, if we did not believe that books and reading cannot or do not influence behavior, as these defenders of pornographic producing publishers maintain, then there would be little or no place for the printed word in our educational systems. The money expended on textbooks, manuals, etc., could all be saved and channeled into other areas of the curriculum. Instead, the printed word is charged with the lion's share of informing and inspiring action from the student in relation to life.

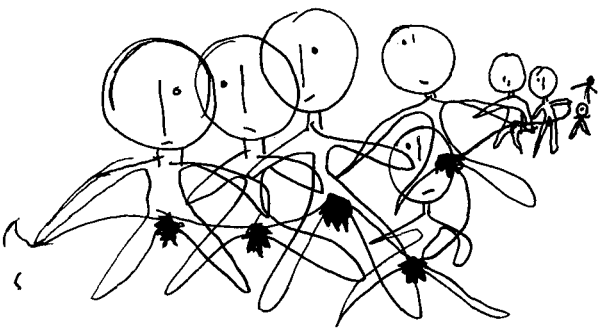
Another disturbing aspect of the current scene is that there are an awful lot of writers who have taken or are undergoing mental therapy. Their books seem to be serving as additional therapy — another opportunity to rub their liberated libidos off on the public, feeling morally self-righteous and smug while they do it. They apparently are rising from certain analysts' couches with a mission. "Ye shall know the word and the word shall make ye free." Unfortunately, the word is always a four letter one that most of us already knew in the first place.

What about people who buy large portions of the growing mountain of pornography or erotica? Dr. Franklin S. Klaf, in "A Psychiatrist Looks at Erotica," says:

> We feel that most collectors of erotica could be classified under the contemporary psychiatric term "voyeurism." The voyeur successfully represses a *scroptophilic* instinct, a primitive form of sadism which conceals sexual curiosity and presents the outpourings of another disorder. Who knows just what activities they might indulge in did they not pursue their strange hobby?

Later, Dr. Klaf writes:

> A more disturbing trend is the growing association of erotica with violence. There is mounting evidence that Americans are beginning to feel sexual pleasure when they see others experience pain as indicated by scenes of sadistic violence in television and films.



There is no question but that sex is one of the most deeply significant aspects of life and, as such, is within the legitimate domain of the writer and, ultimately, of the publisher. However, where do the proper boundaries of this domain lie?

Dr. Klaf suggests that "Public tastes, sometimes guided by professional critical judgment, must be the final arbiter. . . ."

Early in this century, the brilliant jurist Judge Learned Hand looked the problem in the eye and sought to define "obscene" as "the present critical point in the compromise between candor and shame at which the community may have arrived here and now."

Regardless of how we decide to make our authors and publishers accountable for their effects on our national life, it is clear that Putnam and many other publishers will have a lot to answer for some day for their contributions to the viciousness of contemporary life. A great French poet once said, "I want to be judged as much for the things I did not write, as for those that I did." Once we had publishers who could stand and be counted among men like this poet. I am afraid few — if any — are still on the scene.

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The Impact of the Triple Revolution

". . . who judges, and knows beauty, and can laugh, that is a man."

Hallock Hoffman

This is the season for revolutions, but in America our psychic climate has changed. Lately we are more interested in denying revolutions than in making them. We don't even enjoy discovering changes that are potentially revolutionary. In the United States revolutions are out of fashion.

Several months ago a group of men calling themselves an Ad Hoc Committee released an announcement they entitled The Triple Revolution. They said that three major changes in our circumstances had taken place; that these changes were largely unnoticed or even denied; and that these changes would cripple and finally extinguish our civilization unless we could recognize them and come to grips with them. That they were talking of matters close to the hearts of their countrymen was clear from the instant and wide-spread response. Their statement had, as the phrase goes, resonance. They set voices and typewriters and editorial pages ringing all over the country. Most of the vibrations that were stirred by the tones of their pronouncements were discordant — almost everyone who wrote or talked in establishment publications — disagreed. Several ridiculed. The mean or average response has denied the validity of the Committee's claim that revolutionary change has taken place. This is so similar to the now characteristic American attitude toward changes in political direction or organization in other countries that it is tempting to regard it as the same. Neither Cuba nor China nor a revolution in the nature of production may be recognized in the USA.

I'm going to try some guesses about why the Triple Revolution, at least in one part, was so painful to most of those who heard about it. First, let me state briefly the three propositions on which the statement rests.

The signers said that the mechanization and automation and cybernation of the processes of production were about to bring on a crucial and unmanageable unemployment — if we did not make radical changes in our economic ideas and practices. They said that the struggle for racial justice in this country was inextricably entwined with the present arrangement of the economic system, and that, without major changes in our economic ideas and practices, we were not going to bring about any sort of workable equality of status or opportunity for Negroes in this country. They said modern weapons are so powerful and so radically unmanageable, at least by traditional international balance of power games among sovereign and reckless nations, that great changes in world order must be made to preserve the peace; and they said we have to preserve the peace if we want to preserve mankind.

The signers of the statement are persons respected in a variety of fields. They included W. H. Ferry and Irving Laucks, my colleagues at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, acting as individuals, and not as representatives of the Center; Gerard Piel, publisher of the *Scientific American;* Robert Theobald; Stuart Hughes; Bayard Rustin; Dwight Macdonald; A. J. Muste; Norman Thomas; and a dozen or so more. The common characteristic of these persons is their freedom from economic dogma-

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tism. Some might be called capitalists, some socialists; most or all are pragmatists about how our U.S. economy should be organized . They agree that an economic system ought to be productive for human purposes — that it isn't worth preserving in some special form simply as a matter of abstract principle.

They note that the number of unemployed and under-employed persons is growing — although of course the number of people with jobs in our economy is also growing. So is the population. Then they take the commonly agreed figure of 2,000,000 jobs per year being eliminated by technical and machine processes for making more products with less human labor. They look at the information about where new jobs have come from in the last few years — and it turns out that almost none have been provided by private employers — almost all have come from governments — mainly state and local governments.

But production has not been reduced. On the contrary, we produce more and more of whatever we want each year; it is clear we could greatly increase present production, with no proportionate increase in employment.

A simple and unprejudiced man, looking at this sort of information, would raise up shouts of joy and exaltation. Soon we won't have to work. We will get machines to do the repetitive and onerous tasks needed by our society, leaving men and women free to pursue the activities that interest men and women — human activities, like taking care of each other; like teaching and learning, like thinking and judging and playing and loving. There remains the problem, of course, of deciding who should get what share of what is produced. But that problem is also disappearing — if in fact all that can be consumed of any given product is produced, there is no longer any difficulty about giving each person his share, for he can have as much as he wishes. Long before we can all have as much as we might learn to wish for, we would be able to make sure everyone had enough to live in dignity — that is, to live without a constant preoccupation about how to fend off hunger and weather.

We are coming into a new situation, in which, the Ad Hoc Committee wrote, "it is essential to recognize that the traditional link between jobs and incomes is being broken. The economy of abundance can sustain all citizens in comfort and economic security whether or not they engage in what is commonly reckoned as work. Wealth produced by machines rather than by men is still wealth. We urge, therefore, that society, through its appropriate legal and governmental institutions, undertake an unqualified commitment to provide every individual and every family with an adequate income as a matter of right."

This is the nub of the recommendation. It brought not cries of joy and exaltation, but shouts of derision and rage. I take a kind of twisted pleasure in this public response, because it confirms a view about the economy I have always held, a view never before shared (to my knowledge) by the editorial writers of such papers as the *Wall Street Journal* and the Los Angeles *Times*. In fact, it puts them exactly on line with a leader of the Indian Praja Socialist Party, J. B. Kripilani, with whom some time ago I had an argument quite reminiscent of the argument about the Triple Revolution. All of us agree that we use economic arrangements as a form of behavior control.

I had been trying to explain to Kripilani that an honest man, if he would take the present economic data and extrapolate it, would be forced to recognize we would shortly have a workless world. Kripilani didn't deny that this was possible. He thought it was possible but appalling. He wanted to stop it. His reasons were simple and good enough for him. He had seen unemployed people, and they kept getting into trouble. "The devil makes work for idle hands," he announced, with all the fervor of an 18th century middle-class Calvinist preacher. I tried to persuade him that the ingenuity that could think up the machines to relieve mankind of the drudgery of repetitive, mechanical labor could also help men to find humane, decent employment for their hands and minds. He thought I was a soft-headed idealist.

So do the economists and editorial writers who decried the appearance of the statement of the Ad Hoc Committee on the Triple Revolution. Their indignation strikes me as primarily moral. They are outraged at the thought that any men might escape the obligation to work — to work as they have always known work, by the sweat of their brows, as befits creatures conceived in iniquity and brought forth in sin. Their language is the language of economists: their tone is the tone of Moses, thundering against the children who want to enjoy what their parents never had. They say they are proving that the Ad Hoc Committee's recommendations are economically ruinous; but they

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sound as if they were trying to prove that the Ad Hoc Committee is recommending moral evil.

This imputation of mine may be unwarranted. But it is hard to reach any other conclusion upon reading the clippings of the remarkable editorial response to the publication of the Triple Revolution. There were many arguments offered against the signers, either as to the correctness of their judgment of the seriousness of economic dislocations, or as to their judgment about the means to improve the economic conditions of the United States. Almost all economists — except for the rather distinguished economists who signed the statement, are opposed to its propositions. But their oppositions do not stand up. *Some* time, even if not as soon as the signers of the statement believe, a constantly more cybernated system of production and distribution will reach the point where jobs will decrease in number — no matter how we seek to disguise this fact from ourselves — although the amount of goods produced continues to increase.

My contention — which is similar to that of the authors of the Triple Revolution — is that that point is close. We have invented many devices for self-deception, ranging from the 35-hour week with paid two-week vacations to the ever enlarging coffee break. In real terms — in terms of the actual demands upon the mental or physical energy of working persons — most of us work less today than we did even a generation ago. Our grandfathers worked a lot longer and harder than most of us do — and most of them worked at tasks requiring less education or training and less complex skills. But we, putting in less hours and working under conditions that would seem like luxury to those same grandfathers, turn out much more, whether goods or services. At some point, I say, this process will come to its logical end. There is nothing to stop its progress, and therefore unemployment — the absence of what are now called jobs — will have to be faced.

Why most economists cannot agree with this prediction is more than I can understand. Their conversation turns around elasticity of demand and inadequacy of monetary or fiscal policies — if we would only do this, or that, we could at once increase the demand for goods and absorb whatever productive capacity remains unused in the satisfaction of real needs. Of course in some respects this argument is correct. There are enormous unmet needs in this country. In fact, pointing to the plight of those in poverty and the fact that poverty falls unequally and far more heavily on the unskilled, who tend also to be the colored minorities among us, whose children are thereby condemned to endure another cycle of skills-not-acquired and opportunities missed, the Ad Hoc Committee declared that this is gross injustice, no longer excusable by any argument based on economic scarcity.

But, for the sake of understanding the point, take the words of the economists as gospel. Say we adopt their measures of monetary and fiscal policy, readjust the taxes and jiggle consumer credit. At some point human beings will simply have enough. However distant that point may be, there must come a time when we will reach it.

I am only arguing that affluence is conceivable, and that it is conceivable affluence may replace scarcity. There must be a different sort of economic theory to deal with the policies and decisions of an affluent economy. Present economic theory is constructed around problems of scarcities — the name "economics" means the science of allocating scarce resources among consumers some of whom will have to go unsatisfied. The economists have always excluded from their calculations items of which there was enough — air and water used to be examples.

There must be a different theory for an economy of abundance. It cannot be a theory resting on controlling human behavior by threatening men and women with starvation if they will not do what the society, in its corporate judgment, wants them to do. That is what our theories before now have always been about. First we human beings discovered the benefits of cooperation — we could, by organizing our efforts and specializing our skills and integrating our work through interactive communications networks, like markets, produce much more than we could as unorganized and unsocialized individuals. All could have a little more; and some could have a great deal more. As we put animals and then machines to work to enlarge our own physical capacities, we increased what could be made with a given effort. We were able to increase the amount that all could have, and increase still further the affluence of the few. The scheme we always used, until now, to force cooperation upon people who could not be taught to understand the reasons for it — there was never time to teach them, and the few were always frightened of what they might do, if they were edu-

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GOING TO RUSSIA

The pictures that I have of them are oval,
As I have heard that the earth
Is nearly oval.
Perhaps they were not so backward, after all.
My great grandfather,
After whom I take and am named after,
Stands near one of the tables
And he seems troubled.
Does he know what I do not know and never will
Or what I know only too well?

They are gathered with couches, tables and chairs
In a wide field or pasture
Somewhere, anywhere,
Standing as if they have just been dispossessed,
Almost sixty years.
And that whole world is in brown and in sadness,
Even the faces of the men.
Are they so certain?
Is that why they are all looking so sad?
How can they be so sure?

Will they meet in rooms, in secret and uneasy,
Risking a candle only?
Russian to Polish
To American, the subtitles change and the scenery;
And the loud chords grow
Unbearably loud and the light again
Goes out and the pianist,
Playing to no one,
Himself forgets to play and only stares up
At the screen. I have made this up.

I have not. I have lost something. I have lost
Something in the translation.
I have my great aunt's
Shawl and a delicately embroidered cloth
And I have nothing.
The details of their lives are lint in my pockets.
If I go back to Russia
If I should go back
Who would be waiting there with all those secrets?
Will the real Anastasia

Please stand up? And it would get me nowhere.
It would only leave me off
Where they have gone off
Into a life of newsreels and pictures
With everything there,
Leaving a world which exists in negatives
Only. Meanwhile, I have writ-
Ten out my ticket
Into the featureless landscape of their lives,
So blank and so intricate.

Stephen Parker

cated and understood — was to starve them if they would not work. The science of economics, or political economy as it was better called, was the science of designing the best scheme for allocating among a population what was needed by it to assure that the most valued members would survive. This always meant that many others had also to survive, poorly, but able to work. There was never enough for all to have enough; and all had to be kept at work if any were to have enough. Now, quite suddenly, within a single generation, we have so energized and mechanized our processes for making and doing that all could have enough. It has happened so suddenly it is no wonder we do not know quite what to do with ourselves.

It is this, I believe, that accounts for the bitterness and hostility of the attack on the authors of the Triple Revolution. Many many more of us have much much more than ever before. But the old psychic habits still control us; we are frightened of what might happen if everybody has enough. What would keep us in line? Why would anybody work, if nobody had to? Men are basically evil, we always thought, ready to turn their idle hands to sinful enjoyments — but what we overlook is that the sins the devil puts the idle hands to work at were sins only because we had to keep those hands busy at the tasks needed for the common good.

There is another style of life, and there is reason to think most men could live it. The Greek and Roman and Continental and English and Jeffersonian and Chinese aristocrats — those men of natural virtue and talent that Adams and Jefferson talked about — those were men who had the leisure and the education to know what to do with their bodies and their minds. The result of such education and leisure has never been to make men lazy, but to make men into men. A man who does the work of a horse is hardly a man; a man who does the work of a calculating machine is, now that there are many, cheap and able calculating machines, nothing more than a calculating machine. But a man who judges, and knows beauty, and can laugh, that is a man. We can, more and more of us, aspire to such manhood. All that stands in our way now are the old habits of mind and action that we continue only because we will not dare to understand why we once needed them, and why we need them no more.

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Japanese Market

Phil Troyer

I work in a little Japanese outdoor fruit and vegetable market called "Farm Fresh Gardens." It is on a busy corner on North Broadway Street at a four-way intersection. It is a very warm Sunday morning and the sun is boiling. The flies buzz around the chocolate "Tom Thumbs" melting on the shelf. A quick deluge of water makes the pavement steam and leaves a damp dusty smell of canvas and rotten watermelon. The traffic squeals by on the hot pavement, and the cash register in the sun is too hot to touch. An awning, to the sidewalk, protects the vegetables and fruit. In the afternoon a truck will bring a sack of ice to cover the vegetables. At one end of the market there are boxes of flowers, and a walk-in freezer where it is cool and comfortable, and the green peppers, stacked in their crates, feel delightfully smooth and plastic. At the other end is a large tank full of water with a block of ice in it for the watermelon, and a scale to weigh them on. There are a dozen kinds of watermelon, from Arizona, California, Texas, Colorado and Alabama. Some are seedless, some have yellow meat, and some weigh up to thirty pounds, six and a half cents per pound. It is against the law to take plugs, but if we don't, the customers will complain and we will lose their business.

There are crowds of people, families, couples, children, mostly Mexican and Negro. There are blue-jeaned, pimply-faced Spanish boys around the pop cooler with newspapers, rolled up cone shape, full of cherries, and they are spitting the pits at each other and into the street. They have long slick black hair and mustaches trimmed close to their upper lips, and crude, handmade, indelible ink crosses on their arms and hands.

A Negro family comes crashing up in a rusted old red and blue Buick. At the windows there are half a dozen dark faces and a mother trying to hold them in the car. The father carries a small boy on one shoulder and a watermelon on the other back to the car.

A Negro mammy, very fat, with four little white boys, dirty, blonde-headed, complains about the watermelon, "This should be thrown in the trash. I'll tell a thousand people never to shop here."

"You're standing on my shoe. Get off or I'll piss on your leg," says another woman at the watermelon tank.

A freckled, blonde, curly-headed truck driver from Georgia buys a dozen ears of corn and an ice cream bar. His left forearm says, "I love Palm Beach, 1948." A Negro Zen Buddhist with kinky, shoulder-length hair, who lives in the mountains, buys a month's supply of vegetables. Four ragged little Mexican boys have empty pop bottles to exchange for sunflower seeds.

Mary Ishamoto, the owner's wife, wears a white apron and works at the market eighteen hours a day. She is a tiny Japanese woman and is always very busy, stack-

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ing the fruit, watering the flowers, tapping the watermelon to see if they are ripe, waiting on customers, working at the cash register. In the late afternoon Tommy, Mary's husband, arrives in a truck with a pink cab to match their car, and he brings the little girls with him, Irene, six, who can't pronounce her name and says "Iween," and Judy, eight, who wears glasses. They have been at home, helping their father, working in the garden, doing the house cleaning, and cooking the evening meal, noodles, rice, enchiladas, which they bring with them in a steaming, covered dish.

In the evening, as the sun goes down, it cools off. Tommy brings an orange crate out to the edge of the sidewalk and sits with his back to the street. Judy and Irene are pulling a wagon with watermelon in it to a customer's car. Rickey and Gary, eleven and ten, young sons of the owner who work in the afternoons, are engaged in a footrace up and down the sidewalk. Rickey bought a stopwatch with the money he saved, and he gives it to me to time them.

Down the street the big General Tire sign lights up, and the night traffic begins to roll through the intersection. At ten o'clock we are all sitting on orange crates on the sidewalk; there are fewer customers to wait on. Then my friend, Ray Smith, the nightwatchman, arrives in his battered Mercury convertible. He is a young man, twenty-eight, with a fine full mustache. He has a husky build and looks very neat in his clean cotton shirt, work pants, and high-laced leather boots. He has dark eyes and a smooth complexion and is very handsome. He has a paper sack full of hamburgers, and a thermos full of black coffee, and a piece of foam rubber to sit on.

Ray moves about very slowly, burns some pasteboard boxes, and begins to sweep, waiting for the market to close so he can go to work. Rickey says, "Hey, look; look how slow Ray sweeps," and the others laugh, but Ray sweeps slowly and it doesn't matter. Since his accident on the motorcycle, Mary says he moves very slowly and can't see sideways without turning his head. But it doesn't bother him, when they kid him about it. "I was almost dead once, Mary; how do they expect me to work very fast," he says.

At midnight it is time to close the market. Tommy and Ray unroll a large bale of chicken wire and stretch it from one end of the market to the other, past the watermelon tank, past the fruit and vegetables and walk-in

TOURIST COUNTRY

Shadows, like Navahoes, wear velvet
like the Navahoes, and they too have silver,
carry a blanket over a shoulder,
and guard gold corn in its earth hogan.

Light here always demands — where?
when it comes. Day turns it on
and it will stay, hold pictures against the wall;
it props cliffs above churches all over Mexico.

Glances go feathery and fringed, use
little of the available light; stares are rationed
among Indians, can measure how far
you are from, and polish your shoes.

Stones here meet the sun abrupt,
one edge at a time. What can yearn outward
more than these big rocks? Each one
cools fast in the dark and re-learns at night

— Oh so sincerely — its local part.

THE BURNING HOUSE

What does the floor hear — that cousin to earth?
A little tap, determined. Coming? No one.
Then a chair scrapes, and everywhere thunder.

Now everywhere has my home, reclaimed
earth, dust: it crossed borders, crept
under the praying emperor's knee.

Oh mansion all windows now!
Deepest and wildest home — the swallows' barn,
or — "Fish, let me shake your fin."

My home is a home for all. Come in.

William Stafford

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freezer. Then Tommy turns off the lights, empties the cash register, gives Ray a wooden nightstick and a .38 revolver, and Ray sits on a stool, on the foam rubber, feet up, and waits for morning.

Monday is my day off and Sunday nights I sit up with Ray and we drink coffee, eat the hamburgers, and talk. We listen to the voices in the street and watch the shadows go by. A patrol car stops out front and a policeman wants to know if he can buy a loaf of bread and a tomato. Ray pushes them under the chicken wire and puts the change in a small dish. It is quiet except for the swoosh of traffic and some music from a bar on Lawrence Street. Then we hear a couple, drunk, arguing on the street corner, and we see the man knock the woman down in the street, and then they disappear together.

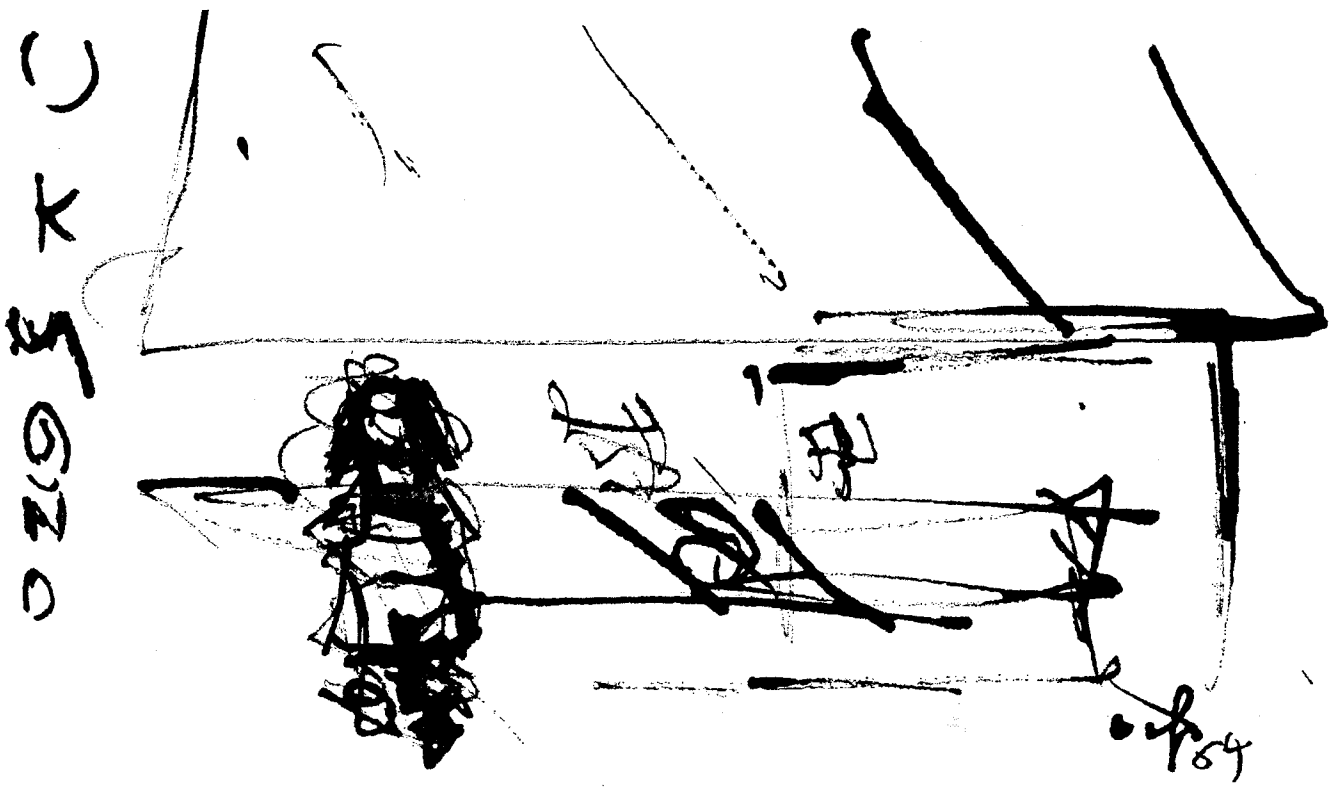
Ray says that his home is in Dubuque, Iowa. His brother is a dental technician there, and Ray once drove a taxi. He was arrested for stealing a policeman's motorcycle, and that is why he is in Colorado. He spent two years in prison here, and his mother moved out so she could visit him. Now he is on parole.

There is a commotion at one end of the market. We listen, and make out an old man, a wino, reaching under the chicken wire. He must be trying to steal a flower pot. It is all right, Mary gives them away. It is too late in the summer for flowers, but Ray slams the wooden nightstick on the table top and the old man runs across the street, and we laugh.

There is a little Spanish girl who clerks days at the market. Her name is Theresa, she is fifteen and has dark, smooth skin and bright eyes. Ray has a crush on her. When he gets off work in the morning, he goes home and sleeps until noon, and then he comes back to the market to sit on an orange crate and watch Theresa wait on customers. She has snug little blue-jeaned hips, and her blouse is knotted above her bare waist. Ray watches her and tries to talk to her, when she isn't busy.

There is a young boy named Eddy who also works days. He is Spanish, about Theresa's age, and slick with the girls. He also likes Theresa, and she seems to favor him. Eddy always kids Ray about Theresa. "She's not your type, man," he says. "There's a babe for you, Ray," he laughs, pointing to a stout old Negro woman who has just entered the market.

Once when Theresa was sick at the hospital, recovering from an appendix operation, Eddy asked to leave work to take her flowers. When he came back, he told Ray, "Man, she was real glad to see me. I gave her some flowers Mary gave me." Ray went home and put on a suit. At his mother's apartment he picked up a pack of cigarettes and a magazine, that his mother's boyfriend had left, to take to Theresa. At the hospital the magazine turned out to be a year-old issue of *Farm Journal*. Theresa doesn't smoke, and when Ray said to Theresa, kiddingly, "Give me a



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kiss or I'll slap you," the nurse threw him out.

At two a.m. I go to an all-night restaurant to refill Ray's thermos and to buy more hamburgers. In the restaurant is an attractive redhead, and I know why she is there. When I get back to the market, I tell Ray about her and he phones the restaurant. The waitress calls her to the phone. At three a.m. she arrives in a cab, and she and Ray disappear into the restroom at the rear of the market. When they come out, Ray gives her two watermelon and a sack full of cantaloupe. He doesn't have any money.

Ray tells me about his motorcycle accident; I have heard part of the story from Mary. He was on his way to the hospital, where he worked as an orderly. He was going very fast and his motorcycle jumped an arterial and crashed into a lamp post, and Ray lay unconscious in the hospital for six weeks. The day he regained consciousness, his best friend died of cancer in the same hospital. The nurse told Ray about this and said his friend had prayed for him. When Ray left the hospital, he went to see his friend's widow to console her. He tells me about this and adds, regretfully, "I ended up sleeping with her on the living room floor."

At five a.m. Tommy shows up at the market. Ray has dozed off, and I wake him quickly. Tommy has probably been out with another woman and is afraid to go home to Mary. Mary cannot have sex since her last child. Tommy wants me to go to the market with him, and we drive across town in the pre-dawn darkness. At the market are row upon row of trucks, sleepy-eyed men sitting on the tailgates, and baskets and baskets of hollow pinion, peppers, radishes, cucumber, and squash. Tommy has lost five hundred dollars tonight at the dog races. His wife had given him the money to pay the canteloupe bill and now it is gone. He borrows the five hundred from a truck driver. At seven a.m. we return to the market with the truck loaded with produce. I help Tommy unload it. Now Mary has arrived to help Ray open the market. She has had less than five hours of sleep and looks very tired.

At my car, Ray tells me he is leaving his job. "While you were gone with Tommy," he says, "I tipped over the cigarette machine to shake the change out of it. Forty cents was all I got, and now the cigarettes are in the wrong slots and all mixed up. Tommy will find out."

I help Ray roll up the chicken wire. He won't be back at noon to watch Theresa. Already there are customers for bread and milk.

It is going to be another hot day.

Mark Twain, Smoker

Merton Babcock

Mark Twain was firmly convinced that "any cigar is good that nobody else will smoke" and that "all cigars are bad that other people consider good." This rule of thumb served the author in two important ways. It saved him buckets full of money in a lifetime of smoking, and it kept unwelcome guests from cluttering up his living quarters.

The famous humorist seemed to understand that the Devil had invented tobacco, and that crusaders for "truth" and "righteousness" could never rest until the last vestige of it had been eradicated from Christian society. He derived endless delight in proving, as far as he was personally concerned, that the noblest efforts of the reformers had miserably failed. He experimented with innumerable varieties of "vicious" tobacco before he discovered that the least expensive brand of cigars were most effective in smoking out the obnoxious do-gooders who took a meddlesome interest in his personal habits. He finally settled on one called *Stinkadora Manuro* which he purchased in gross lots for his diabolical purposes. They cost him three cents apiece by the bale, and, according to his own testimony, "they were worth every penny of it."

Mark Twain may not have been born with a cigar in his mouth, but it wasn't long before he demanded one, because from the moment he first whiffed the seductive aroma he became a devoted slave. His first two years with the habit were unofficial, but after his father's death, he made a public spectacle of it, and within a few months his Pittsburg stogie had become an integral part of his character and of his devilish personality. Furthermore, it was as essential to his good health and psychological well-being as say Scotch whisky or strong coffee. Eighteen months before he died, he announced, "I am seventy-three and a half years old, and I have been smoking seventy-three of them. But I never smoke to excess — that is, I smoke in moderation — only one cigar at a time."

Apparently the first thing Mark Twain did in the morning was to light a cigar, and the last thing he did at night was to put one out. He even smoked a couple during the night on occasion. "I smoke in bed until I have to go to

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sleep," he said. "I wake up in the night, sometimes once, sometimes twice, sometimes three times, and I never waste these opportunities to smoke." He made it a standard rule never to smoke when asleep and never to refrain when awake. At the top of his career, he swore off for a brief period at his wife's insistence, but as soon as recess was over he made up for all the time he had lost.

Mark Twain was a firm believer in prohibition and pledges for anyone but himself. "I have stopped smoking now and then, for a few months at a time," he said, "but it was not on principle, it was only to show off; it was to pulverize those critics who said I was a slave to my habits and couldn't break the bonds. Once I pledged myself to smoke but one cigar a day. I kept the cigar waiting until bedtime, then I had a luxurious time with it. But desire persecuted me every day and all day long; so, within the week I found myself hunting for larger cigars than I had been used to smoke; then larger ones still, and still larger ones. Within the fortnight I was getting cigars *made* for me on a yet larger pattern. They still grew and grew in size. Within one month my cigar had grown to such proportions that I could have used it for a crutch. It now seemed to me that a one-cigar limit was no real protection to a person, so I knocked my pledge on the head and resumed my liberty." When one of his friends announced that he was about to give up smoking, the author quickly vetoed the idea. "It is turning one's back upon a kindly Providence to spurn away from us the good creature he sent to make the breath of life a luxury as well as a necessity, *enjoyable* as well as useful," he said. When his over-solicitous friends urged him to quit, promising that it would add a decade to his life, he said, "They little knew how trivial and valueless I would regard a decade that had no smoking in it."

On one notable occasion the tables were turned, and Mark Twain played the role of advisor for a run-down sickly woman who had reached a point in her poor health where medicines were no longer effective. The author told her he could put her back on her feet in a week if she would follow his simple directions. She brightened up immediately at the prospect, promising to do anything he asked. He demanded that she stop swearing and drinking and smoking and eating for four days straight running, predicting that then she would be all right again. She said she would be delighted to do what he asked if she could, but that it would be utterly impossible to stop swearing and smoking and drinking. "I have never done any of those things," she said.

"So there it was," said Mark Twain triumphantly. "She had neglected her habits and hadn't any. She had nothing to fall back on. She was a sinking vessel, with no freight in her to throw overboard and lighten ship withal. Why, even one or two little bad habits could have saved her, but she was a moral pauper. These things ought to be attended to while a person is young," he advised, "otherwise, when age and disease come, there is nothing effectual to fight them with."

Mark Twain had no such trouble himself. He possessed nineteen injurious habits, by his own count, which he could quit at any time without discomfort or inconvenience. His various experiments with tobacco had disclosed the secret of cutting loose from the habit. The root of the difficulty is not in the *smoking,* he decided, but in the *desire* to smoke. "These are very different things," he proclaimed. "The desire, of course, precedes the act; and should have one's first attention; it can do but little good to refuse the act over and over again, always leaving the desire unmolested, unconquered; the desire will continue to assert itself, and will be almost sure to win in the long run. When the desire intrudes, it should be at once banished out of the mind." By this method, Mark Twain calculated that the most devoted addict could conquer the habit in two weeks.

In his battles with the reformers, the cigar-smoking author depended to a large extent on his natural gift of humor which often saved him from an embarrassing situation. Once in a Kansas hotel, he was cornered by a crusading prohibitionist who was gloating over the successful attacks made upon alcohol.

"We finally cleared demon rum out of the state," the crusader was saying. "Day after day — week after week — month after month of indefatigable labor finally produced its sterling reward. We never let up for one moment. We finally got rid of liquor. Yes, sir, we went after liquor and we got rid of it. And when we've banished liquor from every state in the Union, we're going after tobacco."

Mark Twain, who up to this point in the impassioned harangue had found no opportunity for protest, reached into his pocket, took out his pipe, stood up, glanced toward the tobacco counter in the hotel lobby, and said:

"Good. I'm going after some now."

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The Road Through Myton

Wallace Kaufman

Saying "Think it over soldier," the evangelist let me out on the highway in Vernal, Utah, four hundred or so miles from Ogallala, Nebraska, where he picked me up. As I watched him drive off, I thought "Yeah, I'll think it over — over and over and over. You're years too late, mister." And I remembered one summer night when I was ten and after months of secret praying in a weedy vacant lot in Brooklyn. I challenged God to answer me, give me a sign or lose me — me one of the most devout disciples he'd ever had, or so I saw myself. Well, the next morning he had lost me, and since then a lot of other people have won — Schopenhauer, Shelley, Clarence Darrow, Will Durant, Nietzsche, Albert Einstein and some I can't remember. What was next I never knew and at the time of this particular trip I didn't much care because I was trying not to think just then. Anyway you see how many things I've tried and you can understand why I wasn't going to be won back by an evangelist, a fundamentalist following the tracks of Billy Graham to see that everybody who'd said yes to the big chief would stick to their promises after he'd pushed on.

But I shouldn't speak so harshly of that evangelist because before he picked me up I had stood in Ogallala no less than ten hours, long enough to see the sun set and rise again while probably three hundred Christian drivers whizzed by my humble thumb. Why the evangelist picked me up I don't know. I suppose he's a kind of salesman and salesmen, as every hitchhiker knows, are pretty decent about giving rides. I might add most of them don't try to sell their product to you. (To this criticism, the evangelist, if I can do him the favor of arguing for him, would say, "You don't need money to buy what I'm selling.")

So after four hundred miles I was in the town of Vernal, Utah which was not really a town, just a few buildings strung out along both sides of the highway. "Oh, for Chrissakes," I said to myself as I walked to the edge of town, "here goes another ten hours." I wasn't really in a hurry. I still had a week's leave time in which to get back to my base in Los Angeles. The problem was finding something to think about while I stood around almost hurting from lack of a good sleep and sweating in my uniform which was an airman's, not a soldier's as the evangelist thought.

The problem of boredom was temporarily put off by a stroke of luck. It just so happened that at this end of town there was a Phillips 66 station and tied to a stake outside the proprietor's house in back was an old billy goat. To some people this wouldn't have been much of a diversion, but I have the proverbial soft spot for animals — maybe a result of growing up in Brooklyn with only a mute dog for a pet. I always

imagined me and that dog on a farm, but the closest I got to that was Central Park Zoo. In the absence of other animals I turned to insects for a few months, and to this day I am probably the leading expert on ant activity in pavement cracks and around old chewing gum.

I watched the goat for an hour, then was bored for an hour. I got a ride, but only a short one. Two steel-helmeted construction workers let me out in Roosevelt, some thirty miles along, without saying any more than "where you going," "get in," and "this is where you get out." I said, "Thanks a lot," and hopped out, throwing my bag ahead of me, just in case they had thought of driving off with it. The next ride was in back of a pick-up and just a measly five or six miles to a little fork-in-the-road called My-

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ton. I shouldn't have taken such a short ride to no where, but I would rather have been riding than standing and I didn't bother with long-range planning.

The sky had begun to cloud up when I was between Vernal and Roosevelt and by now it was gray and dirty. The bottoms of the clouds were uniformly flat and hanging close over the treeless land as far as I could see in any direction, they made me think the world was a room with an oppressingly low ceiling, yet a room so vast the buildings of Myton seemed fragile sticks of furniture. Just then I seemed to be the only person in the room. Right by the road on my side was a small shed which looked like it had been used for storing tools or feed. Across from me a narrow dirt road forked off the highway and disappeared over the horizon. About a quarter mile up that road was a big frame farmhouse with a barn and some smaller buildings behind it. Besides a run-down, stucco store a half mile or so ahead of me and a closed gas station the same distance behind me, that was all there seemed to be in Myton — me and a few buildings and every now and then a threatening sprinkle of rain — not even many cars passing through. I stuck my thumb out only five times in three hours.

When I thought I detected daylight deserting me, I heard someone yell. I looked up the dirt road and there was the kid. He was jogging towards me dressed in blue jeans and a flannel shirt — a tow headed kid of about eight or nine, the all-American farm boy, just the kind you see in tooth hygiene posters when you're in school except this one had slightly buck teeth. He yelled again before he got across the highway. "Hey mister, what're you doin' here."

I waited till he came across and I said, "What are you doing here?"

"That's my house," he said. "My pa owns this land, all of it, far as you can see."

"Well, is that so?" I said. I thought next thing this kid would do would be to tell me I had to ask permission to be there.

"Yeah, I'm waiting for a ride."

"Is somebody comin' for you?"

"I hope so, I don't intend to live here." I wanted him to beat it so I would have a better chance for a ride, but for some reason I didn't tell him point blank to scram. Maybe I had been without anyone to talk to for too long. The evangelist had talked, but he talked *at* me not with me, and he only listened to see if I agreed or disagreed.

"Who's comin' for you?" the kid asked.

"Nobody particular, I just ask everybody who comes along."

"Where you goin'?"

"California."

"Whyn't you ask my pa for a ride? He'll take you to California. He's got a car an' a truck an' three tractors."

"Well, it's a little far for your pa to take me and I'll probably be getting a ride any time now." He looked disappointed as if I'd just told him his old man was really a helpless kid like himself. He hitched up his jeans (which immediately slipped down again) and looked at the sky. A strong wind was beginning to blow, driving widely scattered drops of rain with it. I felt a shiver go through me as one of the drops hit the back of my neck.

"What's *your* father do?" he asked me suspiciously as if my father might have recently done him some harm.

I didn't like the way he put the question to me, like a bullying sergeant I had in boot camp. On top of that I was fed up with the way things in general were going. I thought for a moment, then I told him what I was too stubborn or cowardly to tell myself yet. I said, "You know what my father does? Well, he doesn't do anything, he's dead." Before he could reply I went on, talking almost as much to myself as to him. "He was killed last week. How about that?" I listened to myself saying it — you know how when you've wanted to say something for a long time and finally say it, it's so familiar you don't even have to think about talking, you just listen. While I was talking aloud to the kid, inside me I was hearing two other voices. One said, "You bastard, you shut, shut up." The other said, "You tell him, that's right, give him Truth." Behind the phony rationalization of that second voice I smiled dryly and watched the kid's face.

He asked, "Did somebody shoot him?"

"No, no, he was in a car crash," I said, and feeling he had somehow gained the upperhand, I retreated from the subject. I looked up the road. "Not too many cars come by here, do they?"

"Nope, d'ya want me to ask my father if he'll take you to California? We have an aunt in California."

"Nope, don't ask," I said, "I'll get a ride."

"No you won't."

"Why not?"

"You just won't."

He said it in such a confident and unbelliger-

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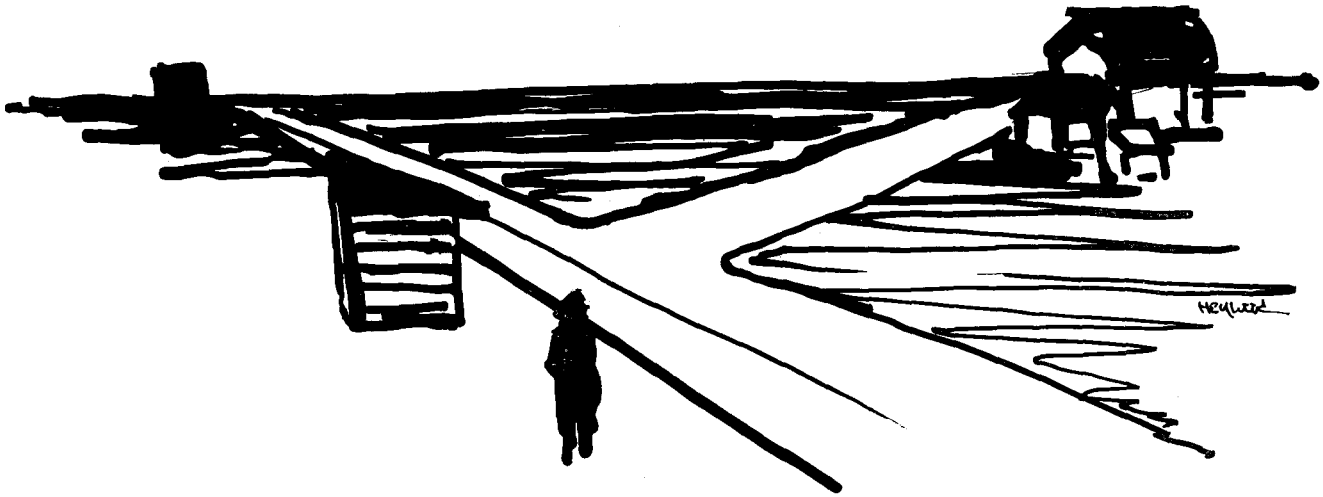

ent voice I was ready to believe him, except believing him wouldn't have helped me any. I looked up the road hopefully, and not in vain because a minute later a big semi-trailer truck appeared in the distance and came roaring towards us. As I stuck out my thumb I wished the kid wasn't there, but surely the driver would know he wasn't with me. In the end it didn't make any difference.

"He waved to you," the kid said. "How come he didn't stop?"

"I guess he had somewhere to go, or else he didn't have any room."

"You know what?" the kid said.

"What?"

"I wish *my* father was dead."

"Oh, you do. Why?"

"Because he won't get me a pony."

"Oh, why not?" I played along to make up for some of the bastardly things I'd said and to pass the time.

"He says we don't have the money. So I'm gonna buy him myself."

"How much will it cost?"

"About fifteen dollars."

"And how much you got now?"

"A dollar and fifty cents."

"Well, you still got some saving to do." I wanted to tell him he'd get it one day, but I'm no good at that sort of back-patting. It would have been lying anyway, and he didn't seem to need lies to give him confidence. I thought, "He probably knows right now he won't get that pony, like me when I was a kid saving for a set of electric trains."

"Are you in the Army?" he asked, looking at my cap.

"Nope, I'm in the Air Force."

"What's that?"

"That's where they have planes."

"How come *you're* not in a plane?"

I looked at the single chevron on my shoulder and explained as best I could, but the way his face changed I might be telling him airplanes weren't real.

As if consoling me for my lowly rank (which with the inability to fly probably seemed like a form of punishment to him) he said, "Why don't you come home and have supper with us?"

"Well, I don't think that'd be a good idea. I don't even know you."

"I'm Raymie," he said, solving the problem just like that.

"Yeah, well I'm Ted, but I still don't think I could have supper with you. I mean your father and mother might not like you bringing a stranger."

"I know, I'll go and ask him. They'll be looking for me pretty soon anyway." I tried to tell him not to ask but he said, "You wait here," and started to run away, beating his thigh with his hand as if it were a horse.

"Hey," I yelled just as he got to the other side of the highway. He stopped. "C'mere a minute." He galloped back and I took a dollar bill out of my pocket and gave it to him. "Forget about supper," I said, "but add this to the money you're saving for that pony."

"Great, thanks," was all he said before he galloped off again. It was all I wanted him to say. I hate a lot of fuss about giving and receiving. "Don't give unless you mean it and don't take unless you can use it; be thankful but don't be noisy; it's what you do with the gift, not what you say about it that counts." That's my give and take philosophy in brief.

It was almost dark when I saw the kid disappear around one side of the house. The wind was picking up and so was the rain. I was beginning to shiver even with my trenchcoat on. It was still keeping off the rain, but the

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government stuff wasn't all that efficient, and I knew if the weather got serious, I'd be soaked in a few minutes. If it didn't get serious, but just kept up in little sprinkles like it had been doing, I would have to wait an hour or two before the water got through.

My legs were tired from standing by the road and walking through a hundred towns between New York and Myton. In Brooklyn I could have borrowed the money for the bus from one of my brothers or my Aunt Carol whose husband owned a grocery store, but I didn't want to be in debt to any of them, and I couldn't see myself cooped up in a bus either. The four days I'd spent back home had been like a sentence in a prison where not only what you do is regulated, but where your fellow prisoners and the guards are permitted to say only certain things to you. It was the same everywhere — at the funeral parlor, next door, in the candy store — as soon as they saw you they said, "Gee Ted, I was sorry to hear about your father." It was like that the one night when I got out and went to a bar. "That was terrible about your father, Ted. Sorry to hear it." What the hell can you say in return to show you're not just a formula? It got so every time someone opened his mouth I said to myself, "Yeah, it *was* terrible wasn't it? I'm sorry too." You can't believe in death when everybody is making it out to be something it isn't.

I wished they all could have been there in Myton and heard that kid say "I wish *my* father was dead," and "Did somebody shoot him?" Maybe they wouldn't talk so automatically about death. When my old man was alive no one heard anything about him. When he died they talked like he had been Saint Francis in disguise. Didn't they ever hear my father curse when he was drunk? Didn't they know he threw my brother Larry into the street because he fell in love with a Catholic? Don't they know I joined the Air Force to get out of his house? The only thing he was ever good at was being a machinist, but of course nobody said peep about that. Why the hell does death make everything so good? You'd think God gave us death like a big eraser to wipe the slate clean so someone could fill in the space with *He Was A Good Man.*

It was dark now and there were lights on in the farmhouse. I guessed the kid's old man had come in from wherever he'd been working, had milked the cows, and was now washing up for dinner. I wondered what the kid would tell him about me. I could picture him saying, "Pa, there's a pilot standing on the road down there and he wants to have supper with us. Can I ask him to come?" That would be just about what he'd say, and it wouldn't have been all lies because I could have used a warm room and a little food just then. But I couldn't do with any family scene, especially not with me as a guest being asked questions which would undoubtedly lead to why I was where I was.

Some rain worked through my trenchcoat and I began to shiver steadily. There hadn't been any traffic for almost a half hour, so I decided to hole up for a while in the old shed and see if the rain wouldn't stop. It was close enough to the road so I might even be able to hear something coming, soon enough to run back and stick my thumb out. Another thought occurred to me: if by some freak chance that kid did come to invite me for supper, he wouldn't see me and would think I'd gotten a ride.

Inside it was damp but not too wet to sit down; and it was strangely quiet, a small pocket in the wind. The roof wasn't perfectly waterproof, but it was a damn sight better than my trenchcoat. In a half dozen places drops continually gathered on the ceiling, swelled, and fell. I couldn't see them but I heard them dropping on the dirt floor, and at one time or another located each one with the top of my head or the back of my neck. Nevertheless, the sudden change from outdoors to indoors gave me the illusion of being warm, and I knew being tired was an outright fact. I propped myself in a corner where some kind of storage bin met the back wall and closed my eyes. I suppose you'd say I was daydreaming — not far enough into sleep to be unconscious of the sound of wind and rain and the feeling of a slight chill in my feet, yet not in control of my thoughts — a spectator more or less. I was making up speeches about death, how it was only a little thing, an accident. I got sarcastic and standing up on the kneeling pad before my father's open coffin, surrounded by jungles of flowers, I told black-suited relatives, "Death's common, ordinary and boring. It's nothing to make a party over. It's an honest mistake like tripping over someone's foot. My father didn't invent it, he didn't say 'I'm going to try something brave and new, I'm going to die.' No, he just died. It happens to everybody — kings, presidents, popes, and dogs and worms. And *you* and *you* and *you*." I was enjoying my revenge when I realized I heard something coming down the road. I debated should I get up and try for the ride or should I settle down for the night. The chill

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in my feet hadn't worked its way up my legs yet, and my half-success at sleep had made me careless. "Go on buddy," I thought to the on-coming driver. "What the hell do I care."

It was probably a truck with its brights on because the right headlight momentarily probed inside my shack. Then I heard him roar by, making a little thud when he must have hit a hole in the road. "That's right, tear up the road you bastard. You don't pay." And I dozed off again thinking about other parts of the country I'd just come through, warmer, drier places with quicker rides. I was even willing to argue with the evangelist (or listen to his spiel) if he'd give me another ride.

The next thing I knew I was hearing voices. I could have been asleep five minutes or an hour. Somehow I knew it wasn't any longer. At first I didn't know what the voices were saying so I thought it was probably best if I just stayed put. In a moment it became clear there was only one voice, a man's yelling "Raymie!" Except that it was a man's voice; it was like my old lady's when she called me — slightly tired and annoyed. First off I thought, "Oh, Christ, stay out of sight. You don't want to volunteer for trouble." Then I realized the kid had probably been out looking for me. Straightening myself up, creeping out and sneaking along the road away before I came out of the grass (so he wouldn't know I'd been in the shed), I turned toward him. I could tell by his flashlight he was almost at the fork.

"Hello," I yelled.

"Hello."

I didn't know what to say next. I kept quiet, walking toward him.

"Who's that?" he asked, flashing his light on me.

My name wasn't going to mean much nor was my rank and serial number, so I stalled, saying something even more stupid. "It's me, I mean I was trying to get a ride."

"Where's my boy?"

"The blond kid?" I asked, knowing it couldn't be any other.

"Yes, I sent him out here to find you."

"I was walking back into town. I haven't seen him," I said matter-of-factly the way I used to talk to the cops in Brooklyn when they asked who broke such and such window or streetlight. But I was thinking I had not only missed a supper but I was now in trouble for missing it.

"Well then, he's not up that way," he said and shined his light the way I had come. "Maybe he's gone down toward the store. C'mon this way." Walking a little in back of him, I could see he was a big man, not at all blond or smooth-featured like the kid. He shambled a little as he walked and he seemed at ease and only slightly puzzled, like a mechanic hunting in his tool box for a missing tool.

I didn't have time to think why I joined him or what he was going to say about me. We had gone only a few steps when his light picked out the kid lying in the grass beside the highway. He was on his stomach with his face to one side and his arms raised and bent at the elbows so one hand was next to but not touching each ear. He looked like a child taking a nap on a hot afternoon.

Neither of us rushed to him. As if preparing ourselves, we paused an instant. His father didn't move him, he could see enough of his face as he lay. In the spread of the flashlight I saw an open eye, but unmoving and glassy. While his father knelt in the grass, putting his huge square face close to the boy's and calling him softly, I saw something else. The legs in their blue jeans went off at an angle from his back and he seemed caved in just above the hips, like the way a light metal pipe creases if you bend it too far. While I waited nervously for his father to test every doubt, I thought this was how my own father would be, matter-of-fact, quiet and thorough as he was with his work.

The farmer handed me the light and put an arm under each of his son's armpits, lifting his shoulders off the ground slowly but effortlessly. It wasn't until he had raised the body almost onto its feet that I realized he was too stunned to know the grotesque spectacle he made. Stuffing the flashlight in my trenchcoat pocket, I picked up the kid's feet. His body hung limp between us and through its unresisting bone and muscle I felt his father shaking with tears I could not hear. "Don't cry out," I thought. "Don't let it get you." I knew if he cried aloud I would too, and I felt I had no right to cry. He pulled one arm free and hooked it beneath his son's knees and gently took him from me.

With the flashlight I lit the way to the house, a walk we made in complete silence except for the father once saying, "How?" He didn't seem to be asking me, and I wasn't sure *how* myself, so I didn't tell him about the truck and the noise I had guessed was a hole in the road. It didn't even seem to matter that it was hit-and-run.

At the house I opened the door for them and

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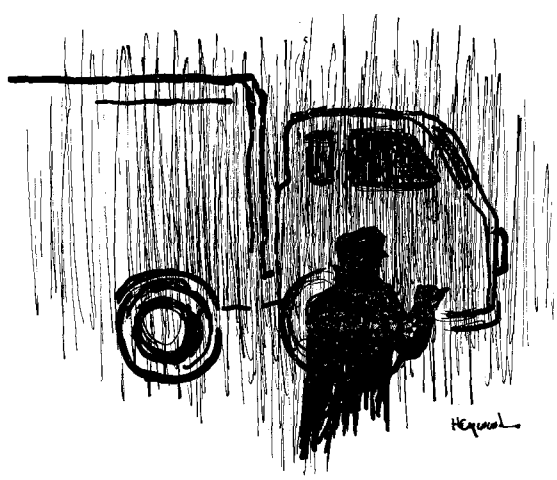
heard his wife's question become a gasp and then crying. She took the body as if it belonged solely to her and carried it into the house where I could not see. I was still outside the door and the father was in the doorway with his back to me. He watched his wife go, and when he turned he seemed composed. "Come in," he said, seeing the rain running down my face, but when I stepped inside he didn't shut the door or take me to another room. Behind him I saw a table with places set for three. There were pots on the stove and I could smell food at the point of burning. He reached in his pocket of his coveralls and handed me a dollar bill. "I sent him to give this back to you. We don't like him taking money from strangers." I took the bill and folded it slowly, not knowing what to do next.

After a few seconds of unbearable silence I said as sincerely as I could, "I'm sorry he didn't get his pony." I thought that would echo something in this man's own mind and show him I was not cold and detached nor a complete stranger, that I shared some small knowledge of his son.

I watched his face hopefully. He looked at me for just a second as if to see if I were watching. Then his eyes dropped and fixed on a hand thickened with yellow callus and whose fingernails were ridged and gray. The hand opened and closed beneath his gaze as if exhibiting itself. "He might even have hit the kid with that hand," I thought, remembering with unusual clarity how my own father's blows had felt. I looked at his face again and his mouth opened to say something. At the same time the muscles in his lips and chin twitched uncontrollably. Very deliberately and slowly he said, "He lied, he lied. Raymie was a liar." And through sobs, almost chanting, he told me, "He has a pony in the north pasture, the one by the stock pond."



Dialogue of the Deaf

Hoyt W. Fuller

Is it now possible in America — or will it ever be possible — to be *simply* an American, if you are black? And, if not, must the American writer, who is also black, guard his work from all implications of his color so that his peers, who are white, may judge him and his work with neither guilt nor malice?

John Ciardi writes, in revisiting James Baldwin's *Another Country,* that the critics "have always tended to be especially generous to Negro writers and for understandable reasons," and I find myself sinking again into a familiar dismay, beginning to relegate to the slag heap another man whose abilities I have respected, whose opinions have seemed encouragingly free of the subtle virus that distorts the vision of even the best of his calling. It is no doubt true that many critics, on many occasions, have used different — and less stringent — standards in measuring the work and worth of certain Negro writers, inclined through guilt or sympathy toward compensation. But it does not necessarily follow — and, indeed, I do not believe — that there have been more critics driven to undue praise for Negro writers than there have been critics prone to a deep and abiding hostility toward Negro writers and their work.

One of the things James Baldwin is saying in *Another Country,* as in all his books, is that it is of the most urgent importance that we, all Americans, shake off the myths which have bound and deformed us and make the supremely painful effort to see and speak the truth about our past and the events and attitudes which have shaped us. Mr. Ciardi begins his curious column by asking a series of questions about "the

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world and population of Baldwin's imagination." He asks, "Do any of his characters really like one another?" and his answer is: "Baldwin seems to assume in his writing that the only possible answer" is no. Mr. Ciardi asks, "Is love always tooth-and-claw warfare between two self-

trapped psyches?" and "Does everyone in the known world lust heterosexually and homosexually for the bodies of Negroes?" and his answer is that "Baldwin seems to assume in his writing that the only possible answer" to both questions is yes.

Now, apart from the obvious fact that Mr. Ciardi has asked weighted (if not plainly dishonest) questions to begin with, there is the matter of his seriousness. In one of the most discussed novels of 1962, Katherine Anne Porter's *Ship of Fools,* there is little evidence that any of the characters "really like one another," and yet Mr. Ciardi has not seen fit to deplore the world and population of the author's imagination. And while Miss Porter's world is populated by people of a milder and more conventional bent than Mr. Baldwin's, *Ship of Fools* compares very well with *Another Country* in depicting "tooth-and-claw warfare between two self-trapped psyches."

But it is Mr. Ciardi's third question which does him least credit. "Does everyone in the known world lust heterosexually and homosexually for the bodies of Negroes?" he asks, and then answers with the careful affirmative that Baldwin "seems" to think so. Well, I have read *Another Country,* as have most of my Negro friends, and not one of us got the impression from reading it (or any other of Mr. Baldwin's books) that the bodies of Negroes were universally craved. It is more than possible that Mr. Ciardi's answer, as well as his question, is rooted in the afflicted American psyche which so many literary physicians are so reluctant to attend. And America, after all, is far from being the whole world, American delusions to the contrary notwithstanding.

Does Mr. Ciardi care to consider coolly and fairly the sexual relationships among the Negroes and whites of *Another Country*? The doomed Rufus was sexually involved with Leona and Eric, both Southerners, and Mr. Ciardi is too literate and perceptive a man to need an elementary education into the labyrinthine patterns of sexuality in the South. Whatever their public pronouncements, the private lives of Southerners of all races have been tangled and joined for centuries. Vivaldo was fond of Negro women, as many white men are, North and South, lured as they are by legends or defiance, or, simply, attracted by their opposites. In any event, a stroll through the Village on a balmy evening should convince Mr. Ciardi that liaisons between black and white are no rarity in New York, in spite of the social prohibitions against such coupling, or perhaps because of them.

This is, indeed, the heart of the matter. Precisely because Americans have made so much of miscegenation and our racial history, constructed so monstrous a body of myth to disguise and deny the truth, writers like James Baldwin feel compelled to force us to tear off our shutters and face the facts. There is nothing strange about sexual attraction between human beings, color be damned, and the fact that we say there is will never make it so. It is fashionable for Americans who imagine themselves removed from the racial struggle to shrug their shoulders and murmur that they have no feelings about Negroes one way or the other, but this is merely updating the myth. The American is rare who comes to maturity in his own country untouched by the racism with which the land is plagued. It was only last year that Norman Podhoretz, the brilliant young editor of Commentary, searched his soul and found, to his consternation, that he was deeply unsettled by the prospect of a Negro male bedding a white female. This from a New York Jew, a liberal, a man who spent all his years in geographical and intellectual regions far removed from the South.

I, for one, am weary of critics who live in the

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world as "white" passing judgment on the work and worth of those of us who are black, without first honestly exploring the nature and, indeed, the quality of their criticism. In his reconsideration of *Another Country,* Mr. Ciardi does not disarm us by admitting awareness "of the agony of the Negro artist and intellectual" and stating that "the world puts upon that man (the Negro) more than any world should put upon any man." He assures us that he speaks with sympathy and without prejudice only to proceed, in the end, to deny us the right to express our "agony." We are forever being told not to write as Negroes, as if the expression of what it means to be black in an oppressive white world is of less significance in human terms than what it means, for example, to be a free spirit in an oppressive totalitarian world. In a recent notice of Gwendolyn Brooks' *Selected Poems* in the New York *Herald Tribune's* Book Week, poet-critic Louis Simpson, declaring that "there has been practically no Negro poetry worth talking about" in the United States, concluded with the following revealing observation: "I am not sure it is possible for a Negro to write well without making us aware he is a Negro. On the other hand, if being a Negro is the only subject, the writing is not important." Thus, Miss Brooks can be dismissed since she writes of human beings who are black while the work of Evgeny Evtushenko is hailed for the insights it gives of the rebellious human spirit under communist domination.

It is not intended here to claim that *Another Country* is a great novel. It is not. It is gravely flawed, and imperfect in places oddly overlooked by most of its critics — in the delineation of the Negro characters, for instance. But it is a good novel, and far better than most of the others published in 1962. Recently, addressing a Chicago audience on "The Role of the Negro Writer in An Era of Struggle," novelist John O. Killens had this to say: "The Negro writer might just as well accept that anything he writes is going to be labeled 'protest' and, if at all possible, dismissed. After all, the Negro experience itself stands as an everlasting indictment of white society." Mr. Ciardi writes that, "in the long run, I must insist, there must be no Negro writers, but only men as other men and committed to all men." Very well, fair enough. When the day comes that all men are treated as men, and only men, then there will be no "Negro writers." Until then, it appears certain that we will have critics who approach the Negro novel with all the ambivalence and specialness with which they approach Negroes.

The Man

Victor Contoski

John Smith is an ordinary name, and the John Smith in this story is — or was — an extremely ordinary person, that is, until he got his idea. He was born in one of the industrial cities in the midwest. He was an indifferent student and graduated somewhere near the bottom of his high school class. His parentage was registered in the huge impersonal files of large cities, and promptly lost — as if even the record of his existence was of no importance. Throughout his schooling he made no close friends, and, even at the height of his fame, there was no one who came up and claimed to know him during the time before he got his idea. Upon receipt of his high school diploma, he began working as a filing clerk in one of the huge impersonal offices in a midwestern city. Working with him were nine young fellows out for a good time and nine young girls who usually gave it to them; but, as usual, he made no friends, male or female. His work was average, not good, not poor. Years later, when a superintendent was told he had *the* John Smith in his department for fifteen years, he could not believe it. Even when confronted with records and a picture of John Smith as he was in his youth, the superintendent could not remember a thing about him. Of course, this was before John Smith got his idea.

After working fifteen years behind a desk in a huge office, after fifteen years of being a number on an electronic computer that assessed his work and gave him his pay check, an idea came. One speaks of *idea* in the singular because it was without a doubt *the only idea John Smith ever had in his life*. But it was enough. Just how he thought of it remains a mystery, but one day in an immaculately clean men's clothing store a clerk received a halting request for a new pair of cheap gray trousers — with a golden fly. At first the proper young man could not believe his ears, but the request was repeated, quite clearly this time, almost firmly. "A pair of gray trousers, not too expensive — with a golden fly." The smart young clerk did what any other smart young clerk in an immaculate store would do: he politely but firmly requested the gentleman to leave before he called the police.

John Smith was not to be stopped, however.

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With The Golden Fly

He had gotten an idea, and he clung to it tenaciously; he was not likely to get another. Store after store heard the request with unbelieving ears, and store after store requested him politely but firmly to leave. At last a little, dirty old man who kept a filthy shop and had no business at all agreed to make him a pair of pants to his specifications.

"Button or zipper?"

"Zipper."

"You want it gilt, naturally."

"Uh . . . no. I want it gold. Solid gold." The clerk had never been positive of anything before in his life, but he knew how he wanted the trousers.

The tailor shrugged his dirty old shoulders. "You can pay for it, naturally?"

"I've been saving my money for fifteen years."

"Solid gold?" he asked again, unable to believe the first answer.

John nodded firmly. "Solid gold."

Six weeks later the pants were ready, but John was disappointed. He had expected the fly to glitter like a Christmas tree when the pants were shown to him, but he had forgotten the layer of cloth all tailors lap over that portion of male clothing to preserve a semblance of modesty.

He shook his head. "It's no good. I . . . uh . . . I want that overlapping cloth removed."

"Removed?" The dirty old eyes looked at the insignificant person before him. "You want the cloth over your fly removed?"

"Yes." Emphatically. What was the use of having a golden fly if no one could see it?

The tailor shrugged. His wife was dead. He had no daughters. Why should he care?

Once he had gotten the specified trousers in his possession, John Smith began to think about a suitable occasion on which to wear them. If only there were something special about his life, but, alas, there was nothing. If he were going to wear the trousers at all, he would have to wear his ordinary clothes and change in the men's room at the office.

He slipped in completely unnoticed, but then nobody noticed John Smith in those days. His trembling hands undid the plain brown paper which concealed his . . . his what? *Trousers* was a pedestrian word to use for *them*. *Pants* unthinkable. If his mind were inventive he might have thought of "goldies" or some such ridiculous pet name, but he had already gotten one idea, and another was not forthcoming. He undid his old trousers and left them lying in a heap on the floor. He carefully took the new pair by the waist and held them up, watching the legs flip-flop out to their proper length. *It* glittered like a star, like a million stars. His own little galaxy. Like all gods, he fell spellbound before his own creation. Like Pygmalion open-mouthed before Galatea, he stood in his underwear in the men's room and gazed at the golden fly on his trousers. He was under a spell as powerful as ever the Lorelei used to entice unsuspecting sailors, and he might have suffered the same fate as those unfortunate men who starved for beauty; but suddenly the work bell rang and he was drawn back into the world of reality. With infinite tenderness he undid the zipper, bent down, put in one ordinary leg, then the other, drew the trousers up over his ordinary behind, tucked in the tails of his ordinary shirt, buckled his belt, and *zipped up the golden fly!* It was at that moment the miracle occurred. He was no longer John Smith. He was *the* John Smith. Already late for work he stepped out into the world.

To understand the sensation he made it is not enough to know that he wore trousers with a golden fly. It was how he wore them. Everyone agreed his technique was the cause of the electrifying response. Later when he was famous others were to try imitations, but they never succeeded. Either they would become embarrassed in public, which clearly defeated the whole purpose of the special fly, or else they would flaunt it about in such a way as to be positively indecent. They would either avoid looking in the all-important direction and thus make themselves more conspicuous than ever, or else, succumbing to the temptation of John Smith in the men's room, gaze there constantly. There is even a case on record of a fellow falling down a man hole and breaking his neck because he

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could not keep his eyes on the road ahead of him. No one felt sorry for him, either, because by that time imitation of *the* John Smith was almost heresy. But what was this inimitable technique of *the* John Smith's? His step was perhaps a bit firmer now than it was before, he held his head a fraction of an inch higher, but that had nothing to do with his technique. In spite of the golden fly glittering in the middle of his trousers, he was natural. He glanced neither toward it nor away from it. He was neither apologetic nor bold. Indeed, one might almost say his bearing was — I hesitate to use the word — *modest*.

When he closed the door to the men's room, he started straight to his desk as usual. He seldom spoke to anyone, and now that he was late he had no intention of breaking his habit. But he never reached his desk. As he passed the desk of Miss Baumgartner ("Bunny" to everyone but him), he heard a soft plop. He turned around, naturally and modestly as he always did, and saw her lying on the floor in back of her desk.

"Miss Baumgartner's fainted," he said to himself.

He hurried over to the water-cooler across the room, unaware of the thirty-four eyes that had suddenly become focused on him. A silence fell. A deep silence. The office had for a magic moment become a church. Thirty-four wide eyes watched him draw a cup of water and walk, naturally and modestly, back across the room to where Bunny Baumgartner lay stretched out with her head on the floor, forgotten by all but him. He knelt down beside her and put his arm under her head.

"Here drink this." His voice sounded loud.

Thirty-four feet tiptoed out from behind their desks and seventeen heads hovered over the scene.

Bunny Baumgartner felt water being pressed to her lips. Slowly she opened her pretty blue eyes . . . gazed once at the golden zipper of *the* John Smith . . . breathed a deep sigh . . . and fainted again.

The silence was the silence of the pyramids.

The John Smith, still kneeling at her side, looked about him for help, but he encountered only vacant stares. And silence.

Then far off footsteps could be heard. Closer and closer they came. No one breathed, except, of course, *the* John Smith, who had by this time forgotten that he was attired in somewhat singular apparel. The manager, who had not been exposed to the electrifying experience of his employees, nevertheless sensed something mysterious at the door of the room, and entered on tiptoe. He gently made his way through seventeen bodies that stood spell-bound and beheld at last the beautiful body of Bunny Baumgartner stretched out unconscious with a beatific smile on its face. Some clerk or other was kneeling beside her. He gasped. How beautiful she was! His heart was in his mouth. Her smile told of angelic rapture.

Sensing from the gasp that there was life somewhere behind him, *the* John Smith, awed by the unnatural silence, rose slowly and turned toward the sound.

The manager was taken aback. Here was not a face of rapture, grief, or any other sentiment suitable to the occasion. It was an ordinary face. Something was mighty strange. He turned his puzzled eyes once more toward the lifeless body of Bunny Baumgartner, and his eye caught the glitter of gold.

The holy silence was broken by seven words.

"You son of a bitch, you're fired!"

If John Smith had ever attended a union meeting in his life, no one had noticed it. But the white-collars' local 902 had their monthly meeting just two days after the strange occurrence noted above, and *the* John Smith was there. Perhaps a union of truck drivers or ditch diggers might not have taken too kindly to one of their members sporting a golden fly, but this meeting was not of truck drivers or ditch diggers. It was of clerks, and clerks, as everyone knows, consider themselves the cream of the white-collar workers, and have even been accused at times of intellectualism. If *the* John Smith had been proud, stubborn, smart, dumb, or anything other than he was, he would never have received the support of his fellow workers. But he was natural. Natural and modest. In fact there was something noble, almost martyr-like, about him as he stood there and told how he was deprived of a livelihood because he had dared to alter the style of his dress. He made no accusations against the management, and he offered no defense. His case was aided no end by Bunny Baumgartner, the most popular member of local 902, who sat in the very front row, legs crossed, during the whole proceedings and positively beamed. In addition important government contracts were coming up.

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The vote to strike was unanimous.

Of course the manager was so mad he could hardly see. At first he threatened to blow up his entire firm and spend the remainder of his days among the Eskimos. Within a week he became more reasonable and merely threatened to blow up the firm. Finally, however, the upcoming government contracts forced him to submit to federal mediation. The union wanted double wages, and the company pleaded it was on the verge of bankruptcy. The union contended *the* John Smith was fired unjustly; he merely chose an original style of dress. The company charged him with indecent exposure and seduction of personnel (to name the more printable charges). The hearings were closed to the public, but the sensational nature of the firing found its way, bit by bit, into the newspapers. Both union and management had requested *the* John Smith to wear ordinary clothing to facilitate the mediation, and he had complied with the request. Thus he had not actually appeared in public wearing his unusual decoration.

But John Smith was different from *the* John Smith. His head hung a trifle lower, his speech was a bit unsure, but the main difference was the intangible *something* that happened to his bearing when he wore the golden fly. When the matter of wages had been settled to the dissatisfaction of both sides, they called John Smith. Each side, thinking it had lost the previous argument, was determined to fight this one to the last breath of its lawyer.

The union lawyer began, capitalizing on the innocuous appearance of the worker. "Do you really think this person, this John Smith, is capable of doing anything indecent?"

The federal mediator admitted he found it hard to believe John Smith could be fired for anything at all, much less indecency. "What was indecent about him?" he asked.

"His fly," said the company lawyer.

The mediator could not have been more surprised. "His fly? His fly was indecent?"

"Yes," said the company lawyer.

"No," said the union lawyer.

"Well, was the fly . . . uh . . . open?" He was having difficulty phrasing his questions.

The company lawyer found himself beyond the depth of his knowledge. He called the manager. The question was repeated.

"Well . . . uh . . . no," said the manager.

"Was it half open?"

"No."

"Then it was closed."

"I guess so."

"You guess so! A man is either living or dead. A fly is either open or closed." The mediator was rapidly losing his patience.

"It was closed, sir."

"I fail to see how a closed fly can be offensive."

The manager tried to explain himself. "You see, sir, he had the overlapping cloth removed."

The federal mediator winced.

"And the zipper was gold."

The federal mediator was silent. He removed his glasses, thought for a long while about mother, home, and all the things sacred to him personally, and then with a sigh replaced them. His face had the look of a man who has taken all he can.

The company lawyer, sensing his advantage, wanted to leap in with the crushing blow while the federal mediator was still weak. But he had no crushing blow. The manager had already stated his case for him. In the silence he drew himself up to his full five feet, nine inches, and repeated in ringing tones, "The zipper was gold." It fell flat. Unable to think of anything else, he added in an undertone, "And he had the overlapping cloth removed." Then he sat down.

The federal mediator thought long and hard.

"But this . . . uh . . . gold fly was closed?"

"Yes, sir!" the union lawyer rang out in clear tones.

"But it was gold?"

"Yes, sir!" the company lawyer rang out in return.

"*Solid* gold?" The question did not have much to do with the case, but his curiosity had gotten the better of him.

"Yes, sir." The company lawyer came in so fast he almost overrode the question. It was a bit of research of which he was very proud. He had personally asked John Smith about this. Let the management see how well he prepared his cases! "It was solid gold clear through." Somehow the offense seemed worse because it was solid gold.

"But how is this offensive?" asked the union lawyer.

The manager spoke up. "It's . . . the way he wears it."

"How is that?"

"He . . . he just . . . just walks around with it like . . . like . . ." The manager was unable to continue. There were others who tried to describe the technique of *the* John Smith and failed, but he was the first.

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"Perhaps you could demonstrate," put in the union lawyer.

The federal mediator smiled broadly.

The manager jumped up in indignation. "I am a family man!" His face was blood red as he stomped out of the room.

After an additional two hours of argument, the lawyers agreed the only fair way to settle the dispute was to actually observe *the* John Smith and his special accessory in action. He was ordered to appear before them the next day attired in that manner of dress which caused the dismissal.

Fortunately or unfortunately, John Smith decided it would be too much trouble to change pants every time he wanted to exhibit his accessory, so he donned the requested pants first thing in the morning. The bus driver was too busy to notice anything special about his passenger, but the passengers themselves, especially the female ones, soon discovered the "extraordinary something" about *the* John Smith — and, as was noted previously, this was not his fly, but his manner of wearing it. Almost as soon as he sat down on the bus a pretty young girl came over beside him and began to make polite conversation. Having no ideas of his own, he naturally agreed with everything she said, so that she thought him a most learned and cultured gentleman. In a short time a few other girls joined the conversation, and he also agreed with everything they said, however contradictory, so they too regarded him in that special light people usually reserve for the make-believe and the dead. He excused himself politely when it came time for his stop, and the girls let out an audible groan. Indeed, one or two were even tempted to follow him, but the thought of the tongues of their associates served as a steadying influence.

The importance of his role in the mediation had already given *the* John Smith a somewhat dramatic air, and the attention of a group of pretty girls had inflated him still more. Thus it was when he met the company lawyer at the entrance of the building, he acknowledged the acquaintance with a slight bow of his head. This was the first of the mannerisms he was to develop to supplement his technique. The inclination of the head was a modest gesture, almost a *humble* one. As if a king were recognizing a commoner. Later came the raising of the little finger on the left hand to summon a servant and the holding of the right ear lobe between thumb and forefinger to show he was paying close attention. But his chief gesture remained the slight bow.

At first the company lawyer was flattered and returned the bow — *bowing much lower.* (This was the invariable reaction. Even people who disliked *the* John Smith — and there were, and still are, a few — confessed that when he made his bow to them they invariably returned it, bowing much lower. It was as natural as saying thank you.) Of course, when the company lawyer became conscious of what he had done, he was roaring mad, but by that time he found himself holding the door through which *the* John Smith had just passed. Fuming he rushed into the conference room — to see *the* John Smith making a slight inclination of his head toward the federal mediator and the union lawyer. He wanted to shout, "Stop, it's a trap!" but he realized the futility. With a sinking heart he saw the two gentlemen return the compliment, bowing much lower. His case was lost before a word was uttered, and he knew it.

At the conclusion of the case a reporter came in to write a minor article about the settlement. One look at *the* John Smith, and he phoned for the color photographer. After a lengthy debate the newspaper decided in favor of what they considered decency and merely ran a picture of the head of *the* John Smith and under it the caption, "Golden Fly in Company Ointment."

The John Smith had experienced a moment of glory and was now set to return to his clerical duties for the remainder of his life. But he was not set to return to ordinary trousers.

His arrest for indecency came just one day after the settlement of the strike.

This time there was no secrecy. He had been walking down the street in broad daylight making conversation with a number of girls when a policeman caught sight of him. It is difficult to explain the motives that led to the arrest. Perhaps it was because the policemen himself had no success with the opposite sex; perhaps the policeman had a daughter; or perhaps he was merely jealous because the gold outshone his bright blue uniform. But, at any rate, *the* John Smith was arrested. Of course he complied with the arrest. He submitted modestly and humbly — but his followers did not.

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"What's the charge?" one wanted to know.

"Indecency," snarled the policeman.

"Indecency!" came the reply in chorus. It was as if the officer had made the charge against the president of the United States — or someone even higher. A female purse, compact and exceedingly heavy as it usually is, can be a passable substitute for a lead pipe. Fifteen female purses, wielded by fifteen enraged females, are an excellent substitute for a bomb. The officer never had a chance. When the riot squad finally quelled the disturbance, the charge became somewhat lengthier: indecency, resisting arrest, seduction, rape, inciting a riot, assault with a deadly weapon, sabotage, treason, and — of course — disturbing the peace. The thoughts of the riot squad as they accompanied this meek, humble person back to the city jail cannot, in the interests of humanity, be set down here. These men have suffered enough. Little did they dream, amid their sneering and caustic jokes, that this supposedly-insignificant man with a golden zipper was to cost them all their jobs; that they would be ostracized by their wives; that their daughters would sneer at them for arresting *the* John Smith for *indecency*. Let it be simply stated that they had no sympathy for him.

INVECTIVE AGAINST LAKE SUPERIOR

How from the honeycomb of time
Come shoes and stones and you,
Sitting there indifferent,
Not thinking of Charles V at all,
Hapsburg emperor of once.
It is enough to make one want to throw
Square tons of marble into Lake Superior,
Which now seems also indifferent.
Such a lake!
The honeycomb of time had better go about
its business
Some other way
And make that lake seem springy and aware.

Eli Siegel

The resulting trial attracted nation-wide attention. At first papers in other sections of the country ran it as a humorous sidelight to the news, but it soon became more than a sidelight. *The* John Smith began to receive a steady stream of visitors at the jail — female visitors. They came with cakes, cookies, and embroidered sheets for his bed. They knit him socks and stockings. They washed his clothes and swept out his cell. One middle-aged woman, hearing that he had only one pair of pants, made him another with her own hands — complete with golden fly. But there were other visitors too. Out of town visitors. A famous lawyer offered to defend the case for nothing, declaring that man's freedom of expression was threatened. Tourists came, first out of curiosity, then out of sympathy. It took the men a while longer to warm up to the prisoner, but his complete lack of ideas soon won them over too. He agreed with everybody about everything. Naturally people thought him very perceptive and sensible.

Both lawyers knew the importance of the case. One was fighting for man's freedom of expression, the other was fighting for nation-wide publicity. One based his arguments on the almost universal support his client had received from the people of the country. The other was certain of victory simply because the case was being tried by a crotchety old judge who considered it beneath his dignity.

On the day of the trial the courtroom bulged. The judge, who hated humanity and occupied his post solely for the purpose of putting some of them out of his way, expected trouble. At the first giggle he was set to clear the court. The popular support for *the* John Smith had automatically alienated him. Much as he would like to send the defendant to the electric chair — the thought of someone going to the chair in a golden fly made him smile grimly — he would have to content himself with sentencing him to prison. He began to total up mentally the maximum sentence on each charge, adding contempt of court to the list, since the defendant was late. He had reached the gratifying total of 213 years (with time off for good behavior) and was still going, when he was interrupted by the arrival of the defendant. He suddenly became aware that the court had grown silent — as it usually did after a death sentence. He was well acquainted with silence.

The John Smith entered, naturally and modestly. He paused a bit in the doorway. His golden fly glittered. He looked at the judge — *and bowed slightly*. The judge could hardly return the bow sitting down, so he very graciously stood up and bowed, bowing much lower. The district attorney put his head in his hands and wept.

The unanimous verdict for acquittal was rendered the same day, July 17, afterwards known as The John Smith Day. The judge ("Electric-chair Johnson" to those who knew him best)

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had his statue erected by the humanity he hated so thoroughly. *Life* magazine ran the first full length picture of *the* John Smith, and it was that magazine which gave him the label that distinguishes him from the countless nonentities of the same name. The picture showed the judge congratulating him on his acquittal. And quite a picture it was too. Electric-chair Johnson in his long black robes and stern judicial expression, and *the* John Smith, calm and serene, facing the camera with his golden fly and holding his right ear lobe between his thumb and forefinger. The expression "calm and serene" (also from *Life* magazine) caught the popular fancy. However, some say a more accurate description of his expression might have been, "devoid of all thought and emotion."

The trial had brought *the* John Smith out of obscurity. Overnight he became a sensation. People began to see him as a symbol of Confidence amid Chaos, Peace amid the Storm — in addition to the more obvious symbol. Older women mothered him. Girls swooned. Men liked him for his sensible agreement with their opinions, or because their wives and daughters told them to like him. The man with the golden fly was famous.

MARRIAGE SONG

I wd be after the vows
Her destiny
In my kitchen I wd say
Come here
& in my other rooms
My potbellied stove wd be
Her destiny.
My potbelly wd be her destiny.

O listen to it as to
A shell, it is curved
And strange inside.
It is a loving belly.
It bears no child but curved
Intestinal love of you.

Are you in my kitchen yet?
Reading magazines? Hunched
Over Salada? And I anxious
About how long your Rubens
Skin will glow pink.

If you wd shower
Now and share my days
That wd be sort of
An ecstasy
Lived out against the flat
Brick of the warehouse opposite.

David Ray

Somehow clerical work seemed dull after the heady draughts of fame. There were numerous offers from business, but *the* John Smith began to fancy himself in some vague way as belonging to the public. After all, it was the public that was responsible for his rise from obscurity.

For a while there was some talk of his running for public office. Both parties waited in hope and fear, torn by the desire to see those famous words "calm and serene" adopted into the party platform and the fear that he might choose the opposition. For one month political analysts had a field day trying to interpret his remarks in the light of one political philosophy or the other. Although it is not generally known, *the* John Smith actually decided to enter politics — starting with the highest office the nation had to offer. It is not known even today which party he favored, but the question is purely academic. Had he run for president, he could have been elected on any platform he chose, including the return of prohibition. Whether the nation would have prospered under the *the* John Smith administration is a question still being debated, but at the last minute a small irregularity was discovered. Though the matter was kept secret, the same political bosses who so courted him previously began to talk of the disadvantages of a president who was not a registered voter.

At this point the golden smile of fortune began to point in a different direction. Hollywood entered the picture, and the future occupation of the new national hero was decided.

Even his most ardent admirers will not go so far as to assert that *the* John Smith could act. It was never necessary. His parts were always bit parts. He appeared on film as he was — a middle-aged man with a golden fly. As the Indians were about to descend on the unprotected fort, suddenly a middle-aged messenger would arrive with a telegram. As the Martian invasion threatened to engulf the United Nations, suddenly the audience would catch the glint of gold from the fly of a distinguished extra. Incongruity made no difference. No matter how black the situation the appearance of the man with the golden fly assured the audience that all would be well in the end. It was soon discovered that the ideal role for him was a butler. His bearing and clothing were sufficiently aristo-

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cratic. He would have nothing to say, but his gestures of bowing slightly and holding his right ear lobe could be shown to advantage. It seems incredible that he could retain his modest bearing even in front of the camera, but it is a matter of record that even the Legion of Decency gave its approval to his films. And his success was not only commercial. He showed a definite flair for walk-ons and art critics applauded his acting — however harshly they criticized the rest of the film.

Unlike many another sex idol, *the* John Smith did absolutely nothing to disturb the image he had been endowed with by the public. He did not drink. He smoked in moderation. In his later years he showed a tendency toward stoutness, but most important — his sexual life was above reproach. He never married or showed much of an interest in the beautiful women who hovered daily about him. Naturally this made them love him even more madly. If he had no love affairs it was certainly not from lack of opportunity.

However at the height of his fame tragedy struck. What might Alexander have done had he lived to consolidate his mastery of the world? What might John Keats have written? What might *the* John Smith have accomplished?

One day at the studio he sat down, simply and modestly, as was his custom. One of the starlets sat down at his feet — as was her custom — and took hold of his hand. He bowed his head slightly in the familiar gesture. But he never raised it again. A doctor pronounced him dead of a heart attack on March 5th at 11:00 a.m. A black cloth was laid over his fly.

Naturally it was made a national day of mourning. The undertaker laid the body out for the last time. For the last time cameras clicked away at the gold that had made him famous. The women of the United States of America — and it seemed like *all* the women of the United States of America — paraded behind his coffin, mourning the man who had added so much to their lives. For them it was a personal loss. The nation mourned him as one of the true folk heroes of America.

It would be pleasant to close the narrative at this point, leaving *the* John Smith mourned and loved by his countrymen, but there are those who envy greatness. The vicious rumor that he was a eunuch was started by the undertaker. In spite of frequent denials over radio and television, the most recent by the chief executive himself, the undertaker's slander still persists among the filthy-minded.

". . . To die is to be un-American."

The Changing Face Of Death

Richard A. Kalish

A young boy almost died in a New York hospital in 1953 because his parents refused to permit a vitally needed blood transfusion. Quoting the biblical injunction, "No soul of you shall eat blood. . . ." (17 Leviticus 12), the parents stood firm in their faith, waiting for God to do his will. A horrified public watched the move of events, finally breathing a sigh of relief when his parents, castigated as evil and insane, were overruled by the legal authorities. The value of living and the advances of technology, two dominant themes in the symphony of western cultural values, had conspired to bring the boy back from the dying.

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Life is the keynote of American society. The doctor, the beautician, and the artificial suntan are in the ascendance. Health, beauty, and vigor are the traits to be sought. Like the royal parents of the Gautama Buddha, the American public tries to keep death, illness, and ugliness outside its gates of realization. Today an American schoolchild learns that he can hope for a life made long by medical advances, a job commensurate with his abilities plus the opportunities to profit from our economic system, and an enjoyable leisure with those he loves.

Death contradicts all these values. To die is to say that all medical knowledge and technological advances are ultimately useless; it is to say that honest work and capitalism have limitations; it is to negate the purpose of leisure and the possibility of human relationships. In a sense, to die is to be un-American. (And one suspects that the Communists would consider it similarly un-Russian.)

Thus, the parents of the boy who place their religion above his life are roundly criticized; the skipper-anthropologist who attempts to sail into the atomic testing zone to protest restricted freedom of the seas is considered strange because he places in jeopardy his life and that of others; the suicide is assumed, ipso facto, to be emotionally ill. Anyone who knowingly risks losing the pleasures of life is considered strange or, perhaps, dangerous.

A great debate is heard today from the pulpit and from the press on changing values in such matters as materialism, the use of leisure time, Negro-white relations, or the role of the United States in world affairs. Clerics and publishers increasingly expound. Many religious groups, moreover, appear to spend more time and effort on social issues and social reform than on traditional spiritual guidance. A basic awareness appears to exist that the perceived meaning of life is undergoing a radical change.

There is less awareness, however, that the meaning of death is also changing. Morticians have become painfully aware that their role in society has undergone a basic alteration. Florists, who depend upon death for two-thirds of their business, are especially sensitive to changes in the meaning of death. A handful of medical and social scientists and practitioners have become professionally involved with feelings concerning death.

But for the most part doctors continue prolonging lives without considering the ethical problem of life-for-what; and social scientists saturate the public with surveys on siblings, sex, and Sanka, but studiously avoid asking about death; social workers deal constantly with the retired and the elderly, but rarely broach the topics of death and dying. Only a scattering of theologians, philosophers, writers, and artists seem unafraid to look at death.

The United States, tracing itself back to European forebears and early Christianity, has traditionally been a sacred society. Its emphasis has been death-oriented and other-worldly. This life needed to be lived in order to be ready for the next. Many of our early settlers felt that what occurred in this life was relatively unimportant. Discomfort and pain could be accepted and injustice endured, for these were merely tests of worthiness for entering the kingdom of heaven; they were transient and would not have to be long tolerated. In essence, this life was a preparation for the life to come. Some religious groups even went so far as to oppose pleasure on principle — the only appropriate joys were contemplations of the life to come.

Death was considered both the price that man paid for his original sin and his gateway to heaven for reunion with God. Death might not be pleasant or a time for rejoicing, but it was neither ignored nor avoided. After death, men would be judged by a just God and their fate would reflect their faith and/or good works. Life in heaven would compensate for the dreariness and the ills of life on earth. When a person died, the sorrow was mitigated by knowledge that a better existence was beginning. Only a very few doubted this and fewer still questioned it openly.

The minister or priest had high status. He was mediator between man and God. Clergymen could give counsel as to the best way of achieving that most sought-after goal: getting into heaven. If his parishioners chose to ignore his advice (as people today may choose to ignore advice of medical, legal, or economic counsel), they did so at their own peril. The minister was not only *a* respected man, but he might be *the* respected man. Respect for religious values of life and of death were reflected in respect for the minister, the man whose training and role made him the expert in these areas.

The elderly, although never without serious emotional and physical problems, were also accorded relatively high respect. Their experiences in life, the wisdom assumedly accumulated, and their efforts to maintain their families were considered as bases for community re-

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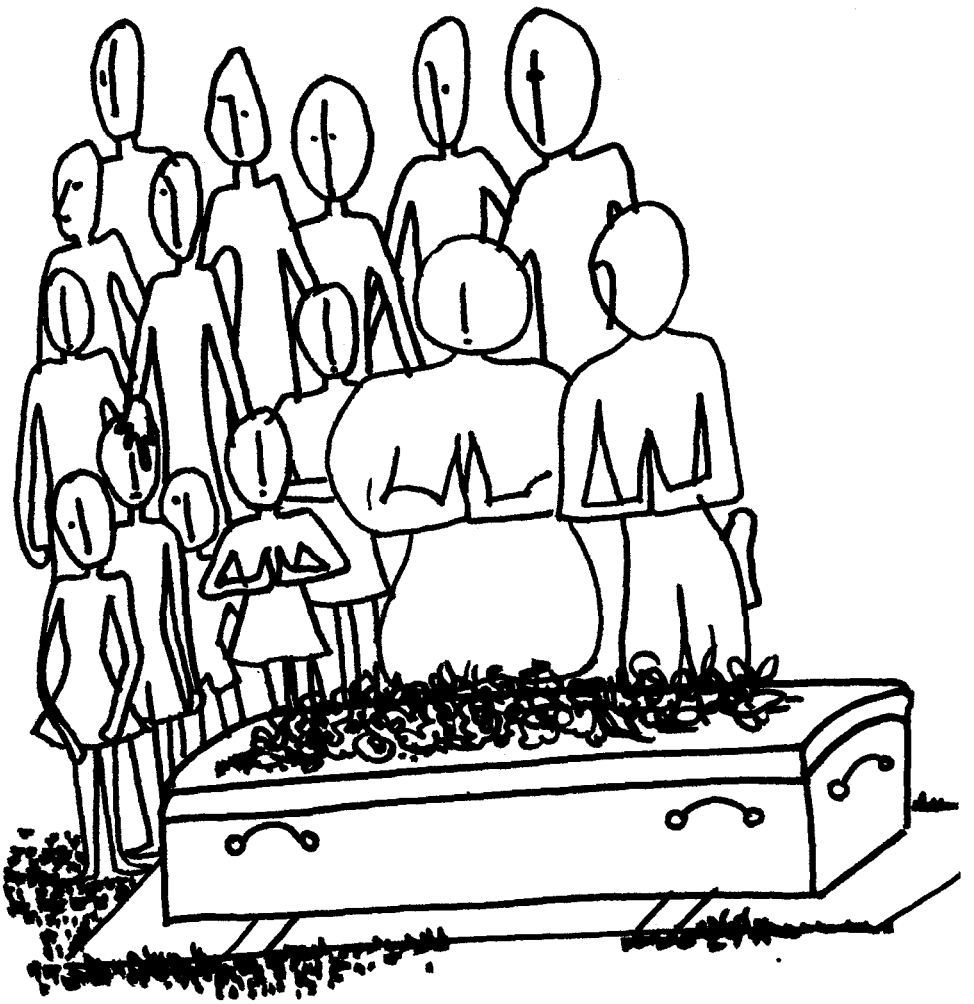

spect. They were frequently cared for in the homes of their children as full-fledged members of the family. If the children and grandchildren were not always enthusiastic about their situation, they accepted it as a natural part of their role as responsible children.

The medical doctor, in spite of present-day nostalgic memories of the courageous family physician, had status definitely inferior to the minister and the lawyer and the banker. After all, he dealt with the body, the shell of the soul. His function was accepted, certainly, as important, but in a temporal transient sense rather than an enduring infinite sense. Compared to the caretaker of the soul, the caretaker of the body was of low stature. The sanctity of the dead body, in the United States and elsewhere, was of much greater importance than medical advance; thus autopsies were not permitted and the use of the body for research was strictly against the law. Even the pains of childbirth and physical ills were thought to be God's will, and anesthetics were looked upon as tools of the devil. The possibility that administering the last rites might precipitate death was considered as an unfortunate but obviously essential risk. In all recognized ways, the demands of religion took precedence over the demands of the physical body.

Nor could the housewife of this era discuss anatomy or sex with her friends or even her family with ease. Even the physician was restricted as to the extent to which he could examine the female body. However, religious beliefs of the entire neighborhood made good conversational fodder, and the topic of death, while

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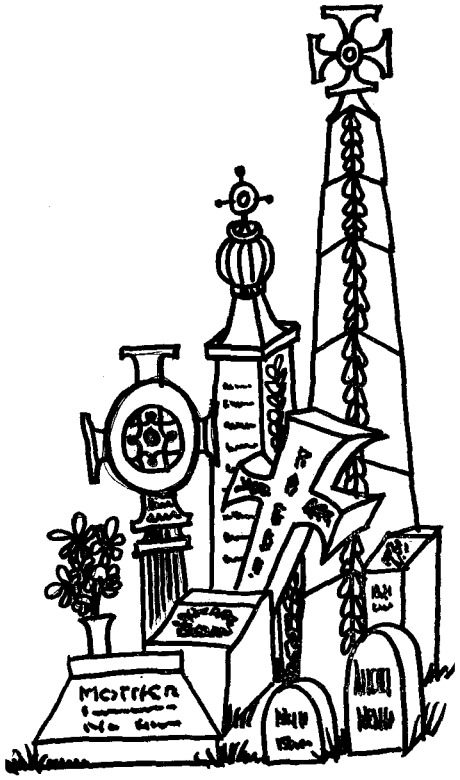
not a pleasant matter, could be discussed with equanimity under a variety of conditions.

Insurance was to take care of the dying and the dead, and burial plots and funerals were planned early in life and often with great deliberation. All in all, death and religion were important and natural elements, to be discussed at length and with freedom, whereas the human body, dead or alive, was sacrosanct and inviolable, both in conversation and in actual physical contact.



Today things appear greatly changed. Discussion about sex and the physical body is no longer restricted; families talk about sex at the breakfast table; even an adolescent boy will know when his date is having a menstrual period; and virtual strangers will exchange data on bowel regularity and hemorrhoids. Insurance is sold as an investment with nary a mention of death, eyeballs are willed to medical schools, and priests come under attack for the possibility of harming the dying by ministering the last rites.

On the other hand, death and God are personal matters, not to be mentioned in polite society. Religious beliefs are not felt appropriate for community scrutiny or tongue-clucking, and death is mentioned in whispers previously reserved for sex, if, indeed, it is mentioned at all. A competent and intelligent high school teacher recently commented that a student had just returned to school after her father's death. "Fortunately," he exclaimed, "no one in the class said anything to her about it, and, of course, I didn't either." The matter was apparently so painful that avoidance was the only solution.

Death has become a morbid topic for conversation, a thing to be avoided and ignored. The recent Broadway play, *Gift of Time,* is described as ghoulish for its intimate portrayal of death, and readers of *A Death in the Family* report a highly disturbing essence in the book (the same people might report *Tropic of Cancer* as dull or gross or fun, but not as disturbing). To be forced to think of death is to be involved with unhappy, anxiety-provoking thoughts.

The role of the minister has also changed. Today many clergymen are more concerned with social issues than spiritual issues; their church activities now consist of brief services and short sermons (recall the traditional eight-hour Sunday service in Puritan New England) and numerous social activities. Some have even gone so far as to organize group therapy sessions, and their own personal counsel is no longer so much spiritual guidance as mental health guidance. Some of the larger Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish churches have paid or volunteer professionals in the mental health field as consultants and as therapists for the individual members.

The changing role of the minister may reflect his concern over his loss of status in the community. As society becomes more involved with life, with sex, with the physical body, and with happiness on earth, the status of the minister is lowered to make room at the top for those treating mental and physical disturbances. The increasing clerical emphasis upon the social and psychological may be a recognition of the desires of the memberships to ignore the next life in favor of this one.

In spite of the change of ministerial behavior, or perhaps partially because of it, the status of the doctor has reached new heights. At least a substantial part of this increased importance is based upon the perceived ability of the physician to satisfy the greatest of wants: being alive and healthy. However, in the last few years, an increasing cognizance of the finite quality of medical practitioners has made even the medical profession subject to criticism. When it is recognized that doctors are fallible (and an educated population is forced to accept this obvious fact) and when the now-fallible professional aid costs so much (regardless of the logic of the costs), doctors may have difficulty in maintaining their status unchallenged.

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Other occupations also benefit from the emphasis upon life and health. Health and exercise salons are enjoying unprecedented business; the excremental product of the queen bee can be sold for fantastic sums as a beauty aid; and suntans come in bottles. Burial plots are sold by door-to-door salesmen with time payments. Even the embalmer may find more status in his occupation.

But the physician is the most deeply involved in this problem, along with the minister and the mortician. In a sense, death provides the ultimate insult to doctors and, yet, every life must end in death, meaning that the career of every doctor (except, perhaps, a few specialists) is stained by a series of inevitable failures. Doctors, after all, are only prolongers of life, not saviors in the ultimate sense.

The position of the elderly has also changed. No longer welcome in their children's homes where the family room has replaced the extra bedroom, they live alone or are shipped off to colonies in Arizona and Florida where they can complete their lives without intruding on the living.

As salvation gives way to secularism, avoidance of death replaces discussion of death. Many terminally ill interviewees stated that they avoided mentioning their impending death to their families and even to their nurses and physicians because it seemed to upset them. The nationally recognized psychologist, Dr. Herman Feifel, author of *The Meaning of Death,* was warned when he began his study of the terminally ill that the patients would reject his request to talk about their own death. To the contrary, he learned that a great many welcomed the opportunity to talk about dying since they felt the topic was avoided by those who surrounded them. Although a part of this avoidance is undoubtedly a concern for the feelings of the dying, much is a reaction to consideration of death on the part of the friend or relative. In the death of others we see our own future decay and death, which vision must be blotted out in some way.

The observations and the research accomplished in this field seem to lead to five major approaches to the avoidance of death: suppressing death, making death unreal, rationalizing death, euphemizing death, and focussing full attention on this world and today, rather than the next world and tomorrow. All five approaches appear to be types of denial of the reality of death, an element prominent in the belief system of many (perhaps most) people that has been suggested by investigators in this field. Several studies employing direct questionnaires and interviews have, with fair consistency, found that only 10% of their respondents admitted to fear of death; this has been the case regardless of degree of religious adherence, of age, of sex, and of social class.

Suppression of death is exemplified by individuals who have made little if any preparation in terms of life insurance, burial and funeral arrangements, or consideration of salvation. Here the psychological defense mechanism of denial operates at its most overt level. Obviously these people are aware that death occurs, but it is not personal to them; others will die, but not they. Even when death occurs among close family or friends, emotional impact is unacceptable.

To make death unreal is similar to suppressing death, and some of the resultant behavior is the same. Such an approach includes avoidance of any reference to the reality of the death, but, instead, behaving as though the deceased were merely absent on an extended vacation. The present terminology of some funeral directors, such as calling themselves "grief therapists," is a response meant to satisfy those who cannot accept the reality of death. In some instances, the entire death ceremony or funeral is directed at keeping the actuality of death from sinking in to the thinking of the mourners.

The consoling phrase after a death, "Don't worry — it was probably for the best," is one example of rationalizing death. "He is now safe with the Lord," is another such comment. Regardless of the ultimate truth of such statements, which we can obviously only speculate upon, the purpose is to make rational an occur-

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rence which is perceived as irrational. To utilize such rationalization to understand is to bring a certain amount of apparent logic and consistency into an otherwise illogical and inconsistent act, i.e. that God, who is all-good and all-powerful, would take the life of a loved one.

Euphemisms for death are probably second in number only to those for sex and, perhaps, bodily functions. To go beyond, to pass over, to go over the Great Divide, to be taken from us, to go to a far better place, to go West, are examples of some of the more common. It appears that the actual terms, "death," "dead," and "dying" are rarely used to refer to people. A finality attaches itself to such words that makes them difficult to verbalize to others. Like the other avoidance mechanisms, euphemisms add an aura of unreality to death. He is not really dead, but merely sleeping; he is not gone from us, but is with God; he is not with us in body, but is with us in soul.

To focus attention on the secular, the material, the humanistic, the world that exists, may serve to avoid consideration of that which comes when existence ceases. To pour our efforts into work, whether for social good or personal aggrandizement, relieves us of efforts to cope with what will occur after the body has left the earth.

A major source of conflict among ministers, doctors, mental health experts, and funeral directors remains unresolved: does the value of these various ways of avoiding death outweigh their drawbacks? Should those who work with the bereaved, with the terminally ill, or with the general population attempt to support their methods of avoidance? Or should they aim at tearing down these defenses to force recognition of reality? Can certain individuals cope with the thought of death, especially their own death, while others cannot? If so, how can we determine who can and who cannot? Recall that Feifel found the terminally ill only too pleased to discuss death, although others believed this process to be too painful to allow.

These are questions not easily answered. The experts line up on different sides of the fence. Obviously, they would all agree that the optimum situation would be that each individual be brought up so that coping with death anxiety was not a major problem. But this idealistic formulation does not help in the day-to-day decisions that must be made. The weight of professional opinion would probably be that each person must work out his own approach to this matter, but the less they need to resort to pretending, ignoring, rationalizing, and euphemizing, the better. You do not take away a man's crutch until his leg is mended, nor do you remove a psychological support until the person can go on without it.

The funeral provides an excellent example of the changing nature of death in our society. Not many years ago the major function of the funeral was a ritualistic measure to help the soul get to its salvation in heaven. The funeral itself was not especially concerned with the body, although the body was to be kept intact and appropriately garbed.

The clergyman was responsible for the funeral, while the mortician was considered a skilled technician hired to do a mournful chore. However, the mortician also took it upon himself to give solace to the families of the deceased. Death was not hidden from the eyes of children; for example, the practice of kissing the dead, now looked upon as virtually a crime against children, was widely practiced without inducing the trauma so commonly associated with it today.

No one questioned the value of a funeral. Even cremation was considered heretical. A big funeral, like the potlatch it so closely resembled, meant that an affluent man had died. The number of people attending became a sign of pride. Consideration of a small, simple funeral, like a small, simple wedding, did not enter the picture.

Today the emphasis has shifted from the soul to the body. Death must be well-dressed, even pretty. The art of the embalmer is more ooh-ed and ahh-ed (He looks better than he did in life) than the fluency of the service. Along with the physician, the status of the embalmer has risen; the one keeps the body pretty and free of wasting ravages in life, while the other attains the same goal after life. The funeral service has become a eulogy of the dead, with little or no warning to the living to heed their own salvation. Indeed, hell and judgment are rarely touched upon in today's funeral service.

Even the cemeteries get into the act. They pride themselves on being cemeteries that do not look like cemeteries. The much-satirized Forest Lawn Cemetery in Los Angeles advertises piped music, weddings performed, and lovely views for the dead (of course, they don't use such crude terms as "dead"), and they supply burial areas designed to fit individual taste: Wee Kirk O' the Heather or Little Church of the Flowers. Another cemetery has a mortuary for children designed as an imitation nursery room. The dead are not dead, they say, the dead can see and hear and feel vanity.

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Even Forest Lawn, which has capitalized so well on the trend of euphemizing death, was caught in the spirit of the times. When residents of a Los Angeles suburb heard that the cemetery authorities were going to take over land in the community, a vigilante committee armed with guns stood watch over the area to make certain no body was interred until the city council could be persuaded to veto Forest Lawn's petition to move in. Forest Lawn later had the decision reversed. Living adjacent to a cemetery seems to be perceived as approaching the catastrophic.

As the role of death becomes more secular and less sacred, the role of the clergyman also moves in this direction. Thus many clergymen, especially those of less conservative Protestant and Jewish affiliation, perceive their major purpose in the funeral as that of comforting the bereaved, a function which has been that of the mortician since he replaced the coffin-maker and achieved a type of professional status. At the same time, by approaching funerals as a symbolic ritual rather than a necessary one, the contemporary minister is likely to discourage expensive funerals, elaborate caskets, and lavish display of flowers. And, for obvious reasons, he simultaneously and in consort with his conservative brethren, objects to the funeral director's taking upon himself any of the religious functions which have traditionally been those of the minister. This latter has occurred as the result of the construction of semi-religious types of facilities in conjunction with funeral homes and cemeteries, giving the funeral director a quasi-religious role, a role often resented by the clergy although many of the deceased thus serviced had no church affiliation in the first place.

Thus the minister confronts the funeral director on three grounds: that of emotional succor for the family, of pure economics, and of an attempt to formulate a new role. Although the funeral director has the weight of recent tradition and the backing of professional anti-Communists speaking for him, the modern minister appears to be receiving more and more support in his attempts to keep the preparation and costs of the funeral to a minimum. Two recent books, *The American Way of Death* by Jessica Mitford and *The High Cost of Dying* by Ruth Harmer, appeared almost simultaneously and achieved great popularity and credence. Partly stimulated by these books, partly by other factors, burial societies have sprung up in most urban areas; these are groups to which a family may belong for a small initial payment, such payment entitling him to extremely inexpensive burial costs which he can plan in advance of his death, if he wishes, without any form of salesmanship with which to cope. Such groups claim in the neighborhood of 100,000 enrollees.

Surprised and disturbed by these attacks, the funeral directors are fighting back in several ways. Some are advertising low cost burials, while others have attacked their critics. A more professional approach, however, has been taken by the National Association of Funeral Directors in sponsoring research into the feelings of the population in general and the clergy in particular. Sociologist Robert Fulton has been active in such research over a number of years. Concern in this area is felt not only by funeral directors, but other members of the "death industry": casket manufacturers, florists, hearse manufacturers, burial clothing designers, embalmers, chemists involved in producing the many embalming fluids and cosmetics, and salesmen in all areas of the above. Nor does this exhaust the list.

Psychologists, sociologists, and psychiatrists have recently begun to focus more attention on death fears and anxieties. Although up until five years ago, the professional literature seldom referred to death (other than psychoanalytic or anthropological articles), the last few years have seen an increasing number of publications on this topic. Feelings of mental patients, of the aged, of the parents of terminally ill children, of the terminally ill themselves, and of various other groups have been investigated. Although much recent interest has been engendered through the various medical and social groups concerned with the aged, one recently sponsoring a symposium on the topic, this interest seems belated in a science studying the aged. The recent interest in existentialism also appears to have focussed attention on death fears.

Freud insisted that death anxieties were, in reality, displaced sex anxieties, the implication being that death fears could not be real because death could not be conceived of as a personal experience. Freud's famous follower, C. G. Jung, disagreed with the master and contended that death fears were themselves real; he indicated that anxiety concerning death was the major problem of the second part of life, as anxiety regarding sex dominated the first part of life.

My personal experiences in administering an eighty-item death attitude form indicated that

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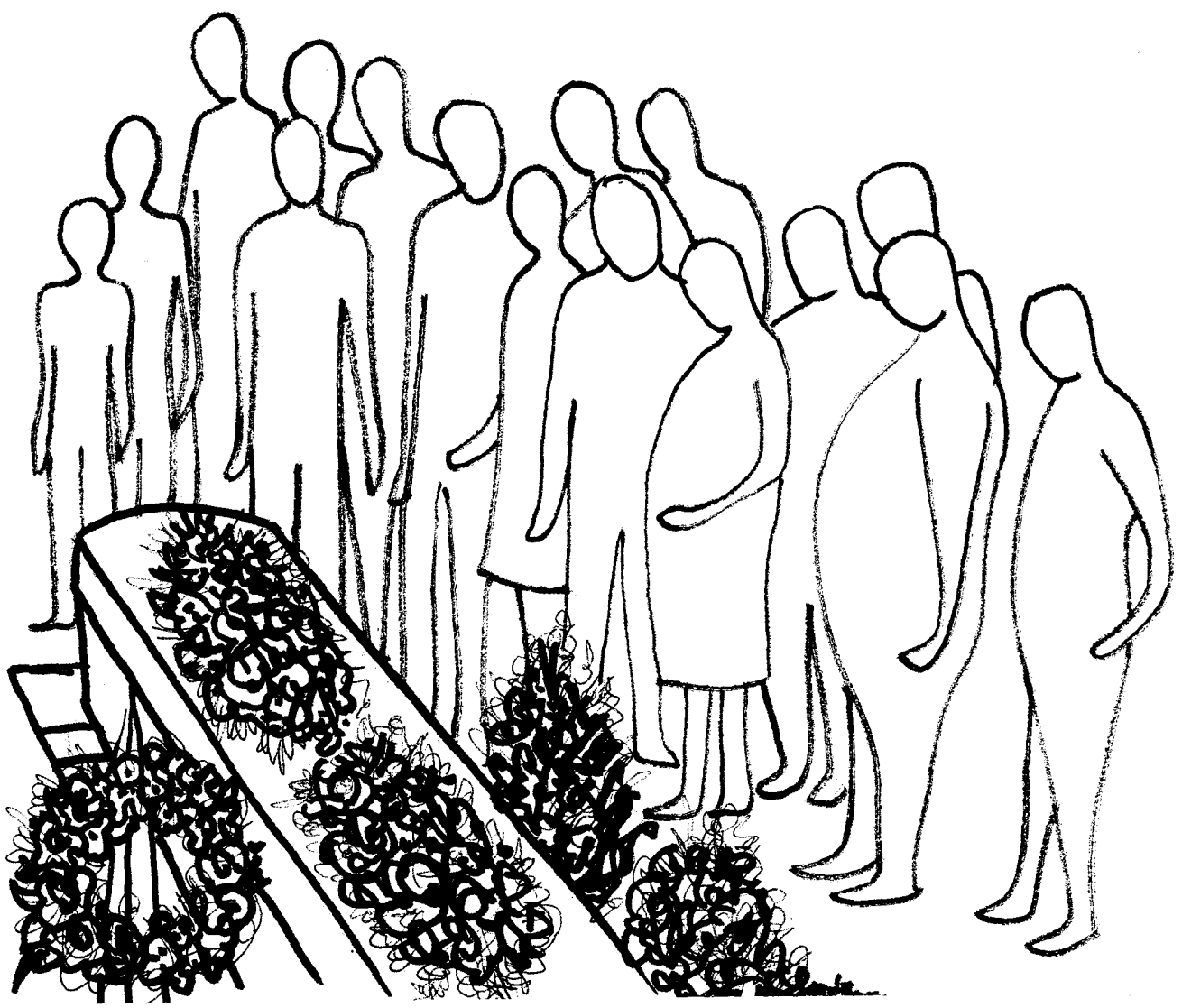
three common reactions were exhibited by individuals responding: interest and curiosity, humor and laughter, and hostility or rejection. This particular study, while finding no significant differences in fear of death among Catholics, Protestants, Jews, and Atheist-Agnostics, did show that death was related to church attendance in a curvilinear fashion, i.e. those who never attended church and those who attended church regularly indicated less fear than those who were occasional or infrequent churchgoers.

The state of research on death attitudes in the social sciences is very much in its infancy, but appears to be growing rapidly. The combination of world events, of national interest, and of philosophic (i.e. existentialist-instigated but not limited to such thinking) awareness will make certain that the topic does not fade.

How to approach those with death anxieties has become a problem. One line of thought says that death must be faced, thought about, and dealt with directly. A conflicting approach suggests that a certain amount of avoidance is necessary for mental health, that the results of death in a secular society are so devastating that facing it squarely is impossible. Whereas some wish to reduce death fears, others feel that if fears were greater, we might act to postpone death more effectively. Some feel more discussion is advantageous; others take the position that this will merely place an intellectual overlay upon the active fears.

Death, then, is here to stay. One way or another it will be coped with. Individuals in all societies must work out the best adjustment to it they can. The future may bring additional alterations, as mass destructive possibilities increase and more and more people compete for less and less land. It is interesting to speculate: will people return to their traditional beliefs in a secure after-life? Will they become even more secular and try to find comfort in relationships with people and ownership of things? Or will they move to a concept of life and death not now comprehended?



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A British View . . .

ELECTION, 1964

Philip French

The British attitude to the 1964 Presidential election was perhaps most cogently summed up by an observation in the following day's leading editorial of *The Times:* "The American people have given the best possible answer to those who doubted their maturity, their good sense and their fitness for the powerful position they now hold in the world." Never before had an anti-climax been more eagerly awaited nor, when it came, more widely celebrated.

Since the California primary the threat of a Goldwater victory hung over this country like a black cloud and its dispersal was greeted by an audible sigh of relief throughout the land. One of the many ironies of our reaction to the campaign was the almost pathetic readiness to trust the American pollsters at a time when everyone was looking forward to their British counterparts being proved wrong. Undoubtedly the consistency of the American polls helped keep down the temperature here. We knew of course that many Americans (we hoped the majority) were well aware of the dangers, but whereas they were able to engage directly in the campaign and eventually as voters, we had to suffer the added agony of impotence, our plight rendered more acute by the fear that too many raised voices might arouse a resentment which could assist the Senator. Ominous warnings to this effect had been sounded immediately after the San Francisco Convention, though the readiness of Goldwater supporters to meet British criticism in the correspondence columns of our press (the Senator himself as well as several barely literate followers turned up in the *New Statesman,* of all places) indicated a certain awareness of the legitimacy of such concern shown by the unenfranchised international public.

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The initial inclination towards caution was rapidly abandoned. There was no longer any pretense that an American presidential election was a domestic affair on which it would be impertinent for a foreigner to comment. This is probably the biggest change in Anglo-American relations that the Goldwater nomination brought about. Even the British politicians abandoned their traditional silence in these matters. Throughout our own campaign "Goldwater" became a term of abuse to be hurled by left and right — it was actually so used by both Harold Wilson and Quintin Hogg on the same evening.

The massive coverage of the presidential campaign by press, radio and TV and the interest it aroused here have been explained largely in terms of Goldwater's candidacy, a view to which I do not entirely subscribe, as I believe that any other candidate would have attracted only marginally smaller coverage. What Goldwater's presence did was to determine absolutely the nature of the journalists' approach. It is some time now since the ideas and policies of Barry Goldwater were represented in the British political spectrum — or indeed any extremism for that matter — and he is therefore something of a mystery to British voters, and the nature of his appeal is not widely understood. It is important to note however that he was never depicted as a McCarthy-like ogre by the British press; most commentators went out of their way to insist upon what a personable individual he is. Only one leading journalist, and that one hardly the most persuasive, was actually committed to his cause — the ultra-right wing "Peter Simple" who contributes a humorous column to the *Daily Telegraph* and characterises himself as an "intellectual luddite." The solidly conservative *Telegraph* itself, though opposing Goldwater editorially, treated him with greater fairness than other papers, and its Sunday edition carried a leader attacking the bias of the BBC Television and suggested that "if any of the thousands of Americans living in this country are influenced by television to vote for Johnson it will have been the BBC and its reporter James Mossman that did it." Yet the same issue of the *Telegraph* scarcely did the Goldwater cause much service by printing a lengthy article by James Burnham (described somewhat inadequately as "the distinguished American author of *The Managerial Revolution*") putting the conservative case in a singularly tendentious manner. Equally the belated British publication of *The Conscience of a Conservative* and *Why Not Victory?* did little to make their author's position clearer or win him greater understanding. The anonymous reviewer of the *Times Literary Supplement* for instance noted that Goldwater sees "all the solutions and none of the problems" in foreign affairs, and observed with characteristic understatement: "That he is undoubtedly a much misunderstood man is clearly owing in part to the fact that he is not invariably the sole author of his own remarkable prose."

Most British reporters on the spot were more than a little shocked by the tone of the campaign. Jean Campbell wrote in the London *Evening Standard* on the eve of the poll that "all that is dirty in American politics is coming to the surface like pus drawn by a red hot poultice," and James Cameron remarked on the same day in *The Sun* that "By tomorrow a blessed silence will fall on a nation too long assaulted by a campaign of unexampled wretchedness, triteness, vulgarity and rancour." But one should not take this too serious-

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ly. The carnival aspect of American politics and the love of what A. Alvarez once called "the sweet smell of corruption" are, I believe, among the attractions of U.S. politics for the British public. A country whose favourite fictional election is the Eatanswill contest in *Pickwick Papers* secretly regrets the passing of the vigorous, colourful campaigning that was once such a part of our own political life.

This is one of the minor and older aspects of interest. It is overshadowed by the new respect for and interest in all things American that has been such a marked trend during the past half-dozen years. American painting, music, literature have come to play an important part in the lives of younger people in this country who do not share an older generation's notion of America as the source of corrupt mass culture. The 1960 campaign added a coherent political dimension to this interest in the personality of John F. Kennedy. His sense of style and the concept of the New Frontier brought him closer to younger European intellectuals than their own elected leaders — older, remoter, and seemingly very tired, De Gaulle, Adenauer and Macmillan. This attitude rapidly filtered down to a more general public. It is true that Lyndon Johnson has not inherited this personal devotion that made the assassination of John F. Kennedy one of the most tragic events in the lives of young people throughout the world. "The Great Society" does not have about it the magic of the New Frontier. But Johnson's standing has grown enormously during his year in the White House, and the personal attachment to Kennedy has turned into a more general one to American culture (using culture in the broadest sense). His choice of Humphrey as his running mate was also taken as a sign of his bona fides.

So the interest in the election was not a wholly negative one of hoping for Goldwater's defeat in the way that the 1960 had been wholly positive in hoping for a Kennedy victory. Nevertheless the repugnance felt for Goldwater's philosophy might well have led to a serious reawakening of a presently dormant anti-Americanism. But oddly enough the result was quite the opposite. The seriousness of the situation, literally felt as a matter of life and death, forced the most virulent Americanophobe who would usually distrust U.S. judgment and think of Goldwater as a more obviously representative American than Kennedy, into affirming a belief in the ultimate wisdom of the American people. From this point of view therefore, the election has had two major and, I hope, abiding virtues. Firstly, it has made clear beyond all doubt to the British people just who is the real leader of the Western alliance, thus doing away with some dangerous and enfeebling national illusions. President Truman's action over Greece in 1947 brought it home to the more observant, but it was not until the 1962 Cuba ultimatum that the majority began honestly to face up to it. Secondly it has demonstrated that the nature of this position is well understood by those on whom it has devolved. As of this moment we see ourselves and our situation with greater clarity than we have done at any moment in this century.

One might add to the list of things that first looked black and which have later turned out to be blessings in disguise the fact that the British General Election coincided for the first (and perhaps last) time with a Presidential Election. Now that we are over the hump and see that no international crises have been neglected through the temporary political disablement of the two countries, the concurrence of the elections has proved instructive to the general public and to political scientists. It was thought that the uncertainty produced by Goldwater's nomination might work against Labour's chances, but of this there proved to be no sign. On the contrary the pending rejection of the American extreme right seems to have reinforced the trend towards a much more sympathetic attitude on the part of most Americans to the British left (which has incidentally always been markedly pro-American). This contrasts most strikingly with the American response to the Labour victory of 1945 and bodes well for future Anglo-American understanding.

That the British election attracted relatively small attention in the U.S. in comparison with the downfall of Khrushchev and the Presidential campaign was not felt here as a wound to national pride as it once might have been, but as a recognition of the role that British politics now play. An exultant Malcolm Muggeridge presented a series of TV street interviews in Chicago to demonstrate the average American's ignorance of our election, and though he probably weighted his selection to make his point it was one well taken. (A few weeks later the TV street interviews on the American election in London produced an uninterrupted succession of well-informed and highly articulate interviewees. It was of course necessary to meet incoming flights from America to encounter any Goldwater supporters.)

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If then we have come to see our own global role with a new perspective and appreciate that for the foreseeable future the American elections are of as vital interest to us as our own (if not more vital), the British General Election has indicated the extent to which our close attention to the 1960 campaign has influenced our domestic politics. In the 1959 election the term Americanisation was frequently employed in its normal pejorative sense to describe the use made of techniques of mass persuasion, such as political advertising and the conscious projection of party "images." During the past five years however the term "Americanisation" has become unfashionable and the whole concept has a decidedly dated ring about it. Yet this last parliamentary campaign was, *mutatis mutandis,* in fundamental ways an American-style contest, and less objection was raised to this than to the superficially American character of the 1959 election.

Professor H. C. Allen in fact sees the two political systems drawing together and has even gone as far as to argue that the recent elections have seen the American and British politics swapping some roles, e.g. the decline in the importance of issues here and the rise of their importance in the States, the re-emergence here of sectionalism and the importance of the individual candidate, etc.

This is of course a subject that should be treated at book-length — and significantly one of the forthcoming books on the British election is to be called *The Making of the Prime Minister*. When the idea of such a book was first mooted after the enthusiastic British response to Theodore White's *Making of the President,* it was pointed out that our political systems were so different that a work of this kind would be of little value. Since then however Harold Wilson came across Mr. White's book and would appear to have been inspired by it. His development during the pre-campaign period and in the campaign itself gave every indication of his seeking to emulate Kennedy — not in any extravagant way but in terms of his own personality and our system. His promise of action during his first hundred days in office and his handling of power since his election have gone some way to confirm this. He has gone outside Parliament to find many members of his government, and he has refused to let the narrowness of his majority deflect him from his goals. Similarly Harold Wilson hopes that when he next goes to the country he will secure a massive increase in his mandate. A new sense of style and urgency has come into our politics and they have a familiar look.

Although Harold Wilson himself has no inclination to provide the kind of lead in cultural matters that the Kennedys gave, there are high hopes that his government will, and in no small way. His parliamentary party includes one of the country's most distinguished biographers and a couple of notable novelists. Great stress, too, has been placed by political commentators upon the possible contribution of the new ministers' wives, a rather formidable group intellectually (including, as it happens, two Vassar girls) and a great contrast to their Conservative predecessors. One observer suggested this was because Labour M.P.'s have not been able to count on expensive clubs for congenial company and good conversation and have had to make sure that such will be provided at their own dinner table!

Last July after the Republican convention an American friend, in a passable impersonation of Bette Davis in *All About Eve,* said to me: "Fasten your safety belts, we're in for a rough few months." Well, it has been fairly rough, but not as rough as one might have expected, and out of it have issued results so beneficial that future historians might well look back on the events of this autumn as marking an important turning point in Anglo-American politics. I say Anglo-American "politics" for I believe that such a phenomenon has come into existence to replace the rather tenuous and fuzzy concept of "a special relationship."

Some Maxims of Jethro Somes

On Children

Children: heirs the flesh is ill to.

On Public Affairs

The Jews are the people at whom God threw the book.

On Money

Everything costs money. Money costs everything.

On Maxims

The most succinct maxim of all was wrought by Maxim. It goes without saying and speaks for itself.

John Pauker

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Books

AN AROMA OF HUMAN BEINGS

Little Big Man. Thomas Berger. The Dial Press, N.Y., 1964. 440 pp. $5.95.

Read it.

Little Big Man is more than hilarious.

Thomas Berger's most recent novel will send you scurrying to find copies of his two earlier works, *Crazy in Berlin* and *Reinhart in Love*. That's how good it is.

Told by its semi-literate, 111-year-old narrator, Jack Crabb, *Little Big Man* purports to be the reminiscences of the only living white survivor of The Battle of the Little Bighorn. And if we can believe this unparalleled American liar (and it is a high tribute to Berger's skill as a novelist that we rarely if ever give the Truth a thought), he has been involved in practically every important historical event in the west between 1850 and 1875. He has travelled the Oregon Trail, been in on the rush for gold in Colorado, and participated in the slaughter of the Indians on the Washita, the laying of track for the Union Pacific, the murder of the Buffalo herds, and Custer's Last Stand. He has been a muleskinner, businessman, gambler, buffalo-hunter, gunfighter, bunco artist, and blood kin to a Cheyenne chief.

Crabb spares us little in the way of pithy observations on his family, or his friends, enemies, or acquaintances, among whom are Wild Bill Hickok, Wyatt Earp, Calamity Jane, and George Armstrong Custer. His encounter with Earp is confessedly brief but memorable:

> "You just spoke my name," he says.
> "I don't know your name," says I.
> "It," he says, "is Earp."
> "Oh," I says laughing, "what I done was belch."
> He knocked me down.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> . . . In a similar circumstance, Wild Bill would have killed his opponent. Not Earp, he was too mean. To draw on you meant he considered you a worthy antagonist; but he didn't; he thought most other people was too inferior to kill. . . .

Hickok on the other hand more or less adopts Crabb as a protege. He lectures him on

> the merits of the various means of toting a pistol. . . . he even claimed to know a fellow who carried a small pistol in his crotch, and when cornered he would request to take a leak before dying, open his fly, and fire. The trouble was onetime he got overhasty and shot off his male parts.

And for once, even the Indians are given their due. Great Elk, one of Crabb's Cheyenne kin, tells of a young braggart white soldier who was later slain by the Indians. "This is his ring that I am wearing on a string around my neck," Great Elk concludes. "I used to have his finger, too, but I lost it."

Little Big Man parodies every "western" situation imaginable: the wagon train, pioneering, the showdown, the whore-with-a-heart-of-gold, the simple "good life" of the "noble savage," and on through the whole catalogue.

But for all the fun and games, Berger's novel is no less serious than *The Horse's Mouth, Huckleberry Finn,* or *Gulliver's Travels*. In fact, it is a direct descendant of these works. Beneath its riotous surface and its outrageous prose, there is purposeful satire, an aroma of Houyhnhnms.

Jack Crabb is adopted by the Cheyenne when he is ten years old and spends most of the 34 years covered by the novel shuttling back and forth between white and Indian worlds.

The Cheyenne name for themselves, *Tsistsistas,* means in their tongue "the people or the Human Beings." And there is an emphatic difference, in the novel, between what the Wasichu (or whites) do and what Human Beings do. At one point, Old Lodge Skins, the Cheyenne chief, describes the situation of the whites thus:

> They do not like each other, and sooner or later one will kill the rest, and usually not in battle, the way our people do to prove themselves brave and to enjoy the courageous deaths of our enemies and to die on a good day, but rather by shooting in the back or stretching the neck or by infecting one another with the coughing-sickness and sores or making people lose their heads with whiskey.

But differences in habit are always differences in value. And it is the old chief, once again, who states the Indians' case against the white for good and all:

> The Human Beings believe that everything is alive: not only men and animals but also water and earth and stone, and also the dead. . . . This is the *way things are.*
>
> But white men believe that everything is dead . . ., even their own people. And if, in spite of that, things persist in trying to live, white men will rub them out.

The Cheyenne, the Human Beings, however, do not themselves get home unscathed.

For if Jack Crabb is not a *white* man though born white, neither is he Indian. On the margin between the two races, he sees the failings of the Human Beings as well. They live in filth, have no "ambition," are stubborn to the point of ignoring the invention of the wheel and refusing to adapt to the disappearance of the great Buffalo herds which are their principal supply of food. Moreover, they insist on a nomadic existence in a world which is rapidly stabilizing around them. Add to this that they are great mutilators of the body, living or dead, and the picture is not wholly admirable.

Like its great comic models, *Little Big Man* describes a world wholly fluid, full of the fortuitous and unexpected. And its hero, if Jack Crabb can be so called, is a man with an irrepressible taste for life, on every level and at any cost; he is a man who has the wit to live and lives by his wits. Finally, *Little Big Man* bears the hallmark of all great comic vision, it ends with an affirmation of life, at its best *and* at its worst. This final "yea" is contained in Old Lodge Skins' prayer to the "Everywhere spirit" the day on which he was chosen to die:

> . . . Thank you for all my victories and for all my defeats. . . . I have killed many men and loved many women and eaten much meat. I have also been hungry, and I thank you for that. . . . now you have decided that the Human Beings will soon have to walk a new road. . . . Even if my people must eventually pass from the face of the earth, they will live on in whatever men are fierce and strong. So that when women see a man who is proud and vengeful, even if he has a white face, they will cry: "That is a Human Being."

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Little Big Man has authority of style and a high seriousness masked by wit and raucous good humor. But more important, perhaps, across the dark spectrum of the modern novel with its obsession with violence and despair, the optimism and laughter of Thomas Berger's work fall like sudden whiffs of brightly colored light.

Robert Dana

TWO HORIZONS

The Horizon History of Christianity. American Heritage Publishing Co., Inc. 432 pp. Illus.

Scene: New York City.

Market Research Analyst: All the facts right here, Chief.

President: Let's hear it.

M. R. A.: At the Junior Vice President Level — between five and ten, say a fountain pen (ballpoints are out this year, Chief). All the way up to a Big Client, and then it's the Hunting Lodge or Bahamas Fishing bit. But our office finds that the medium cost at the maximal distribution point . . .

President: What the hell.

M. R. A.: Say between fifteen and twenty, Chief.

President: All right. Contents.

M. R. A.: Sex is out this year Chief. Elections and so on. Sports is good . . .

President: We did that last year.

M. R. A.: Right, Chief. Conservation is down. Pop art is still weak but coming on strong . . .

President: What are we, crusaders?

M. R. A.: Right, Chief. Well when we boiled it down our office came up with two possibilities: America, and maybe — just maybe, and I'm not trying to tell you what to do Chief, you know — but just maybe, God.

President: What the hell.

Editor: Now wait a minute, J. R. Maybe he's got something there.

President: How many pictures you got of God?

Editor: No, Chief — I mean J. R. Not God, but religion. How can you lose? And pictures. My God, the whole renaissance, and like that . . .

"Which pictures to select from the enormous number available was the major job facing the staff," says the news release accompanying American Heritage's *The Horizon History of Christianity* ($14.95 before 31 December; $18.95 thereafter for the unboxed, unbuckram bound edition; $19.95 and $25.00 for the boxed etc.) But if you can clear your mind of the image of the project's origin, you will have to acknowledge that Horizon has made a beautiful book. The reproductions are uniformly fine, and the range of works is enormous: from the gravestone of an early Christian gravedigger to a Rembrandt etching; from a fourth century silver-gilt spear mount to Wallace Harrison's over-rated Presbyterian church in Stamford, Conn. The reproduction of renaissance paintings that are familiar even to the amateur is rare. More frequent, and much more interesting, are the reproductions of pre-Renaissance works, for example a magnificent illustration from a Spanish commentary on the Book of Revelation. No opening of the book is without some kind of ornament. But then that is expected, for the book was made to be looked at, browsed through, and not to be read.

This is unfortunate, since Professor Roland Bainton has written a clear and lively text, a primer of church history, directed to those who are ignorant of the Christian tradition — directed, that is, to the overwhelming majority of professing Christians. But even a browser, if he browse enough in the colors and shapes of the elder expressions of faith, might get a sense of what such a carefully done book must say: "How alive Christianity used to be."

An index makes the *History* more useful than it probably needs to be.

David Hesla

The American Heritage History of World War I. The Editors of The American Heritage with Text by S. L. A. Marshall. Simon & Schuster, New York, 1964. 384 pp. Illus. $16.50.

H. G. Wells believed that no first class intelligence ever became a professional soldier. Even a cursory familiarity with the countless horrendous follies committed by the military leaders of WWI more than justifies Wells' claim.

WWI hoards several questionable records forever. It was the last of the old-fashioned, personal wars. It was the first of the modern wars using weapons of indiscriminate mass destruction. It was the first war able to boast almost 16,000,000 casualties.

WWI was the last prolonged medieval battle while simultaneously uttering the first guttural warnings of the coming space age.

This handsome volume has more than 150,000 words of text and 300 photographs, maps, and drawings, an infinitesimal portion of what already has been published about this holocaust. It provides an excellent introduction to WWI for that vast majority of Americans today to whom WWI is as remote and of as little consequence as the Peloponnesian Wars.

To study these words and pictures may help spur the lethargic American public to recognition of the dangers inherent in the insidious, pullulating powers presently wielded by active and retired professional military minds toiling as elected officials, lobbyists, industrial advisors, writers, politicians, and as members of many organizations on the Radical Right.

Learning from the follies chronicled here may help relegate the game of Cowboys and Indians to the backyards and sandlots with seven year olds where it belongs. The Doom Bomb outmoded war as a plaything for pigmy mentalities.

Bernard E. Richardson

A CANDLE'S BEAM?

Equal Time. Newton N. Minow. Atheneum, New York, 1964. 316 pp. $5.95.

Advocating controls over radio broadcasting in 1922,

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Herbert Hoover thought it "inconceivable that we should allow so great a possibility for service, for news, for entertainment, and for vital commercial purposes to be drowned in advertising chatter." The succeeding forty years of radio and television demonstrated that the enormous listening and viewing public did not agree with Mr. Hoover. On the contrary, the public not only found it conceivable to have lofty potentials perverted by pitchmen's babble but silently acquiesced in the massacre.

The Federal Communications Commission did little or nothing to prevent the airways from becoming a dump for intellectual garbage during all these years. Then, in 1961, President Kennedy appointed a new chairman to FCC. Newton Minow characterized his approach to the position and the obligation when he stated heretical qualifications: "Two things. I'm not looking for a job in the communications business, and second, I don't want to be reappointed."

Lawrence Laurent here collects sixteen of Mr. Minow's speeches and intersperses them with reports of actions and re-actions which followed them. Public Interest is the constant theme of Minow's speeches. Always, he reminded broadcasters and public alike that the airways belong to the people and that abuse of the license privilege for profit need not be tolerated by an aroused public and an alert FCC. More public service programing and TV sets equipped to pick up all 82 channels are only two of the changes resulting from Minow's 28 months as Chairman of FCC.

Minow's value to us all is that of a little candle beam to guide us from the night as dark as pitchmen.

Read *Equal Time* to restore faith. It might encourage *you* to add *your* power to the high voltage required to sweep the garbage from *your* airways.

Armarius

AN EXAGGERATED POLITENESS

The Management of Scientists. Edited by Karl Hill. Beacon Press, Boston. 141 pp. 1964. $4.95

The essays collected in this volume were adapted from an inappropriately named lecture series sponsored by Northeastern University, Boston, in 1963. The only title I can think of which would have been less appropriate is, "The Manipulation of Scientists." That the vast enterprise which goes on under the heading of "Scientific Research and Development" must be managed goes without saying. But just who is to manage what and how are other questions. The implications of the title are unjustifiably prejudicial and challenged by some of the authors.

The first section contains essays by Everett Mendelsohn, a Harvard historian, and Anne Roe, Professor of Education at Harvard. Mendelsohn traces the evolution of science from a hobby of the well-to-do to a profession of recognized stature during the nineteenth century. Miss Roe writes on "The Psychology of Scientists." Professor Mendelsohn's contribution is a fascinating narrative of the growth of scientific societies, technical schools and science departments in long established universities. It adds something to an understanding of the problems involved in present-day science management. But not much. Miss Roe contributes even less.

Unfortunately these two essays occupy well over half of the book. In addition, their value in this context is effectively refuted by a third contributor, Norman Kaplan.

Two further essays in the series are contributed by Royden C. Sanders, Jr., President of Sanders Associates, Inc., and Herbert A. Shepard, Professor of Behavioral Science, Case Institute of Technology. Sanders writes on the problems of dealing with scientists in technical companies, Shephard on adaptive processes whereby research organizations may control their own evolution. Both contribute much more than Mendelsohn and Roe but their articles are unnecessarily restricted. Sanders' problem seems to be that he has taken the title of the series too literally. If we are to believe him the problems of operating a technical company are primarily those of organization. Shepard is handicapped by his addiction to the idiom of the social scientist. Most readers will have some difficulty penetrating the disguise.

The articles by Kaplan and Albert F. Siepert, Deputy Director of the John F. Kennedy Space Center, are easily the most constructive. They alone make the entire enterprise worthwhile. Although Kaplan and Siepert cannot be said to be in complete agreement on the nature and problems of science management both are perceptive and enlightening. Both offer excellent analyses and constructive criticism. Some of their differences are due to their viewpoints.

Siepert is interested in delineating the qualities of a successful (government) research laboratory. His theme is readily apparent from the first sentence. "This essay deals with building the appropriate management climate within which the research process can flourish." And again; "We are considering here the management of the environment in which creative people work, more than the management of such scientists themselves." It is obvious that Siepert takes seriously his contention that, among the attributes of the scientists are those of "— curiosity, self-reliance, extreme capacity for concentration, reluctance to conform to any constituted authority, and determination to operate with *shared* rather than *delegated* authority."

Mr. Siepert gives us a baker's dozen of the most important considerations for any manager to keep in mind as he contemplates his mode of operation. Among these he notes that an adequate salary is certainly not unimportant. Yet salary considerations are seldom the cause for moving to a new job no matter what the announced reason may be. According to Mr. Siepert, the most important criteria for job satisfaction are the interest potential of the work and the integrity of the management.

Professor Kaplan is more concerned with the future. He holds that there is a very real danger to the continuing growth of science and scientists particularly within the universities. Kaplan admits that industrial and certain other types of research organizations are

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hampered by certain bureaucratic difficulties but he sees a far greater potential threat within the universities because this is where most of our basic research is (or should be) carried out. The danger arises, "— because of the organizational devices they (the universities) have (or have not) created to cope with large-scale scientific research."

Much of the difficulty is due to certain "myths" which have been fostered about the nature of science, research, the proper environment for research, organizations and scientists themselves. The latter myth has been alluded to previously. Kaplan expertly describes these myths and effectively refutes them.

He does not claim to have all of the answers to the problems of "Big Research." But he does recognize the nature of the problem, what it is and what it is not, and he portrays it graphically. He points to the changing nature of science and of the scientist. And he indicates the necessary course of future action.

> If the universities in this country are not to abdicate their responsibility (which they have only recently passively accepted) to promote the growth of basic science, then they must reorganize to cope more imaginatively with the problems which lie ahead. The direction is not toward more complicated bureaucracies, but rather toward a wholly new approach to research and its organization, as well as the other functions of the university.

Kaplan quotes from Clark Kerr's 1962 Godkin lectures with obvious approval. "The university may now again need to find out whether it is a brain as well as a body."

The sweeping approvals of the dust-cover reviewers are an exaggerated politeness. Nor does the editor seem to recognize the differences in value of his contributors' essays. It is to be hoped that the managers of the various research organizations are more perceptive. Such individuals, and the general reader as well, should find all of these essays interesting and valuable insights in some.

Philip Marshall

BY STRENGTH SHALL NO MAN PREVAIL

Herzog. Saul Bellow. Viking Press, N. Y., 1964. 341 pp. $5.75.

I Sam. 1:1. *"Now there was a certain man of Ramathaimzophim, of mount Ephraim, and his name was Elkanah, the son of Jereham, the son of Elihu, the son of Tohu, the son of Zuph, an Ephrathite: And he had two wives; the name of the one was Hannah, and the name of the other Peninnah."*

In the case of Moses E. (for Elkanah) Herzog, however, the name of the first is Daisy, and the name of the other Madeleine; and they are his wives successively, not simultaneously. Daisy he had treated miserably; Madeleine had treated *him* miserably. As a husband he is a failure, as father a failure too; as child, as citizen, as sibling, as neighbor, as university professor — in every role he has to play in his mid-twentieth century life, Herzog is a failure. In only one role is he a success: as a human being he is magnificent.

He is indeed so magnificent that he completely dominates the novel, and Bellow has a hard time developing characters substantial enough to hold their own against Moses. Finally, I think, we must say that Bellow doesn't quite bring it off. Whatever could have attracted the super-sensible Moses to such a bitch as Madeleine? And how could such a stupid phony as Valentine Gersbach be so attractive to the brilliant Madeleine? Of course, they are two of a kind, actors, hollow, the hollowness girt about, in the one case by intellect, erudition, in the other by emotion, passion. But when, after learning indirectly about Gersbach from Herzog's description of him and of how he has replaced Herzog in Madeleine's bed, we encounter him in full scene for the first time, we are disappointed; for even though he is a phony, he has to be more than that to conquer Madeleine. The thematic or symbolic significance of their liaison is clear enough, but the human and psychological motivation of such a union is not.

More successful are characters who appear very briefly and are given life almost wholly by what they say — the Puerto Rican cabbie, the Chicago cops, the rabbi abusing his students into a knowledge of the Hebrew language and ethos. But Ramona, Herzog's mistress, and comforter, needs more than a fine body and an equally fine shrimp remoulade to establish her credentials as the redeemer of so enormous a person as Herzog.

It is in fact Herzog's size, his proportions as a human being, that make trouble for Bellow. The other characters — even the magnificent Madeleine — are pusillanimous pygmies alongside him, and while they can wound him and hurt him, they cannot finally destroy him. And it is this failure on Bellow's part really to risk Herzog's defeat that prevents the novel from achieving the greatness which it comes so close to. This is perhaps a strange thing to say, in view of the fact that, like his Connecticut house, Herzog's family, career, and mind are in almost total ruin. But Herzog has his defenses, too, and very good ones, the chief being his ability to argue his case, like Job, against the gods, living (Eisenhower, Police Commissioner Wilson, Martin Heidegger) and dead (Kierkegaard, Pascal, Condorcet). Again, while he is an intellectual and a polymath, he is led (his name tells us as much) by his heart. He is a synthesis of Gersbach and Madeleine; and it is this which accounts for the sense V. S. Pritchett has (*New York Review of Books*, October 22, 1964) that Herzog is a "Jumbo-size hermaphrodite."

Mr. Pritchett also finds that, "structurally and in content, the *story* of Herzog is unsustaining." I do not find it so, but I think I read a different story from the one Mr. Pritchett reads. The story I read is about the attempt of an intelligent and sensitive man to be a human being in America in the middle decades of the twentieth century — and at a time and place when nearly everyone and nearly everything denies that being human is important or possible. Herzog takes on singlehandedly the whole horde of Philistine dehuman-

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izers: the heartless intellectual, the mindless sentimentalist, the "reality instructors" who proclaim that God is dead, that man is a machine, that life is a fraud. Against all those who proclaim the death of God and then, unable to live without a god make a hateful god out of death, Herzog urges life and love.

> I really believe that brotherhood is what makes a man human. If I owe God a human life, this is where I fall down. "Man liveth not by Self alone but in his brother's face. . . . Each shall behold the Eternal Father and love and joy abound." When the preachers of dread tell you that others only distract you from metaphysical freedom then you must turn away from them. The real and essential question is one of our employment by other human beings and their employment by us. Without this true employment you never dread death, you cultivate it.

We have been waiting a long time to hear this word. Now, at the risk of being scorned for a sentimentalist and hung for a romanticist, Saul Bellow has said it. His saying it is an act of astonishing courage, for it is not fashionable to say no to Martin Heidegger and Jean-Paul Sartre and Samuel Beckett. But then, Saul Bellow, like Martin Buber, is a Jew.

I Sam. 2:1. *"And Hannah prayed, and said, My heart rejoiceth in the Lord, mine horn is exalted in the Lord: my mouth is enlarged over mine enemies; because I rejoice in thy salvation . . .Talk no more so exceeding proudly; let not arrogancy come out of your mouth; for the Lord is a God of knowledge, and by him actions are weighed . . . He will keep the feet of his saints and the wicked shall be silent in darkness; for by strength shall no man prevail."*

David Hesla

BITTERSWEET TRUTH

S.N.C.C.: the New Abolitionists. Howard Zinn. Beacon Press, Boston, 1964. 246 pp. $4.95.

and

Black Religion, the Negro and Christianity in the United States. Joseph R. Washington, Jr. Beacon Press, Boston, 1964. 308 pp. $5.00.

There must have been moments when even John Locke, reflecting on the costs of influence and preeminence, questioned the wisdom that holds the superior tactical advantage to the high middleground. "Moderates" from Aristotle to Lippmann have been harassed on the flanks to the edge of exasperation, first by those who doubt the intellectual rigor of the mind that "settles any question whatever by issuing a 'sound and balanced judgment' that does justice to everybody by elaborately and solemnly missing the point" (as Karl Popper expressed his contempt for Aristotelian moderation), but as well by those who doubt the emotional commitment to "the cause" or "the movement" by anyone who cavils at the tactics of extremism.

The bittersweet truth that consensus isn't unanimity — a truth that the Lockes and Lippmanns live with gracefully — is being forced upon Martin Luther King, Jr., and the other charismatic clerics of the Negro revolution in America.

At hand is some of the evidence. In *Black Religion,* Dr. Washington accuses King and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference of "mistaking religion for faith," of substituting Jesus of Nazareth and the Sermon on the Mount for Christ crucified, of, in short, perverting Christianity into Ethics. King is foremost among those who are secularizing black Christianity, but the sin is not so much his as it is that of Walter Rauschenbush. King's offense is that of theological lag, of clinging to his historic Baptist faith and holding fast to the social gospel long after Karl Barth's conquest of the seminaries.

Dr. Zinn, in *The New Abolitionists,* expresses the prevalent sentiment of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee in his suspicions that the religion of King and the S.C.L.C. is a remnant of slavery's heritage and a peril to the essentially secular "movement." The S.N.C.C. case against King, as a representative "moderate," is that "they nurture a vision of the revolution beyond race . . . challenging the *entire* value-system of the nation," which they suspect he does not fully share. Their doubts are probably well founded, for while King's rhetoric is of "masses" and "revolution" the words have not come to him as the hackneyed slogans of tired socialists and the anachronistic left. Zinn's sympathetic portrayal of "the new abolitionists" conveys their courage and commitment, but it is also a set of wildly pretentious claims on behalf of S.N.C.C. — claims that could be asserted only by a partisan enthusiast or a sociologist. It is absurd to contend, as Zinn does, that "SNCC's radicalism has the advantage of being free from dogma and tradition." As Washington observes, the strength of S.N.C.C. is that of Negro youth in the movement generally, which is that it is existential commitment. Their problem is precisely the difficulty of giving form and structure to radical attitudes. The proliferation of W.E.B. DuBois clubs is the proof of just how bound and confined they are by dogma and tradition.

Washington's concern is for Negro Christianity, which he argues, forcefully, has been thwarted by the presence of a Negro folk religion usually mistaken for genuine Christian faith. He doesn't argue that King and the S.C.L.C. are not properly within the historic Negro religion. Rather, his thesis is that the historic Negro folk religion has always been more "movement" than church and that its purposes and motivations from the beginning have been essentially secular.

Washington's indictment of Negro religion's involvement in the "movement" is that it elevates religion at the expense of theology. Of King he says, his "absence of any real theological understanding is blatant." He continues with his explanation by noting that "As a Baptist, King is not disciplined by a theology or a community of faith and thus is free to interpret the Bible as he feels led." But King is representative of the masses he leads, who fail to understand that "The Christian is not motivated by principles, not even those expressed in the Sermon on the Mount . . . [and] the imitation of Jesus is valid only at the point where one submits his will to the will of God."

The cautious outsider will usually find it discreet to avoid argument with the physician holding forth on the

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NOTHING FROM THE MUSE

1

It's that time.
All gathers.

Even my keys
have weight
not their own.

2

But we're not
here, not
in this pavilion
gone to dogs
and shapes, its sky
fallen to a cold
pepper of dew.

And none sees
we're not here,
not walking,
speaking here;
that this
place is more
than its own.

3

A long time
we've not
been happy.

A WORD

What word.
One
without syllable,
without edge;
more moving
but more
than moving:
holding.

And holding
against more
than moving,
we hold
to the syllable,
edge
of this one
word.

TWO VERSIONS OF SILENCE

1

A cage. Two
some-kind of
birds in it:
a pair.
But
not lovebirds
surely. Two,
non-descript.

Not singing
either. Or
if they are,

singing songs
of no note.
But felt. Still.
As the cage
is.

And if
once, the birds
sang surely,
the cage would
vanish.
There
would be there
only two
birds,
singing.

2

Not the sound of no
Sound heard between them.
Before. Or After.

As looks are clothing
To the breath, or ponds
Hold an elsewhere sun,

So the eye at rest
Sees it. A place. Four
Blue walls closing it

In. Where a woman
You might have dreamt once,
Also in blue,

waits
A door's opening.

Robert Dana

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divinely mysterious nature of the doctor-patient relationship, or the economist on the essential beauty of rational consumer choice at points fixed by demand and supply curves, or the theologian in affirmation that young Negroes "kneelin-in" at an Atlanta church are "fortifying their non-violence" rather than "affirming their faith in Christian love." But this rash outsider recollects that there are the traditional faiths of George Fox and Roger Williams and John Wesley, thinks that they have been and remain pervasive in our culture, and there is something that smacks of dogmatism, exclusiveness, and theological arrogance in the claim that such is mere folk religion and not true Christian faith.

Far more relevant is the criticism implicit in the view of Zinn, of S.N.C.C., of James Baldwin, of perhaps the majority of middle-class and college educated Negro Americans, which is that folk religion or genuine Christian belief, the faith of King, of S.C.L.C., and of the Negro masses they lead will be inadequate when emancipation finally comes. But this is no more and no less than the persistent, pervasive challenge to religion to prove that it has some vitality and some relevance.

Paul R. Carlsten

THE NON-SPY

The Liquidator. John Gardner. The Viking Press, 1964. 188 pp. $3.95.

In Brian Ian (Boysie) Oakes, a new and even more improbable member is assigned to the British Secret Service. Boysie has been selected to act as the departmental liquidator because of his supposed natural talent and inclination for murder. His job is to remove potentially troublesome agents from Redland before they actually commit any serious acts of espionage.

This usage of an agent as an exterminator, an obvious violation of the British sense of fair play, places Boysie's superiors in a very delicate position. Boysie actually manages his duties by subcontracting the murders to a local criminal. The situation approaches disaster when Boysie, off on a pleasant weekend with a departmental secretary in direct violation of service rules, is directed by what he assumes to be his normal chain of command, to make an apparent attempt on the life of the Duke of Edinburgh.

Saved at the last moment from this fateful act, Boysie's one moment of heroism occurs when he saves his own life by landing, under the careful direction of a ground controller, an otherwise pilotless aircraft.

The Liquidator should be a pleasant bit of counterpoint for the fans of George Smiley and James Bond.

William Stoppel

AMERICANS ALL

Danger On The Right. Arnold Forster and Benjamin R. Epstein. Random House, New York, 1964. 294 pp. $4.95

This is a book about people who place property rights and freedom in the market place above human rights, about people who make unrepentant use of lies and deceit, about people who prey on the fearful and the ignorant, about people who are motivated by unenlightened self-interest, a book about people who mask attacks on American ideals and concepts by masquerading as the *only* true Americans.

Danger On The Right is about people and their organizations. Among others, it is about

Robert Welch and The John Birch Society
Dr. Frederick C. Schwarz and The Anti Communist Crusade
The Reverend Billy James Hargis and The Christian Crusade
Doctor George Benson and The National Education Program
Clarence Manion and The Manion Forum
Dan Smoot and The Dan Smoot Report
Edgar Bundy and The Church League of America

More significantly, *Danger On The Right* spotlights the men, corporations, and foundations generously encouraging and supporting mean, disruptive agitation by gifts totaling millions each year.

F. Gano Chance and The Chance Foundation
W. J. Grede and The Grede Foundation
A. G. Heinsohn, Jr. and The Ada Hearne Foundation
Walter Harnischfeger and The Harnischfeger Foundation
Peter O'Donnell and The O'Donnell Foundation
The J. Alfred Pew Freedom Trust
The Alfred P. Sloan Foundation
The William Volkers Fund
The Lilly Endowment
The Donner Foundation
The Allen-Bradley Foundation
Technicolor, Inc.
Eversharp, Inc. and The Shick Safety Razor Co.
Gulf Oil
Humble Oil
United States Steel Corporation
D. B. Lewis
Charles Edison
Countess Rosalind Guardabassi

Many of these wealthy donors must be the dupes and prey of the strange beasts who inhabit these self-made and interlocking jungles of hate and greed. Many more of these incredibly wealthy men are the possessors of charm and wit and apparent intellectual respectability counterbalanced by a strange willingness to support and consort with the disreputable to advance their own ends.

Read this frightening book because it is about Americans. *Danger On The Right* may help some of us to resist strange power lusts within ourselves.

Armarius

RECEIVED, READ, RECOMMENDED

The Shuddering Fall by Joyce Carol Oates. Vanguard Press, Inc., New York, 1964. 316 pp. $4.95.

A contemporary farmer's daughter with an abundance of problems marries a returned runaway patricide who is a professional auto racer. Action, violence, a strong plot, excellent characterization and a splendid pace make this one of the best first novels to appear recently. Highly recommended to those who read novels rapidly for pleasure.

Agrippa's Daughter by Howard Fast. Doubleday and Co., New York, 1964. 371 pp. $4.95.

Once again Howard Fast proves that he is a master

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storyteller. Eldest daughter of Herod Agrippa I, Berenice is gorgeous, queenly, sexy (red hair and green eyes), a good woman misunderstood who has a lively interest in men and a violent temper to be tamed. Copious and interesting historical and cultural details about Romans, Christians and Jews in the First Century AD provide a believable background for a tale well told. Read it and enjoy it before the movie is made.

Armarius

For The Record

Another quarter rich in operas that never trod the Metropolitan's boards. A new *Dido and Aeneas* from Bach Guild (BGS-70664) will not displace the classic Kirsten Flagstad interpretation. Mary Thomas makes a stylistically proper Dido, as pure, sexless and Anglo Saxon as (one trusts) all the girls at Josias Priest's boarding-school must have been. But for me Flagstad only is Purcell's great and suffering Queen of Carthage. If you can't get that deleted HMV or want a supplement to it, the present recording, conducted by Alfred Deller, is highly recommended (except for the notes, by Wilfred Mellers, which sound as if they were written for PMLA by someone aspiring to the rank of Associate Professor).

The number of baroque operas recorded complete is slim. While practically every blessed one of Bach's 215-or-so cantatas has been or is being restored to a jaded public, only six of Handel's 46 operas are available in complete or abridged form: *Sosarme, Semele* (an opera in all but name), *Giulio Cesare, Il Pastor Fido, Alcina* and *Rodelinda. Alcina* has been a brilliant vehicle for Joan Sutherland and she and a cast of her peers recorded it about a year ago for London. A single disc of excerpts is now available (OS 25874) and although I regret the absence of a number of great arias and the inclusion of several trivial ones, it is a job well done. Teresa Berganza is quite as dazzling as Joan and Monica Sinclair just a shade less so. *Rodelinda,* long available in excerpts on a dreadful Period recording, now blossoms into full life on three Westminster records (WST-320). This work does not have quite the musical distinction of *Alcina* but it is dramatically more forceful and certainly has its share of delights. The Rodelinda is Teresa Stich-Randall, a singer of great (perhaps too great) intelligence who rather overwhelms the music with interpretation. The admirable contralto Maureen Forrester makes her operatic debut (if one can do so on records) as Rodelinda's husband. Those who think of Miss Forrester as an oratorio singer will be surprised by the ardor of her performance. She is easily the star of a cast which also includes Alexander Young, Hilde Roessl-Majdan and Helen Watts. The conductor, Brian Priestman, is merely adequate. His tempos tend to jog and unlike Richard Bonynge (who conducts *Alcina*) he does little or nothing with the job of decorating *da capos* and preparing cadenzas for the singers.

Last time I welcomed a new London recording of Rossini's *L'Italiana in Algeri.* This time I give at least two-and-a-half cheers to London's version of another Rossini masterwork, *La Cenerentola* (OSA 1376). If you don't know this opera, you don't really know Rossini. It has all of his comic genius wrought to its highest pitch and yet, unlike *The Barber of Seville,* it has also a deep fund of pathos in the central figure of Cinderella, a strain that only those who have sought out his serious operas — *Otello, The Lady of the Lake, Armida* — know to be a part of his natural speech. *Cenerentola* requires a cast of virtuosos. Unfortunately Giulietta Simionato, now in her middle fifties, cannot completely meet the demands of the title role. Her voice frequently sounds hollow and tired, and she hardly suggests Cinderella's timidity and gentleness, much less her youth. The other members of the cast, including Sesto Bruscantini (Dandini), Paolo Montarsolo (Don Magnifico), and Ugo Benelli (the Prince), are never less than good, never as much as great. The same is true of the conductor, Oliviero de Fabritiis. If you do not own the deleted HMV recording, this one will certainly answer, and I commend London for restoring most of the cuts (including an aria written for the hard-pressed Rossini by a hack named Agolini, and probably heard here for the first time since the 1817 premiere).

To go from Rossini to his German contemporary and rival, there is a generous group of excerpts — "querschnitts" the Germans rather waggishly call them — from Weber's last opera, *Oberon.* The imported label, Eurodisc, will not be easy to locate west of New York, so I append the name of the importer: German News Co., 200 East 86th St., New York 28, N. Y. Not that I recommend the disk. Jess Thomas makes a mess of the heroic coloratura of Sir Huon of Bordeaux, and although Ingrid Bjoner is a good Rezia, the others are merely so-so. *Oberon* is a stunning opera and someday we'll get it complete, in the English language (as it was written), and with a cast equal to its demands. From Eurodisc as well is a disk of excerpts from *Undine,* by Albert Lortzing, one of Weber's successors. Lortzing was a kind of nineteenth century version of the "composer" of Broadway musicals. He did more than pick tunes out with the forefinger of his right hand — which is largely what "composing" for Broadway amounts to — but he was self-taught, was originally an actor and became a composer in order to feed his family. He never managed to feed them well and died a pauper, but his operas have held the stage in Germany and it is not difficult to hear why. *Undine,* another version of the favorite romantic tale of the water-sprite who falls in love with a human, has some hauntingly lovely music in it, and more than a touch of humor. The performers, including Lisa Otto, Gottlob Frick and Rudolf Schock, are excellent. One further Eurodisc worth investigating is an operatic recital by the plangent-voiced tenor Rudolf Schock, containing an excerpt from *Undine,* unfamiliar arias from Flotow's *Alessandro Stradella* and Kienzl's *Der Evangelimann,* a magnificent reading of Rienzi's Prayer (the finest I've heard, including the famous Melchior recording), and a number of more familiar things.

Deutsche Grammophon offers a four-record set of

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Richard Strauss' *Die Frau Ohne Schatten* (138 911/14). With so many Strauss operas still to be recorded, DGG does not win my gratitude for issuing another version of this mammoth work, which was recorded stunningly by London some eight years ago. Curiously, the strongest point in the new recording's favor is that it is (though it does not admit to being) an abridgement. The London took ten sides; this, by dint of cutting out about forty minutes of music, takes eight. Frankly, much as I admire *Die Frau* I have always been reluctant to lug out and play through the London set — it is an exhausting ordeal. The DGG, while hardly an operetta in proportions, is considerably easier to take at one sitting. The cuts are not always felicitous; in the last act they become quite reckless, dispensing with one fine thing after another. But they do help to give the sprawling work shape and they are, as I say, a blessing to one's all too human ears. The cast matches the London set and at times surpasses it. Fischer-Dieskau is Barak, Inge Borkh his Wife, Jess Thomas the Emperor, Ingrid Bjoner the Empress, Martha Mödl the Nurse, and Joseph Keilberth carefully holds down the gargantuan Orchestra of the Bavarian State Opera. Query: when are we going to get *The Egyptian Helen* and *The Silent Woman?*

Last on the operatic agenda is a disc of excerpts from Hans Werner Henze's recent work, *Elegy for Young Lovers* (138 876), text by W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman. A cerebral work which after some five hearings has made very little impression upon me, it ought to please those who think that *Wozzeck* is a lush garden of melody. Henze orchestrates with a fine, spindly, glassy hand, and it's at least interesting to listen to the orchestral textures. The performance, sung in German by Fischer-Dieskau and a number of lesser lights, with the composer conducting the Berlin Opera, is probably very good.

London is now distributing a large selection of German Telefunken records under the general title of "Das alte Werk." They are exclusively baroque and largely J. S. Bach. I sampled two: Cantata 206 ("Schleicht, spielende Wellen") (AWT 9425-C) and Cantatas 67 and 108 ("Halt im Gedächtnis" and "Es ist euch gut") (AWD 9904-C). The first is a long birthday "drama for music" for Augustus III of Poland-Saxony and has a glorious opening chorus in which the singers first bid the waves to "creep" and then suddenly change their minds and bid them to "rush." It is worth plowing through a dozen workaday cantatas to come upon a movement like this. The rest is largely plowing, although aficionados will find much to gladden their hearts. The performances are excellent, particularly in Nos. 67 and 108 which boast the conducting of Karl Richter and the singing of Peter Pears and Kieth Engen.

What Bach's cantatas are to the voice, Vivaldi's concertos are to the orchestra: grimly inexhaustible and largely indistinguishable one from another. But Bach Guild has released a truly charming and distinctive record containing five Vivaldi concertos (BGS-70665), one for two mandolins, one for flute and bassoon (subtitled "La Notte" and as bizarre as it is captivating), one for string orchestra, one for bassoon, and one for solo violin and two string choirs. Such music (and such playing by I Solisti di Zagreb under Antonio Janigro) renews my taste for a composer who wrote too much too easily. Properly selected, the old boy has plenty of spunk in him yet.

As for a composer who wrote with equal ease but could never write too much, Mozart's four Horn Concertos are available in a new edition with Barry Tuckwell and the London Symphony under Peter Maag (London, CS 6403). Tuckwell has a more robust and less elegant tone than the late Denis Brain, whose reading of these works has become classic. He is very good, though, and London offers a curiosity not heretofore recorded: a ninety-one bar fragment which is all Mozart wrote of a fifth horn concerto.

Another Telefunken import is Brahms' last composition, the Eleven Choral Preludes, Op. 122 (SLT 43018). These are perhaps the grayist and least approachable works Brahms ever wrote. I find myself puzzled and disturbed each time I encounter them. Here they receive their best performance to date by Franz Eibner playing the rich but remarkably unmuddy organ of the Vienna Votiv-Kirche. Two earlier Brahms organ works are also included.

There is, *deo gratias,* nothing disturbing about Rossini, even when lushly orchestrated by Ottorino Respighi and Benjamin Britten. On a Westminster disk (WST-17073) Robert Zeller conducts the Vienna State Opera Orchestra in three Rossini-derived ballet scores, *Rossiniana, Matinées and Soirées Musicales.* The results can with truth, if not originality, be characterized as rousing.

Sibelius, who is in need of a new champion, finds one in Ernest Ansermet, who leads his Suisse Romande orchestra in occasionally mannered but powerful readings of the *Fourth Symphony* and *Tapiola* (London CS 6387).

DGG gives us a strong version of Janacek's turbulent song-cycle *The Diary of One Who Vanished* (138 904). It is sung in German by the tenor Ernst Haefliger, who is fine; but the real star is the daemonic pianist, none other than Rafael Kubelik.

Two important chamber works are coupled by L'Oiseau-Lyre, the Shostakovich *Piano Quintet, Op. 57* and the Prokofiev *Quintet, Op. 39* for winds and strings (SOL 267). They make an interesting contrast, the Shostakovich soulful and singing, the Prokofiev full of nineteen-twenties razzmatazz. Performances are fine in the Prokofiev, rather nondescript in the Shostakovich.

Finally, Benjamin Britten's *Serenade for Tenor, Horn and Strings,* yet again recorded (for the third time) by Peter Pears (London CS 6398). This, if you do not know, is a cycle of six songs to poems by Tennyson, Blake, Ben Jonson, Keats and others. It is also an eloquent answer to those who complain that great music is no longer being written. Britten conducts, the horn soloist is Barry Tuckwell, and the overside contains Britten's *Variations on a Theme of Purcell* (alias "Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra").

David Johnson

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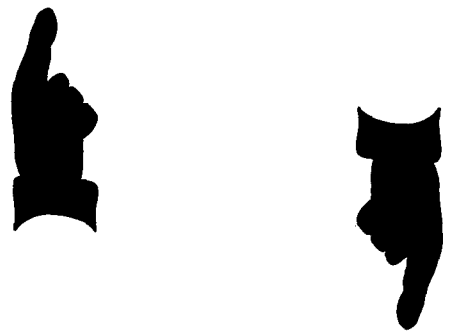

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The truth about MARGARET BENNETT is known to readers of our last issue.

WILLIAM BRADY spent four years in the Navy. Later, he was a Woodrow Wilson Fellow at the State University of Iowa, where he is alleged to have studied.

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CATHERINE DAVIS appeared in our June issue. Her work has been anthologized in the Hall-Pack-Simpson *New Poets of England and America.*

JAMES DICKEY'S work appears consistently in *The New Yorker* and other major American magazines. He is currently visiting-poet-in-residence at San Fernando State College.

RAY EWING does public relations for a Chicago insurance firm and conducts his own "Book News and Reviews" program on WRSV-FM in Skokie.

RUSS DUBOIS, amateur photographer, is a teacher and librarian at Cornell College.

OTTO W. FICK is an associate professor of English at California State College at Los Angeles.

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Managing Editor of *Negro Digest,* HOYT C. FULLER'S work has appeared in *The New Yorker, Midstream,* etc.

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DAVID IGNATOW'S most recent volume is *Figures of the Human,* Wesleyan University Press.

RICHARD A. KALISH is on the staff of California State College at Los Angeles and has published many articles.

WALTER KAUFMAN is presently capping his catalog of occupational titles as Assistant Curator of Natural History for Nassau County, New York.

PHILIP LEVINE appeared in the first issue of this new series of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Stone Wall Press, in Iowa City, issued his *On The Edge,* since re-issued in paperback.

MICHAEL O'CONNELL is artist-turned-writer whose work has appeared in *Reporter, Nation, Saturday Review* and the November *Playboy.*

STEPHEN PARKER appeared in our September issue. He is currently teaching and studying at Ohio University.

Others of JOHN PAUKER'S maxims appeared in Issue Three of NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

DAVID O. RANKIN will continue his pursuit of Truth in Boston in 1965.

DAVID RAY teaches at Reed College. His first book is due from Cornell University Press early in 1965. His work appeared in our June issue.

VERN RUTSALA published his first book of poetry, *The Window,* with Wesleyan Press.

JOHN B. SHACKFORD teaches English at Cornell College. His sketches are the result of his experiences as an old "China hand." CHUN-SHU CHANG, who did the calligraphs for "Reminiscences . . .," teaches in the history department of Wisconsin State University at River Falls.

ELI SIEGEL is the author of *Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana* and other poems.

WILLIAM STAFFORD has published two books of poetry: *West of Your City,* and *Traveling through the Dark,* which won a National Book Award.

PHIL TROYER has worked "as a paid picket, janitor, copy boy, and bus boy." His photographs have appeared in *Motive.*

CURTIS ZAHN'S short stories were collected and published last winter by *New Directions* under the title *American Contemporary.*

Reviewers include DAVID HESLA, BERNARD E. RICHARDSON, ROBERT DANA, PAUL R. CARLSTEN, WILLIAM A. STOPPEL, PHILLIP R. MARSHALL, ARMARIUS, and DAVID JOHNSON For The Record.

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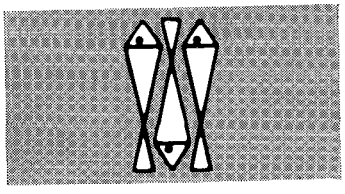

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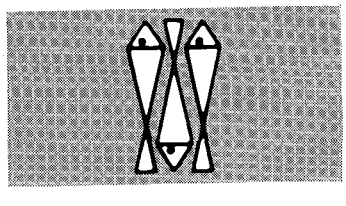

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